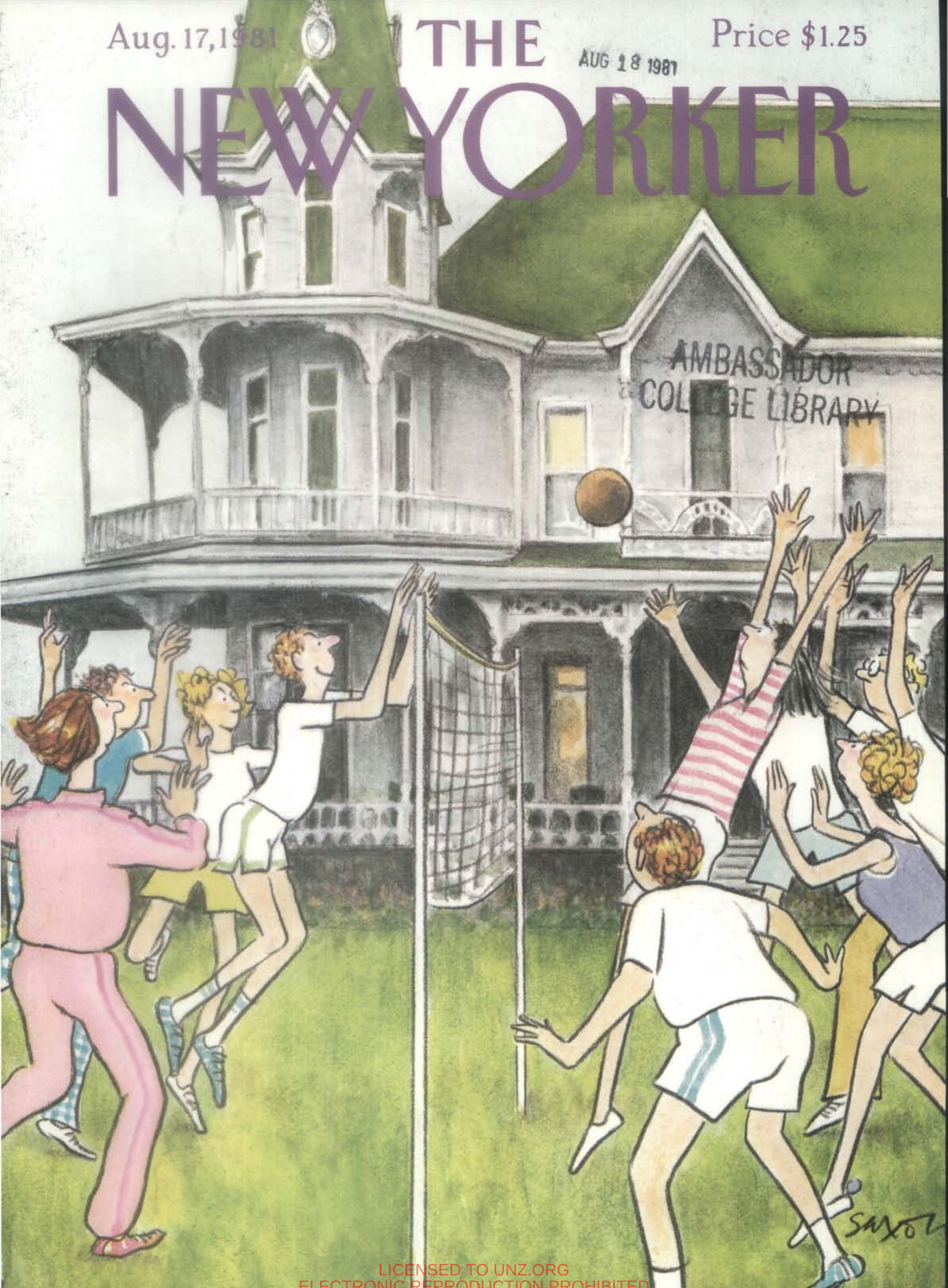
Aug. 17, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25

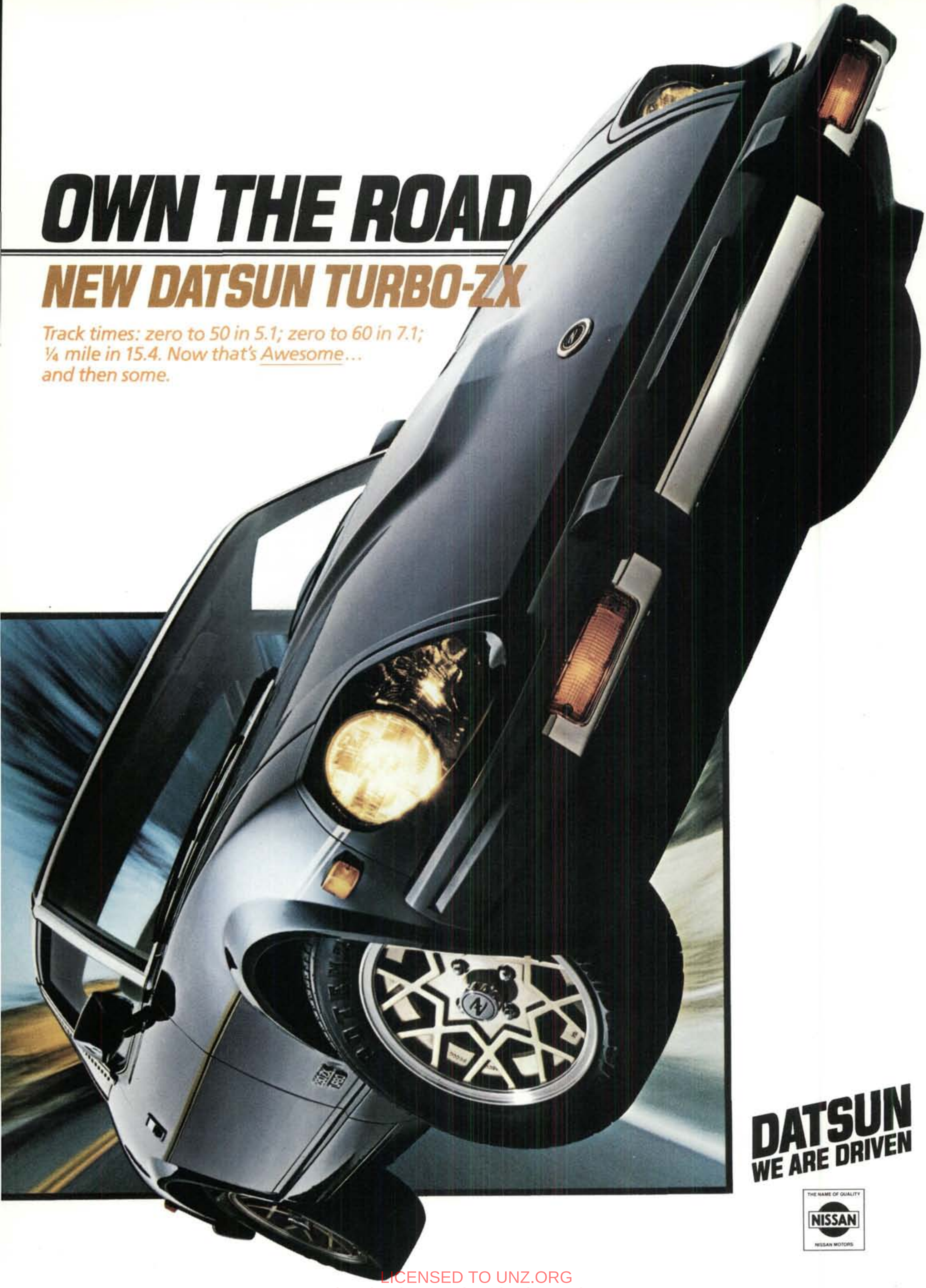
AUG 18 1981

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY



OWN THE ROAD
NEW DATSUN TURBO-ZX

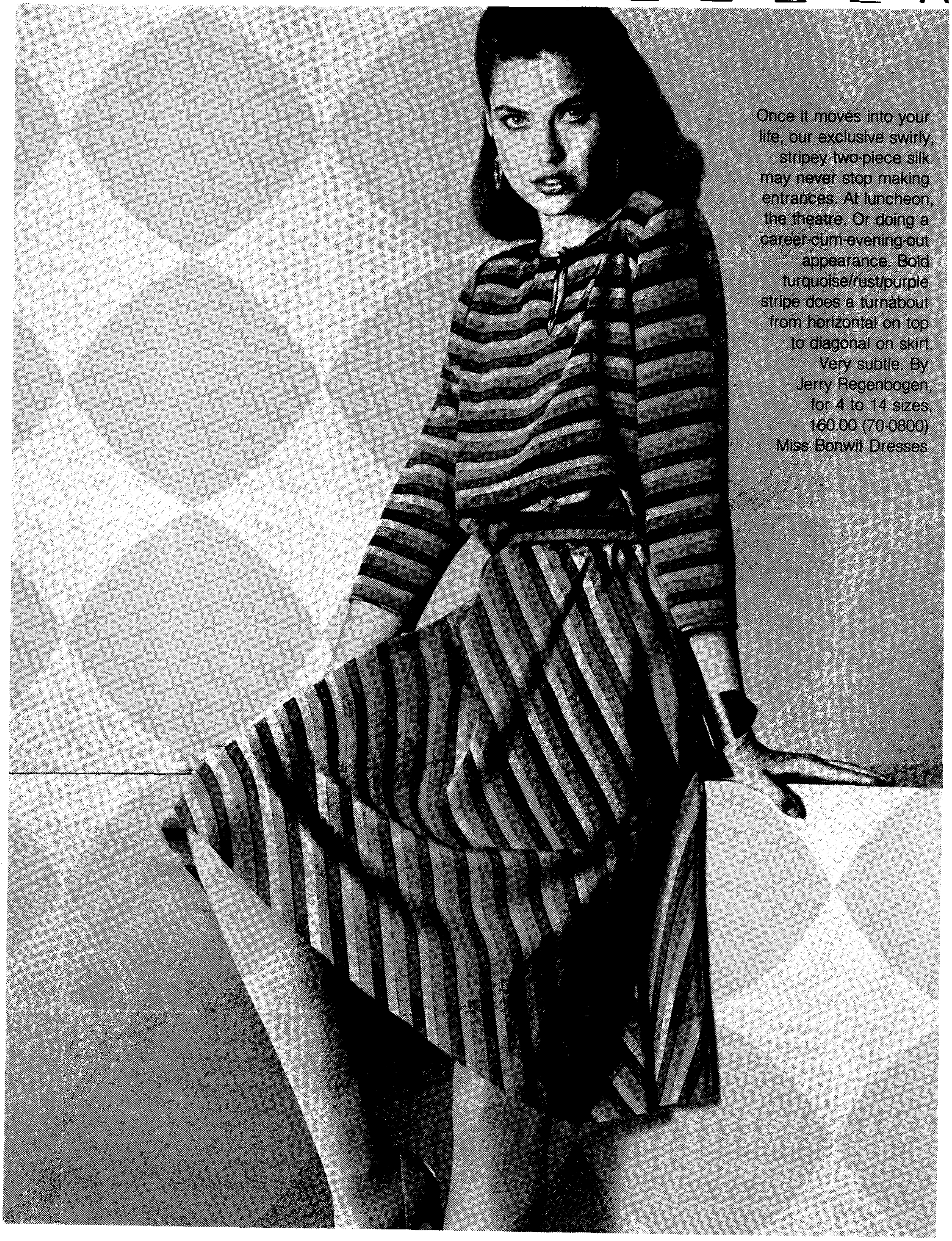
Track times: zero to 50 in 5.1; zero to 60 in 7.1; ¼ mile in 15.4. Now that's Awesome… and then some.



DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

THE NAME OF QUALITY
NISSAN
NISSAN MOTORS

BONWIT TELLER



Once it moves into your life, our exclusive swirly, stripey two-piece silk may never stop making entrances. At luncheon, the theatre. Or doing a career-cum-evening-out appearance. Bold turquoise/rust/purple stripe does a turnabout from horizontal on top to diagonal on skirt. Very subtle. By Jerry Regenbogen, for 4 to 14 sizes, 160.00 (70-0800) Miss Bonwit Dresses

To order call toll free 1-800-228-2023. Charge to your Bonwit Teller account. American Express, also accepted.

New York Chicago Oakbrook Philadelphia Jenkintown Boston Troy Palm Beach Beverly Hills Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Bodybags—A play by Tee Saralegui, with Donna Pescow. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Monday, Aug. 24.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS**. Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. (10/27/80) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 23.)

Hotel Play—A play by Wallace Shawn, with music by Richard Weinstock. Michael Murphy, Tom Costello, Christopher Durang, and Frank Modell are in the cast of eighty. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 12, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 30. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 16: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 19: **RUDDIGORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A rip-roaring melodrama in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, all in fine form. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"STAMPS" . . . . *Bruce McCall* 29

"JEAN-PIERRE" . . . . *Elizabeth Spencer* 30

"TIMES SQUARE WATER MUSIC" (POEM) . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 34

"VICTORIA" (POEM) . . . . *John Witte* 38

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 41

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 79

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 80

LETTER FROM ROME . . . . *William Murray* 84

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 97

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 104

BRIEFLY NOTED 106

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Robert Mankoff, George Booth, Robert Weber, Charles Barsotti, Jack Ziegler, James Stevenson, William Steig, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, Arnie Levin, Mick Stevens, Charles Addams, Al Ross, Edward Koren, Stan Hunt, Mario Micossi, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, *W1X OED. Vol. LVII, No. 26,* August 17, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
150 Years of Elegance

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
QUARTZ
12

R.S.V.P.

18K Gold studs in 18K Gold and steel accent Baume & Mercier's elegant new *R.S.V.P.* With a precise Quartz movement in an ultra-thin case that's water-resistant to 99 feet, the *R.S.V.P.* is one of the most inviting watches around.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
150 Years of Elegance

Send for free style brochure 80.
Write to Baume & Mercier, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
On the West Coast, 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA. 90212.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical, with Rex Harrison, Cheryl Kennedy, Milo O'Shea, Cathleen Nesbitt, Jack Gwillim, and Nicholas Wyman. The director is Patrick Garland. Previews Friday through Monday, Aug. 14-17. Opens officially on Tuesday, Aug. 18. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peep—A play by James Murray, with a seven-member all-female cast. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Kevin Kline, George Rose, Robby Benson, and Karla De Vito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Supporting Cast—A passable notion for a comedy dies amidst a welter of gags, most of them tiresome. The author is George Furth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **annie:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **barnum:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children of a lesser god:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a day in hollywood / a night in the ukraine:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,856 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fifth of july:** Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **morning's at seven:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. Directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sugar babies:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **they're playing our song:** A two-speed musical with Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Ice Show—"World on Ice": Linda Fratianne is joined by a Disney menagerie on blades. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 12-14, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 15, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Aug. 16, at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, pianist **barry harris** performs with a bassist; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, bassist **bob cunningham** will head up a trio. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. The **widespread depression quartet** runs through Ellington, Lunceford, Henderson, Carter, and their own arrangements of swing numbers Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Aug. 16-17, clarinettist Rick Hardeman's

(c) 1981 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

Starts at $6,360.* Every time.

Looking for a good deal on a good car?

A Volkswagen Rabbit L at $6360 is a good place to start.

The Rabbit L isn't our lowest priced car but it is our most popular.

It comes loaded with state-of-the-art standard features like front-wheel drive, a transverse-mounted engine, CIS fuel injection, dual diagonal disc brakes and negative steering roll radius. It's roomy, comfortable and probably more fun to drive than any car you've ever owned.

The Rabbit L for $6360 is a lot of car for the money. But that's always been one of Volkswagen's best features.

Don't just take our word for it. Take it for a test drive around the block and be convinced.

*Rabbit L Model. Suggested base sticker price. Destination charges, dealer delivery, title and taxes additional.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

trio will be on hand. Music nightly from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. On Wednesday, Aug. 12, CLAUDE BOLLING plays jazz piano with flutist RANSOM WILSON (on "Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano") and then with guitarist ALEXANDRE LAGOYA (on "Concerto for Classical Guitar and Jazz Piano"); Thursday, Aug. 13, De Danann will perform Irish folk music; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, drummer BILLY COBHAM will head his jazz-fusion band; on Thursday, Aug. 20, CLAUDE BOLLING and RANSOM WILSON will return; and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 21-23, GIL SCOTT-HERON, the protest poet and rhythm-and-blues singer, will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. TOMMY FLANAGAN, a fine hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), Ella's accompanist for years, and a beautiful duo player lately, is working with bass accompaniment through Saturday, Aug. 15; on Sunday, Aug. 16, LARRY WILLIS, who played piano with Jackie McLean, Stan Getz, Kai Winding, and Blood, Sweat & Tears, will begin a seven-night stint. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—MARIAN MC PARTLAND has taken over here while Bobby Short summers elsewhere. She's at the piano Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") EDDIE HEYWOOD, who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, relaxes here from eight until midnight, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Aug. 12, Susan Rankin's Scam, Hot Kapers, and the Workers; Thursday, Aug. 13, Lisa & the Lost, Malibu Dolphins, and the Brief; Friday, Aug. 14, Coma-teens and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan; and Saturday, Aug. 15, Richard Lloyd, Ex-Husbands, and They Came from Houses. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—RUTH BROWN is singing some of her fifties R. & B. hits and a few jazz standards with a trio nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, one can hear DARDANELLE, who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She doesn't even gesture. (She can't, since she's playing piano, another source of pleasure.) She just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 12, the Derby Ram; Saturday, Aug. 15, the Reel World String Band; Sunday, Aug. 16, guitarists Frank Christian and Larry Johnson; Wednesday, Aug. 19, Galway singer Joe Heaney; and Saturday, Aug. 22, the Smoketown Diner Boys. Music Saturdays at eight-fifteen, Sundays at nine, and Wednesdays at eight-thirty.

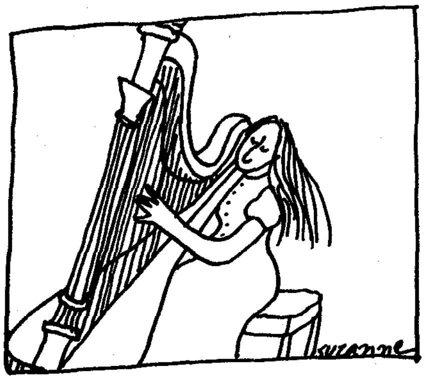
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 16, a solid fivesome—pianist JOHN BUNCH, trumpeter TOM HARRELL, tenor saxophonist HAROLD ASHBY, bassist JAY LEONHART, and drummer CONNIE KAY—will perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. ILLINOIS JACQUET, the flame-throwing tenor and bassoon player, leads his quintet, which features SLAM STEWART on bass, through Sunday, Aug. 16; on Tuesday, Aug. 18, pianist GEORGE SHEARING, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, will arrive. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 12, singer Jann Parker; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 13-15, singer Anita Moore; Monday, Aug. 17, pianist BROSS TOWNSEND and bassist BOB CUNNINGHAM and their guest musician, bassist RUFUS REID; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 18, DAKOTA STATON, who sings wonderfully on blues-tinged, up-tempo numbers. Sundays belong to Brazilian-jazz trumpeter CLAUDIO RODITI and his combo. Music every night after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist CHUCK WAYNE heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist JOE PUMA holds down the fort with pianist HOD O'BRIEN and bassist Ronnie Markowitz. These groups play from ten. Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Stride specialist DICK WELLSTOOD is at the dining-room piano through Saturday, Aug. 15; on Tuesday, Aug. 18, pianist ART HODES will come in with five nights' worth of sets that are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, JOE ALBANY bebops from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.



Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters, and there are, thank heavens, ceiling fans instead of fireplaces. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, tenor saxophonist BILL BARRON, pianist KENNY BARRON, bassist RUFUS REID, and drummer BEN RILEY will team up; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, trumpeter OLU DARA will take his eight-piece OKRA ORCHESTRA, which features HENRY THREADGILL on tenor and PHIL WILSON on drums, through some out-there and in-there funky jazz. Music from nine. Sundays, from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddlydywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Kippy's Pier 44, in the Milford Plaza Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (354-4414)—A dark, nauticalized back-room bar, with portholes, pictures of ships, and a bridge of a bandstand, which is occupied by singer and pianist HAZEL SCOTT, who is seaworthy, landworthy, airworthy, and, most of all, musicworthy. Miss Scott and her jumping trio can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven until one.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist JOANNE BRACKEEN teams up with bassist CLINT HOUSTON through Saturday, Aug. 15; on Tuesday, Aug. 18, super bassist RON CARTER will move in with hard-bopping pianist CEDAR WALTON. Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist and singer NINA SHELDON and bassist BOB BODLEY. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; this club is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 12, NRBQ and the Wholewheat Horns; Thursday, Aug. 13, fiddler VASSAR CLEMENTS; Sunday, Aug. 16, Kinky Friedman; Monday, Aug. 17, rock-and-roller ELLIOTT MURPHY; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 18-19, Texas singer RAY WYLIE HUBBARD; and Thursday, Aug. 20, country singer BOBBY BARE, and at one-thirty, a special late show with rock guitarist RICK DERRINGER. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden and a view of long white gloves, a microphone wrapped in a white handkerchief, and HILDEGARDE (who else?). Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven;

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just one soaping,
this man's skin will start living better.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN

His face will be thoroughly clean. Look fresh. Feel comfortable.

Because it's had an important meeting. With Clinique Soap that cleanses a face without overdoing it—without leaving skin feeling taut, stiff, or dry. Clinically formulated, this soap knows exactly what to do. How hard to work. Where to stop.

Clinique Soap has a rich, robust lather that feels good on the face. Works quickly. Has no perfume. Its big brick-shaped bar lasts for months. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Clinique Soap is the first step in Clinique's 3-step system of skin care. It's where better skin starts.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 12, Nasty Facts and Dizzy & the Romilars; Thursday, Aug. 13, Annie Anxiety, False Prophets, and Violators; Friday, Aug. 14, Zantees and Chris Bond & the Chasers; Saturday, Aug. 15, Roustabouts and Justin Trouble; Sunday, Aug. 16, BMT and Quifftones; and Monday, Aug. 17, Suburban Berlin, Mack Hackett & the Tacky Jackets, and Scrambled-X. Music after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** and **DAVE FRISHBERG** face each other from a distance of approximately twelve feet, looking over their respective grand pianos. They sing and play separately and together, and their diction-perfect, uncomplicated voices couldn't be better matched. Many of the tunes are Mr. Frishberg's—"I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "Another Song About Paris"—nearly all of which convey what used to seem like cool knowingness in the fifties and what now seems more like innocence. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell fried zucchini; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. Wednesday, Aug. 12, R. & B. singer Alfie Capers; Thursday, Aug. 13, Bash; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, **CISSY HOUSTON;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 13-15, bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE** play, sing, hoot, stamp, and chuckle the way they've played, sung, hooted, stamped, and chuckled for decades. Wednesday, Aug. 19, will belong to Chicago-blues singer and bassist **WILLIE DIXON,** who wrote biggies such as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "I Just Want to Make Love to You," and "Seventh Son." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, will lead his trio. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, *who has accompanied* Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Aug. 12, the Greg Kihn band and Junk Rock; Thursday, Aug. 13, **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars; Friday, Aug. 14, Killing Joke; Saturday, Aug. 15, the Revillos; Monday, Aug. 17, Modo and the Cold; Tuesday, Aug. 18, the Speedies and Scarlet Fever; Thursday, Aug. 20, Gary U.S. Bonds; Friday, Aug. 21, Robert Gordon; and Saturday, Aug. 22, Holly & the Italians. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

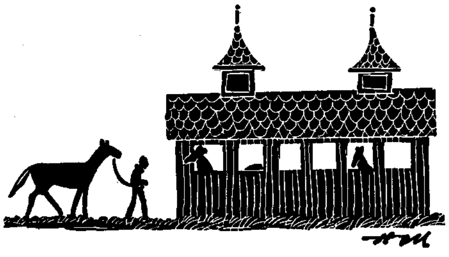
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," features Susan Bigelow, Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 12, Yosio (Chin) Suzuki and a combo that includes saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** and pianist **ANDY LA VERNE;** Thursday, Aug. 13, Roland Vazquez and the Urban Ensemble; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, the Seventh Avenue South All-Stars, with trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** drummer **LENNY WHITE,** and pianist **HAL GALPER;** Sunday, Aug. 16, Robert Kraft and Ross Levinson; Monday, Aug. 17, Ed Palermo's well-rehearsed young sixteen-piece big band; Tuesday, Aug. 18, Steve Tarshis and his group; and starting Wednesday, Aug. 19, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his band, which will have in its ranks saxophonist **DAVID SANBORN,** guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK,** and trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON.**

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Pianist **PATTI BOWN** has been lured in to perform Fridays and Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON,** who always seems to find gifted, bluesy sidemen, leads his latest quintet through Saturday, Aug. 15. On Tuesday, Aug. 18, smoky-voiced singer **MORGANA KING** will take over. The Sunday space is filled by pianist Mark Minchello and his jazz-fusion band Lip Service. On Monday, Aug. 17, guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and some musical colleagues will perform. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Wednesday, Aug. 12, B. Willie Smith and the Urbations; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH;** Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Pacific Orchestra. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blues soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.



Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 12, Scarlet Fever; Thursday, Aug. 13, Robert Ellis Oral and the Cold; Friday, Aug. 14, the Babylon Dance Band and Hoy Boy & the Doys; Saturday, Aug. 15, Hooks and Startoon; and Tuesday, Aug. 18, Fin & the Sharks. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays salsa bands perform downstairs from about nine, and Tuesdays jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** and pianist **SAL MOSCA** co-pilot their quartet through some Lennie Tristano-inspired music until Sunday, Aug. 16; on Tuesday, Aug. 18, tenor saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** who also dabbles in singing and telling one-liners, will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays by Harris Simon. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** leads a band Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 12-14; on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 15-16, saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will perform with his Jazz Sultans; and on Wednesday, Aug. 19, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will bring in a quartet. Monday's fare is a quartet directed by saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays belong to master drummer **JO JONES** and a combo. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

New York Folk Festival—At **FOLK CITY,** 130 W. 3rd St. Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 9:30 and midnight: Tony Bird and Pepe Castillo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 9:30 and midnight: George Gerdes and Andy Breckman. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9:30 and midnight: David Amram & Friends and Tubby the Tuba Dixieland Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 9:30 and midnight: Rosalie Sorrels, Suzanne Vega, and John Guth. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 9:30 and midnight: John Hammond and Paula Lockheart. . . . **TOWN HALL,** 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Aug. 14, at 7 and 10:30: Buffy Sainte-Marie, Odetta, Meg Christian, and Diane Lindsay. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7: Richie Havens, Tom Paxton, and the Song Project. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 1: The Halkias Family, Zev Feldman, and Andy Statman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8: The Woodstock Mountain Revue, the Persuasions, and Christine Lavin. (*For information about tickets, call* 753-9132.)

The Jacksons—With Stacy Lattisaw. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8.)

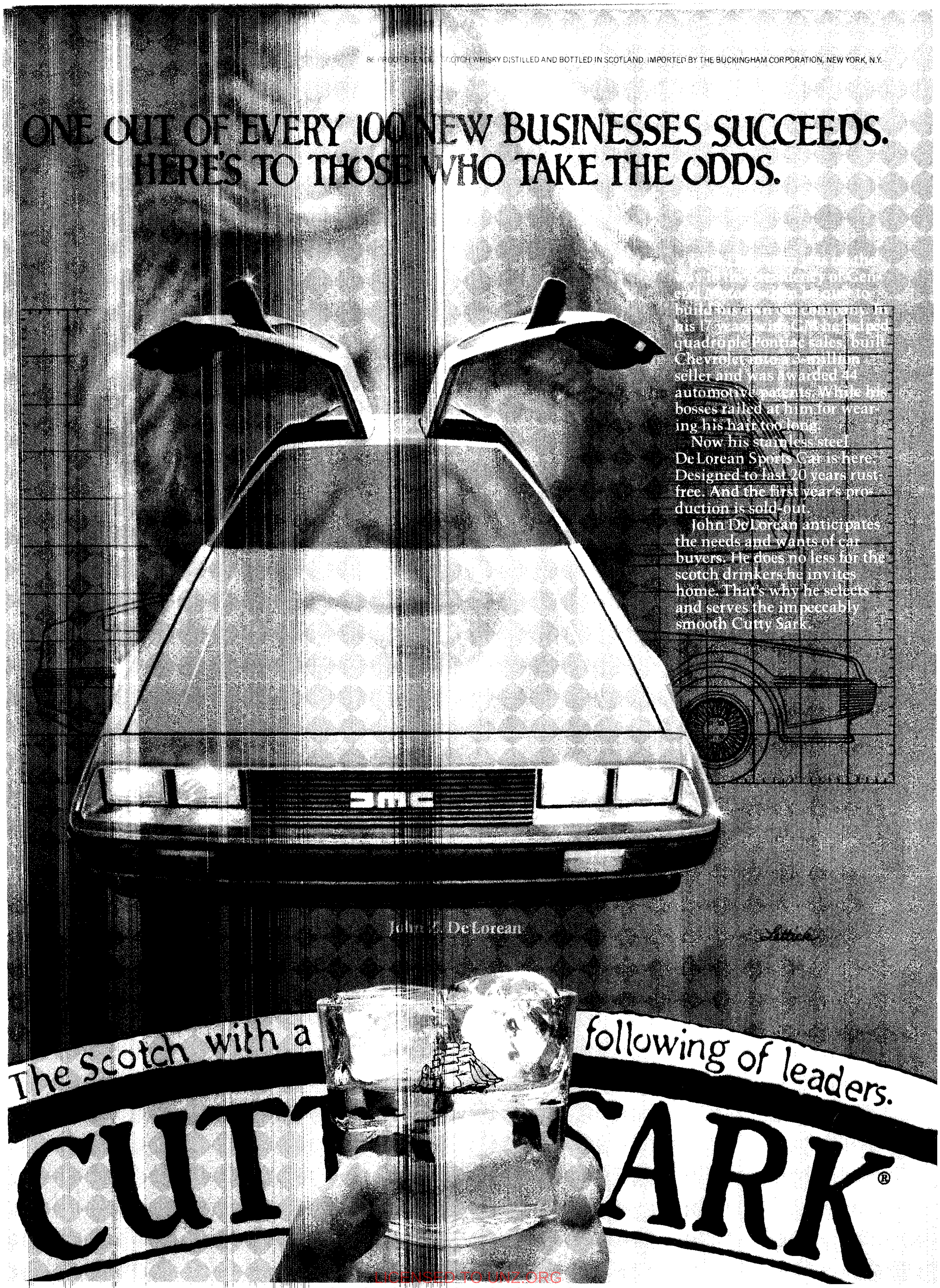
Christopher Cross and **America**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 7:30.

Styx—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Aug. 21, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 10: Jim McNeely

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ONE OUT OF EVERY 100 NEW BUSINESSES SUCCEEDS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO TAKE THE ODDS.

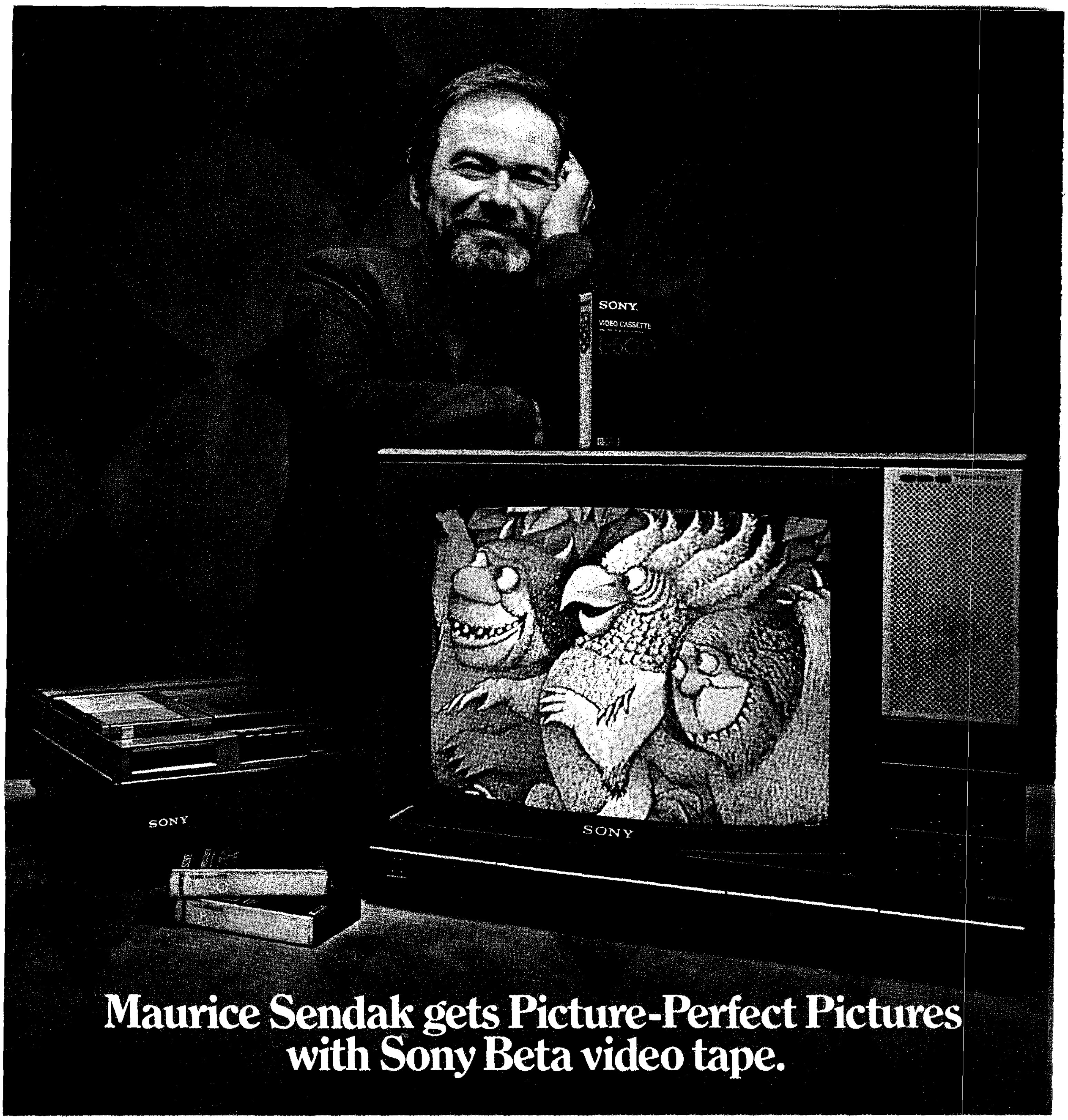


[illegible] was on the way to the presidency of General Motors when he quit to build his own car company. In his 17 years with GM he helped quadruple Pontiac sales, built Chevrolet into a 3-million seller and was awarded 44 automotive patents. While his bosses railed at him for wearing his hair too long.

Now his stainless steel DeLorean Sports Car is here. Designed to last 20 years rust-free. And the first year's production is sold-out.

John DeLorean anticipates the needs and wants of car buyers. He does no less for the scotch drinkers he invites home. That's why he selects and serves the impeccably smooth Cutty Sark.

John Z. DeLorean



Maurice Sendak gets Picture-Perfect Pictures with Sony Beta video tape.

When we told Maurice Sendak we could transfer an illustration from his famous children's book, "Where The Wild Things Are," onto Sony Beta video tape and it would be Picture-Perfect, he was skeptical.

Naturally. He's a perfectionist. Every line, every color, every bit of shading has meaning for him.

But, we told him, at Sony, we're known for our masterpieces, too. We didn't stop until we developed video tapes that create Picture-Perfect Pictures. And, as you can see from this actual *unretouched* closed circuit transmission, we succeeded.

After all, we're the ones who invented the Beta machine and the cassettes that go with it. We're the leader in the field. We set the standard. No wonder Sony Beta video tape is the largest selling Beta tape in the world.

To create video tape that captures brilliant color and delicate shading, we use a unique process. We polish each and every tape to a perfect mirror-finish. We have a special formula for perfect binding that holds the magnetic particles on the tape.

And like all Sony products, each and every tape is inspected. Not just at the end. But all along the way.

Maurice Sendak is impressed with Sony's Picture-Perfect Picture. And who could be harder to impress than the perfect picture illustrator? **SONY®**

Shown is Sony Trinitron TV, KV-1945R and Sony Betamax recorder, SL-5800. © 1981 Sony Corporation of America, Tape Div. Sony is a trademark of Sony Corp.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 10: Louis Hayes quartet, featuring Frank Strozier. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 9: David Chertok's jazz films. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 10: The Loft Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 10: Walter Bishop, Jr., & Fourth Cycle. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 9: Savoy Brown. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30 and 11:30: Kris Kristofferson, with Billy Swan. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 14-16, at 9: Alice Cooper and Spider. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 18-20, at 9: Melissa Manchester. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Videotapes—A video setup that shows, one after another, tapes by eight painters, sculptors, photographers, and musicians—Robert Cumming, Brian Eno, Charles Frazier, Donald Lipski, Howardena Pindell, Judy Rifka, Allen Ruppersberg, and Irvin Tepper. Samples of their non-electronic works are also on view. Through Sept. 10. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The twentieth annual Old Master Print Exhibition features more than twenty etchings by Rembrandt and ten engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. The total number of works is more than three hundred. Through Friday, Aug. 21. . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **CITY GALLERY**, second floor, 2 Columbus Circle: "Hispanic Artists in New York," a show of paintings and sculptures by fourteen artists. Through Sept. 4. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alice Neel, Elaine de Kooning, Robert De Niro, and the watercolorist Richard Segalman, who has also been trying his hand at pastels lately (peonies, recumbent cows), are among the gallery regulars in the summer show. Through Sept. 1. . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

PHOTOGRAPHY

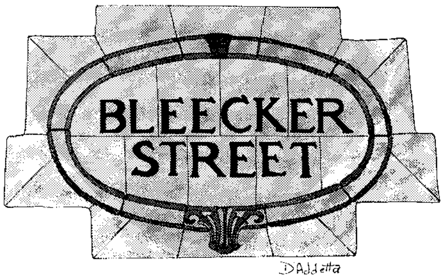
Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A hundred and twenty-five photographs—nudes, landscapes, portraits, still-lifes—the majority printed by the artist's son Cole. Through Friday, Aug. 21. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent work by twelve photographers. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died on July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ A survey of recent Korean drawing. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) All three through Sept. 7.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through re-creations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays *through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.*)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A painting (circa 1860) of New York Harbor, which shows trellised gardens in the foreground, and a 1730 portrait of Mrs. Wynant Van Zandt holding a striped tulip are two works in an exhibition called "The Gardens, Meadows, and Forests of New York State and Province." Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Sunday, Aug. 16. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 12: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13: Alexander Schneider and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Mr. Luvisi; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Richard Goode, piano, and Mr. Stoltzman. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17, and Wednesday, Aug. 19: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra, with Russell Sherman, piano, and Robert Stallman and Mr. Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with the Messrs. Rampal and Tree. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20: Mr. Rampal and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; Mr. Parnas; and John Steele Ritter, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Paul Schenly, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Peking Opera—A two-week engagement of traditional Chinese opera by the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Aug. 12 (a benefit performance), as well as Thursday, Aug. 13, and Saturday, Aug. 15, all at 8; Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30; Tuesday, Aug. 18, as well as Thursday, Aug. 20, and Saturday, Aug. 22, all at 8; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: "Lancing the Chariots," "The Four Scholars," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 15, at 2:30; Sunday, Aug. 16, as well as Wednesday, Aug. 19, and Friday, Aug. 21, all at 8; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2:30; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Blocking the Horse," "Chase Under the Moonlight," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—The first *two of six performances of Rimski-Korsakov's* "Mozart and Salieri" and Salieri's "Prima la Musica," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 20-21, at 8. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

Note—The Empire Brass Quintet will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per *applicant, will be issued starting* Monday, Aug. 17, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

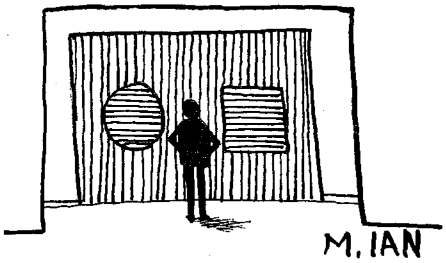
IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—*Final performances of the* season—Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Joel Cohen conducting the Boston Camerata in a program of music of the French Renaissance. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in a Debussy-Saint-Saëns-Ravel program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Rimski-Korsakov program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducting a Webern-Mozart-Mahler program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: André Previn conducting a Berlioz-Stravinsky-Ravel program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artist Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, André Previn, and John Williams. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a Berlioz-Sibelius-Mendelssohn program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Faye Robinson, Judith Blegen, and Deborah Sasson, sopranos; Florence Quivar and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Gwynne Howell, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 5:30: Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Irma Vallecillo, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Katonah, N. Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week engagement that ends Saturday, Aug. 22—Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of music by Barber, Mozart, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a program of music by Weber, Beethoven, Debussy, and André Previn (première), with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the *Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday,* Aug. 15, at 8:15: Mitch Miller conducting an all-Gershwin program; no soloists. . . . [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by Pat Benatar on Sunday, Aug. 16, at 7; Tex Beneke, Johnny Desmond, Helen Forrest, and the Modernaires with Paula Kelly, Jr., in a program entitled "Sounds of the Summer of '42" on Monday, Aug. 17, at 8:15; and Gordon Lightfoot on Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of music by Schubert, Debussy, Richard Strauss, and Tchaikovsky; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: William Smith directing a Richard Strauss-Hindemith-Orff program, with Ruth Welting, soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing a Rachmaninoff-Prokofieff program, with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 15: Dance Plus II. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 18-22: Annabelle Gamson, Barton Mumaw, Clive Thompson, the Vanaver Caravan, and the Berkshire Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)



SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 17-19, at 8. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:05.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 24. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 15; the Diana Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 16; the West Point Handicap, Friday, Aug. 21; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 22. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Washington, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Montreal, Sunday, Aug. 16, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-23.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, and Friday, Aug. 14, from 10 to 3.) Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Aug. 14.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I**, with John Vickery, Mandy Patinkin, and Kenneth McMillan. The second of two plays presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—James Conlon is conducting the final program in the concerts in the parks series. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN**, Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8. . . . **SNUG HARBOR**, Staten Island, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, Aug. 12: The Specials and the Go-Go's. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14: Joan Jett and the Blackhearts and the Coasters. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15: Arlo Guthrie and Shenandoah. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 19: Johnny Winter and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **JAZZ AND POP**: Benefit concert—Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30: Dave Brubeck and Herbie Mann. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . ¶ Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15, at 8: Darius Brubeck's Gathering Forces. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Mitchell Korn Ensemble. . . . **BLUEGRASS**: Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8: Del McCoury & the Dixie Pals. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8: Johnson Mountain Boys. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band, with Linda Seay, soprano, and Abe Polakoff, baritone. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival that includes music (jazz, classical, and bluegrass), dance, experimental theatre, Hispanic specials, mime, children's theatre, and so on. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: Thursday, Aug. 13, the Youseff Yancy Consort presenting "Music for Children" at 11, the David (Fathead) Newman quintet at 12:15, and the Riverside Shakespeare Company production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at 5:30. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, four bluegrass bands at noon, and the Bent Mountain Band, with Mike Seeger at 5:30. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, mimes, clowns, jugglers, and acrobats at noon; the Rock Steady Crew and the Dynamic Rockers at 2:30; and the Rhythm Lite Productions Review at 5:30. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, Tito Puente and his Orchestra, the Ballet Hispanico of New York Junior Company, and Los Pluezos de la 110 at 2:30. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17, the Black Spectrum Theatre (for children) at 11, and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio at 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18, Jay Hoggard & Company in a jazz program at 12:15, and the Rush Dance Company at 5:30. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Off Center Theatre (for children) at 11, and the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 5:30. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK**: Thursday, Aug. 13, the Limbs Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug, 14, the Reel World String Band, the Carroll County Ramblers, and other bluegrass bands at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, a Latin Festival, with Manuel Rivas Mariachis, the William Carter Dance Ensemble, the Ballet Espagnol, and others at 8:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 17, a dance program by the U. S. Terpsichore, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 18, a country dance program at 8:15. (Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES**, with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

DUPONT Dacron

*DuPont Reg. TM Jantzen Inc., Portland, Oregon 97208 and Jantzen Inc., Vancouver, B.C. V5T 3J3.

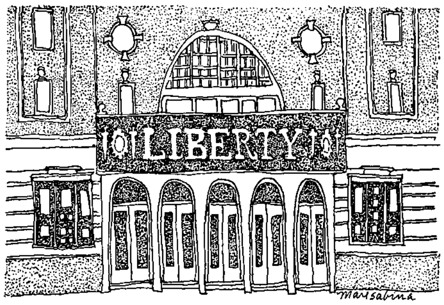
The Season Belongs to

Jantzen

New Country Gear: Brushed plaid blouson and culotte of DuPont 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton. Corduroy biking vest of DuPont 50% Dacron* polyester and 50% cotton.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 16: "An Enemy of the People" (1977; directed by George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning.

Aug. 17: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 18: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Aug. 13: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "The Sky's the Limit." (†)

Aug. 14-15: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "The Wizard of Oz." (†)

Aug. 16-17: "Royal Wedding" (†) and "Folies-Bergère." (†)

Aug. 18-19: "Words and Music" (†) and "Babes in Arms." (†)

Aug. 20-21: "Too Many Girls" (1940; George Abbott), with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz; and "Dancing Lady." (†)

From Aug. 22: "South Pacific" (1958; Joshua Logan), with Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr, Ray Walston, and Juanita Hall; and "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 13: "For Your Eyes Only" (†) and "Hair." (†)

Aug. 14-20: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson); and "Flash Gordon." (†)

From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Blow Out." (†)

Theatre 2: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†)

From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 13: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

From Aug. 14: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 19: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "S.O.B." (†) From Aug. 21: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Aug. 13: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

From Aug. 14: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini. From Aug. 19: "Prince of the City" (Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams and Lindsay Crouse.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Aug. 19: "Prince of the City" (Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams and Lindsay Crouse.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†) From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†) From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Aug. 13: "Stripes." (†)

Aug. 14-20: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

From Aug. 21: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Aug. 20: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Superman II." (†) From Aug. 14: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Aug. 13: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

From Aug. 14: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)

Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "Atlantic City." (†) From Aug. 21: "S.O.B." (†)

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 13: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash; and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a concert film.

From Aug. 14: "The Uprising" (Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Aug. 20: "Beatlemania—The Movie" (Joseph Manduke).

From Aug. 21: "Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"S.O.B." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Blow Out." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Aug. 18: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

From Aug. 19: "Prince of the City" (Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams and Lindsay Crouse.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "Sherlock Jr." (†) and three Buster Keaton shorts—"One Week" (1921), "Paleface" (1921), and "The High Sign" (1920). Aug. 16-18: "The Three Ages" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Convict 13" (1922) and "The Butcher Boy" (1917). Aug. 19-22: "The General" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Bellboy" (1918) and "The Love Nest" (1923).

Theatre 2: "New York, New York." (†)

Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztoff Zanussi; in Polish).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. Aug. 14-20: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960; Ken Annakin), with John Mills and Dorothy McGuire; and "Alice in Wonderland." (†) From Aug. 21: "S.O.B." (†)

Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson). From Aug. 14: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Superman II." (†) From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 21: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Theatre 2: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Stripes." (†) From Aug. 14: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 21: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson). From Aug. 21: "Superman II." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Arthur." (†) From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (directed by John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 3: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 13: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From Aug. 14: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 20: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†) From Aug. 21: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Theatre 6: "S.O.B." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 13: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From Aug. 14: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 14: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 20: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Aug. 21: "Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 20: "Stripes." (†) (No evening performances on Wednesday, Aug. 19.)
From Aug. 21: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†)
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 14: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 12: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; directed by Marc Allegret), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.
Aug. 13: "The War at Home" (1980; Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary. Mr. Brown will be present at about 9:45.
Aug. 14: "Hair." (†)
Aug. 15: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Aug. 16: "Death in Venice." (†)
Aug. 17: "Red Desert" (†) and "The Passenger." (†)
Aug. 18: "Kirigakure, the Last Ninja Spy, Part I" (1964) and "Zatoichi's Vengeance" (1966), both films in Japanese, directed by Tokuzo Tanaka.
Aug. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
Aug. 20: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Aug. 21: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Aug. 22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 12: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Aug. 13: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 14: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Aug. 15: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Aug. 16: "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden.
Aug. 17: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, and Masayuki Mori; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
Aug. 18: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Aug. 19: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Wanderers" (1979; Philip Kaufman), with Ken Wahl.
Aug. 20: "I Love You Rosa" (1973; Moshe Mizrahi; in Hebrew), with Michal Bat-Adam; and "Madame Rosa." (†)
Aug. 21: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
Aug. 22: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 13: Two different programs of erotic films.
Aug. 14-15: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.
Aug. 16-18: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Aug. 19-20: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of Joanna" (1975; X-rated).
Aug. 21-22: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Women in Revolt." (†)

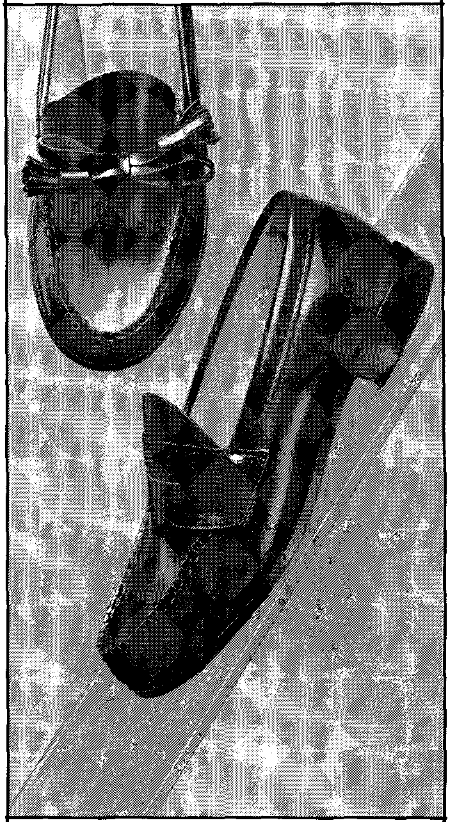
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 13: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Aug. 14-20: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)
From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 15: "Peeping Tom" (1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
Aug. 16-18: "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis.
Aug. 19-22: "The Serpent's Egg" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 15: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard.
Aug. 16-18: "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Gian-

Loafers Are Forever—But Only if They're G.H. Bass

Bass Weejuns® —the loafer that's taken generations back to school. Never improved upon (because it was perfect to begin with). Here, two equally trad renditions. The Penny at 40.00; the Tassle at 43.00, both in cordovan brown leather.



To order by Phone: Toll free 24 hours a day, any day of the week. 800-228-5588. In Nebraska, 800-642-8777. In New York, 212-355-5900.
To Order by Mail: Fill out the coupon and send to Bloomingdale's, Box 2042, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022.
Please add appropriate sales tax and 3.50 beyond our free delivery area.
We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

Please send me the following pairs of
G.H. Bass Penny Loafers (#1706) at 40.00.
Size ______
G.H. Bass Tassle Loafers (#1707) at 43.00.
Size ______
Sizes 5 through 10 (no 9½), medium widths only.

Name ______
Address ______
City/State/Zip ______
Phone (Home) ______ (Work) ______
☐Check ☐Amex ☐Bloomingdale's
Card No. ______
American Express Exp. Date ______
Signature ______
M8-082-01

The Bass Country Shop at
bloomingdale's

Montaldo's

Chenille Companions.
The accordian-pleated skirt (acrylic/nylon) plus jacquard-patterned sweater (rayon/acrylic/nylon). A duo by Vivanti with sass in taupe/brown. 6 to 16 sizes. $104.

Montaldo's: 220 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N.C. 28202 and Winston-Salem, Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs. For mail orders write the Montaldo's nearest you. Please add the appropriate sales tax plus $1.50 handling charge.

nini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.

Aug. 19-22: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 14: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "The Wet Parade" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Jimmy Durante.

Aug. 15-17: "The Wizard of Oz" (†); and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak.

Aug. 18-20: "A Free Soul" (†) and "The Divorcée." (†)

From Aug. 21: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Aug. 13: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.

Aug. 14-15: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, and Leo G. Carroll; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 16-18: "The Stunt Man" (Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlow, Private Eye;" Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

Aug. 19-20: "The Bride Wore Black" (†) and "Mississippi Mermaid." (†)

Aug. 21-22: "Breathless" (†); and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 12: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Aug. 13-15: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

Aug. 16-17: "The Court Jester" (1956; Norman Panama and Melvin Frank), with Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, Angela Lansbury, and Basil Rathbone; and "Fancy Pants" (1950; George Marshall), with Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, and Bruce Cabot.

Aug. 18-19: "The Strong Man" (†) and "The Freshman." (†)

Aug. 20-22: "The More the Merrier" (†) and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 12: "Sacco and Vanzetti" (1971; Giuliano Montaldo), with Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte; and "Winterset" (1936; Alfred S. Santell), with Margo and Burgess Meredith.

Aug. 13: "British Agent" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Kay Francis, Leslie Howard, Irving Pichel, and J. Carroll Naish; and "Mission to Moscow" (1943; Michael Curtiz), with Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka.

Aug. 14-15: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Aug. 16: "Hi, Mom!" (1970) and "Greetings" (1968), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

Aug. 17: Cartoons by two Warner Brothers artists—Friz Freleng and Chuck Jones.

Aug. 18: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Ikiru." (†)

Aug. 19: "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Maniac" (1935; Dwain Esper), with Bill Woods.

Aug. 20: "The Beast with Five Fingers" (†); and "The Unsuspected" (1947; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, and Audrey Totter.

Aug. 21-22: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro; and "The Bubble" (1966; Arch Oboler), with Deborah Walley and Johnny Desmond. Both films in 3-D.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 12: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Aug. 13: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Aug. 14: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Aug. 15-16: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

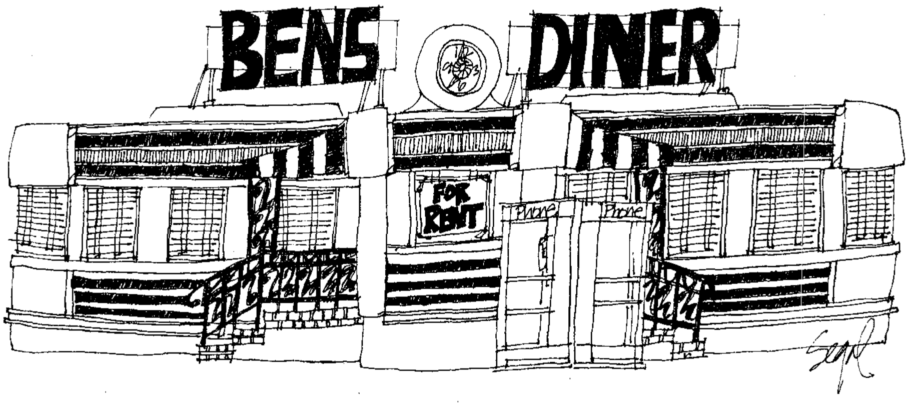
Aug. 17: "Ecstasy" (†) and "Algiers." (†)

Aug. 18: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

Aug. 19: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.

Aug. 20: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†) and "Jungle Book." (†)

Aug. 21-22: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo"



(1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from India: Aug. 13 at 2:30: "The Thirsty One" (1957; directed by Guru Dutt; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 13 at 6 and Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Mister 420" (1955; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 14 at 6: "The Cloud-Capped Star" (1960; Ritwik Gahtak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 15 at 1: "Kalpana" (1948; Uday Shankar; with dance narrative). . . . Aug. 15 at 4 and Aug. 16 at 1: "Mother India" (1957; Mehboob Khan; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 16 at 5: "Kalpana." . . . Aug. 17 at 2:30: "Avaiyaar" (1953; S. S. Vasan; in Tamil, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 17 at 6: "The Cloud-Capped Star." . . . Aug. 18 at 2:30: Four films by S. Sukdhev: "Castor" (1965), "Ma Ki Pukar" (1975), "Wildlife of India" (1966; in English), and "India '67" (1967; in English). . . . Aug. 18 at 6: "Avaiyaar." . . . Aug. 20 at 2:30: Four films by S. Sukdhev. . . . Aug. 20 at 7: "Sholay" (1975; Ramesh Sippy; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Sujata" (1960; Bimal Roy; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 21 at 6: Four films by S. Sukdhev. . . . Aug. 22 at 2:30: "The Great Indian Film Bazaar" (1980; Sridhar Kshirsagar; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 22 at 5: "Sujata." . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: Aug. 17-18 at noon: "An Edwardian Childhood" (Colin Clark), "The Open Window" (Richard Paterson), and "Goodnight Miss Ann" (August Cinquegana). . . . Aug. 22 at noon: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Aug. 16: "Pinocchio" (1940) is shown daily at 1, and "Virtuoso Scenes," a program of ten short films, is shown daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 18: "Fantasia" (1940) will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Mood Musicals," a program of ten short films, will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and the studio lighting make it all seem so artificial that one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may have been an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé. Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. With Johnny Downs, Alan Hale. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; adaptation by John Howard Lawson, with additional dialogue by James M. Cain. (A 1948 remake, "Casbah," with Tony Martin as a singing Pépé, tried for—but missed—the heat and glamour.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Embassy 72nd St., and 8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 14-20.)

Arthur—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Aug. 21.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Art; Aug. 18-19.)

The Beast with Five Fingers (1946)—Deadpan melodrama, pretty good, with Peter Lorre being chased by a severed but very living hand that plays the piano, gets out of a drawer, and refuses to be nailed down or locked in a safe. The hand (a left one) is a pianist's, and it performs Bach's Chaconne (for the left hand). Directed by Robert Florey. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Blow Out—What happens seems to go right to your head. It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews State; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 14.)

Breathless (1959; "A Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he conjoined disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so that he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive*. The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 21-22.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 19-20.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Art; through Aug. 13.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Art; Aug. 20-21.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Divorcée (1930)—Norma Shearer and the double standard. Her husband (Chester Morris) is unfaithful, but she isn't allowed to be; they split. This being intended as a sizzling, daring movie, she turns to Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel before reconciling (on New Year's Eve, of course) with her ex-husband. Shearer's specialty was sexy suffering in satin gowns by Adrian; here, she always seems to want to abandon herself to naughtiness, but one damned thing after another stops her. With Florence Eldridge. Robert Z. Leonard directed, from an adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel "Ex-Wife." (Mini Cinema; Aug. 18-20.)

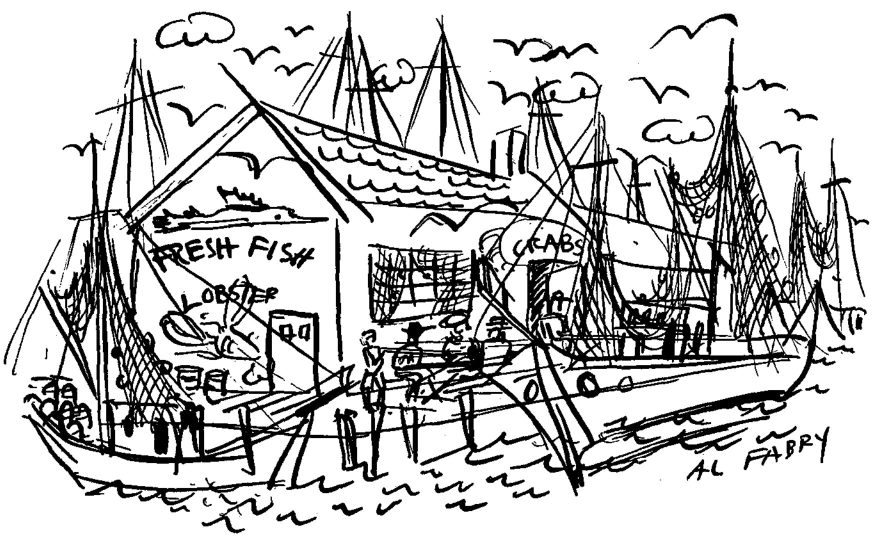
Ecstasy (1933)—The once scandalous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty, and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr. It was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love;" along with some explicit sexual sequences, there is symbolic erotic imagery that is romantic, poetic, and, despite its innocent absurdity, sensuous and exciting. The picture was banned and then released and then withdrawn and finally reissued, in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. (In the fifties, there were versions in which someone had decided to prolong the ecstasy by printing the climactic scenes over and over.) Still, whichever "Ecstasy" one sees, it's delicately, tenderly erotic. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the film, "Reflections of Extasy." In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Aug. 20.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy had ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (34th St. East, Gemini, and Rivoli; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 21.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the arch-fiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino De Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 14-20.)



Folies-Bergère (1935)—Maurice Chevalier, pushing his rather monotonous charm too strenuously in a dual role as a famous sporting baron who is a perfect devil with the ladies and a music-hall entertainer whose most popular number is an impersonation of the baron. Inevitably, the baron hires the entertainer to take his place, and the entertainer winds up in the boudoir of the baroness (Merle Oberon). The baroness flirts with the false baron, allowing him to think she thinks he's the real baron, and then she succumbs to the real baron, allowing him to think she believes him to be the false baron. This elaborate coquetry is hardly a wow, but the tiresome plot was used again for two more musicals—for Don Ameche and Alice Faye in the 1941 "That Night in Rio," and for Danny Kaye and Gene Tierney in the 1951 "On the Riviera." The original version features some lovely songs, including "You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth," "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You," and "Rhythm of the Rain;" during this one, the chorus girls are loaded down with umbrellas and dance glumly in several inches of water. In the film's finale, those same poor girls wear straw hats, hide under larger straw hats, and dance on straw hats of epic proportions. Roy Del Ruth directed; with Ann Sothern and Eric Blore. (Art; Aug. 16-17.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (New Yorker, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 14-20.)

A Free Soul (1931)—This wheezing melodrama was a sensational success. Adela Rogers St. John, the daughter of a lawyer, wrote the story about a brilliant alcoholic lawyer (Lionel Barrymore) whose independent, "free" daughter (Norma Shearer) has a hot affair with a man whom her father got acquitted on a murder charge—a racketeer known as Ace (Clark Gable). Shearer's acting is dreadful (she seems to be working hard to show *poise*), but she was in her bold-indiscreet-modern-woman period and looks sexily undressed in her silky Adrian gowns. Gable had erotic menace in his villainous role, and he gives the picture its only charge. (This was the performance that made him a star.) Things get pitifully maudlin when high-minded Leslie Howard, Shearer's former fiancé, shoots Gable and is defended by Barrymore, and Barrymore hams fearfully (he got an Academy Award for it); the father's courtroom plea for Howard is that the whole mess is really *his* fault—that he didn't give his daughter firm enough guidelines. (He finishes his overwrought summation and drops dead.) This is a vintage fraudulently "daring" movie in the glossy-hokey M-G-M style. Clarence Brown directed, from John Meehan's script. With James Gleason. (Mini Cinema; Aug. 18-20.)

The Freshman (1925)—Harold Lloyd's celebrated matriculation into college. (Regency; Aug. 18-19.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 19-22.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk town of New York. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 14.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

Jungle Book (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by wolves, who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltán Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults will have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 20.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament which may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, and Freddie Steele. (Regency; Aug. 20-22.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 19-20.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable, summer-night love scene: the very proper government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Regency; Aug. 20-22.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbot as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 17.)

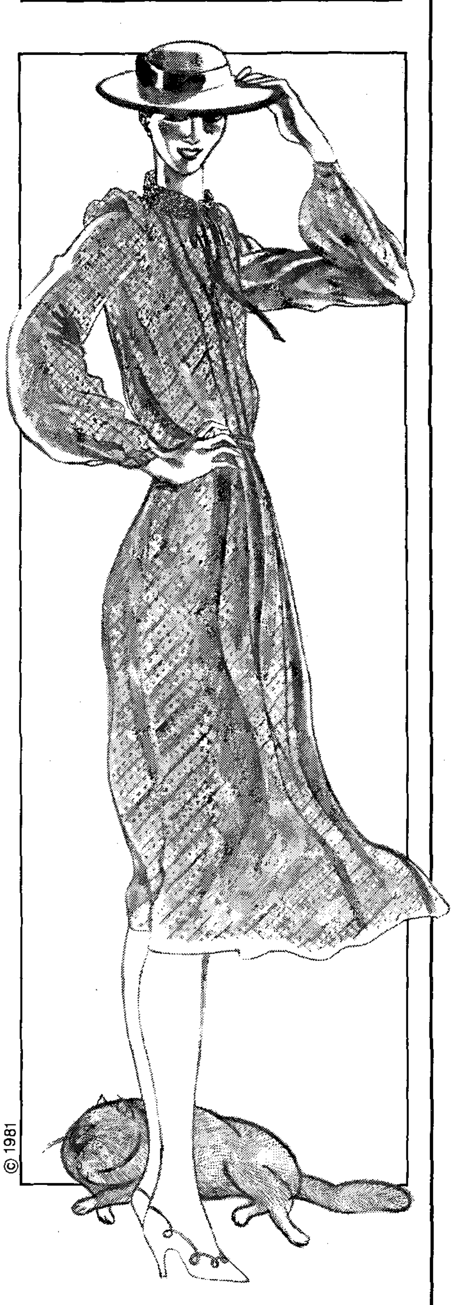
Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak, and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Art; Aug. 16-17.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the

YOU'LL DO
A LOT OF LIVING...



now thru fall...in our softly
pleated, paisley-printed rayon
challis dress by Kay Unger for
St. Gillian. Mostly blue with
the elegant embellishment of a
delicate ecru lace collar.
Elasticized waist, self belt.
Sizes 4-14. $158. At all our Salons.
By mail please include correct tax.
$2.50 handling outside NY delivery.

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON
691 Fifth Ave., NY 10022 ▪ (212) 407-7984
Elizabeth Arden • American Express • Visa • Diners Club
Master Charge • Please include charge number

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 15.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Art; through Aug. 13.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Festival, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; *starting Aug. 21.)*

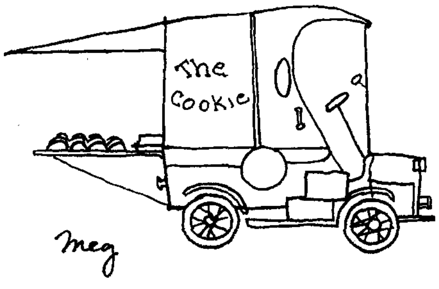
A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Art; Aug. 14-15.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ National; through the afternoon of Aug. 20. No evening performances on Wednesday, Aug. 19.)

The Strong Man (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. Written and directed by Frank Capra. (Regency; Aug. 18-19.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 21.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Magical Arabian-nights adventures, on enormous, spacious sets and in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors. The screen seems to be made of velvet. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffer (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy; in his dashing ensembles, he makes superb entrances in the calendar-art vistas that the designer, Vincent Korda, supplied for this essentially cheery Alexander Korda production. Sabu seems most appealing when the wicked Jaffer has turned him into a dog; the dog seems to represent the essence of Sabu, and it even looks like him. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant-voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) Bare except for a loincloth, he has talon fingernails and great quizzical eyebrows, and is bald-headed except for a ponytail. As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. And Miles Malleson does a quirky turn as the Sultan, her toy-loving senile father; Malleson is like a toy himself, and when he becomes enchanted by a mechanical flying horse, he and the machine seem a perfect pair. But as a writer, Malleson, who, along with Lajos Biro, did the script, lacks enchantment; the flashback device at the beginning is unnecessarily complicated, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots, the stagy use of the spectacular sets. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also had their hands in it, as did Alexander Korda), it's surprising how well it holds together, and how good-natured it is. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 20.)



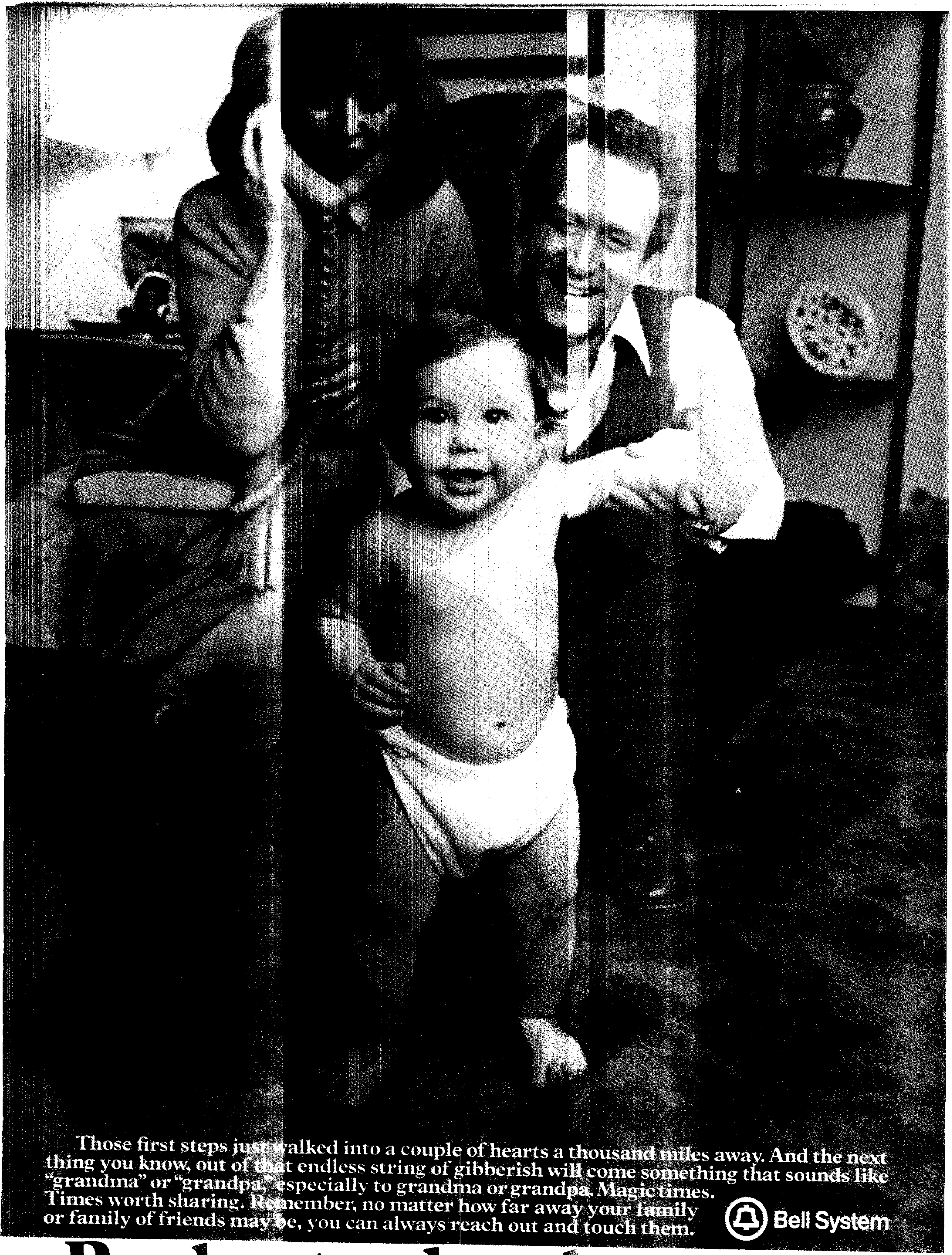
The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 16-18.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. Directed by Victor Fleming. (Art; Aug. 14-15. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; Aug. 15-17.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars," and Warhol keeps the camera glued to the blemishes on the performers' rumps and thighs. (Cinema Village; Aug. 21-22.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, which he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson (whose "Thou Swell," with the Blackburn Twins, is a bright spot in her career). Norman Taurog directed. (Art; Aug. 18-19.)

Zorro, the Gay Blade—A wonderful giddy farce. If you could combine the screen images of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Peter Sellers, the result might be pretty close to the slinky, self-mocking George Hamilton as Zorro. This gleaming-eyed Zorro, with his idiotic leering grin and his idiosyncratic Spanish accent, and Paco (Donovan Scott), his plump, Teddy-bear servant, set out to help the people of old Los Angeles, who are being taxed to death by the villainous Esteban (that actory actor Ron Leibman, sporting a thick head of hair and a full beard, and giving a rambunctious, likable performance). Directed by Peter Medak, from Hal Dresner's script, this is the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. With Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), Lauren Hutton, James Booth, and Clive Revill. (7/27/81) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 20.)



Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

Some things endure. the Shetland sweater.
Ralph Lauren

THE
NEW YORKER

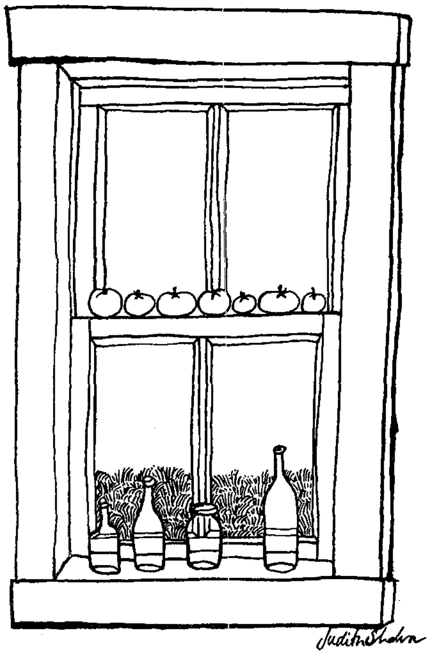
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who regards himself as a dedicated jogger writes:

Now is the time for a Magna Carta redefining the rights of Central Park Reservoir users. Otherwise, a Runnymede-type confrontation between the new, speedy breed of runners and traditional Reservoir-path pedestrians is inevitable. The reason: a substantial investment of Uris Brothers Foundation and New York City capital-budget money—a total of three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars—which this spring turned the one-and-a-half-mile potholed path that used to run around the ninety-seven acres of water into what is generally believed to be the world's finest narrow-gauge running and jogging track, complete with strata of stones, clay, and fine cinders, and a porous-pipe drainage system that did away with the old path's puddles. When I first started jogging, some twenty years ago, the Reservoir track was a lonely place. The joggers were principally past-it pugilists, who trotted along the hard-packed cinders bobbing and weaving in a perpetual last-round comeback. By and large, the Reservoir then was a reserve for bird-watchers, baby-walkers, briskly marching couples carrying walking sticks, and refugee politicians taking their "constitutionals," looking faded and dog-eared.

The first warning to these old-time users came several years ago, when the Reservoir pathway was signposted "Jogging Trail." And today strollers are frequently startled by frantic cries of "Track!" as new-breed runners come pelting by. I became seriously worried when, on June 22nd, the New York Road Runners Club and the generous folk of the Uris Brothers Foundation dedicated what they called the "super-racing surface" of the Reservoir pathway. What will happen now to the toddlers who prefer the Reservoir ducks to the playground? To young lovers making plans and old couples remembering? Also, with the advent of Manhattan as a prime attraction for foreign tourists, the Reservoir has become elevated to guidebook status as "a place to visit;" the Japanese, in particular, seem enchanted by its beauty and its varying moods. There are also those who practice their own forms of exercise. One gentleman in his nineties who limbers up on the east side of the Reservoir startles both strollers and runners by suddenly emitting ghastly shrieks and yells. This, he told me, was on doctors' orders, for his chest condition. What will happen to the many hundreds of citizens and visitors who relish the Reservoir not for the muscles it creates but for the moods it stimulates, which also appear to encourage them in their own special health routines? Now, surely, is the time to see to it that this unique environment remains in full view for all who value it, instead of being allowed to become the exclusive reserve of runners.



During spring, summer, and fall, the peak jogging hours at the Reservoir are between 6 and 8 A.M. and between 6 and 8 P.M., when seemingly endless streams of males and females in running shoes converge there. Perhaps, therefore, it can be stipulated that during those four hours the Reservoir route *will* be exclusively for the jogging set. Runners should understand, however, that at other times the right-of-way is open to all.

Because the pathway around the Reservoir is raised well above the general level of the surrounding park and bridle path, it provides—especially in leafless winter—an unusually good view. Early morning and late afternoon give rise to the most spectacular moments. The sun comes up immense in size; its light seems to spill out between the boxes of the East Side skyscrapers. Later, their windows are filled by the fire of the setting sun. The only buildings at the Reservoir are the three small Civil War-era gatehouses. They serve to stamp the immediate area with a mid-Victorian charm, and this is enhanced by the simple elegance and beauty of the three pedestrian bridges built originally to permit strollers access to the Reservoir without their having to cross the once-busy bridle path. (One of the bridges is now being repaired and refurbished, courtesy of the New York State Office of Parks, Recreation and Historic Preservation.) The Reservoir itself is full of ducks and gulls. The gulls perch on causeways crossing the water. On many afternoons, these grandstands are noisily overcrowded, while the ducks float quietly, like so many decoys. There is also a bluejay, a loner, perching frequently and calling in his noisy crow voice. Despite his flamboyant color, which speaks of warmer climes, he sticks around all year. If he makes a fuss about changes in the weather, he seems a cheery herald of each new season—an urban, extroverted version of the mythical bluebird of happiness.

But, above all, the Reservoir's spell lies in the expanse of water, immune to disfiguring graffiti; it has the appeal of a ready-to-hand seashore, with its power to inspire people to commune with nature and with themselves. Just as the Reservoir is today's last bulwark against the encroaching erosion of the Park, so it was the already existing entity, and also the main utilitarian feature, around which, in the sixties and seventies of the last century, Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux created Central Park. This major work of landscaping was carefully conceived and painstakingly carried out. In preparing the Park site for plantings, the original gardeners, in order to achieve a natural look rather than a formal one, turned over the entire Park surface to a depth of four feet, and the process of selecting and planting the thousands of trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers took two decades. Neither God nor the Parks Department is doing very well in the Reservoir area insofar as replacing or maintaining trees goes. However, one notes with gratitude a plaque stating that the flowering cherry trees on the periphery of the Reservoir were donated in memory of Otto Marx, 1870-1963. (The return to the once-popular belief that trees accommodate the spirits of the dead seems to be gaining ground, and the Parks Department is happy to coöperate with anyone interested in donating trees as a form of ecologically acceptable headstone.) Olmsted and Vaux did not design Central Park exclusively for the horse-and-carriage trade. Their New York was the city of the Civil War, the vast influxes of foreign labor, and the draft riots of 1863. Olmsted and Vaux conceived the beauty and painstaking detail of the Park in the knowledge that the social and political metabolism within which it was to exist was a notably dynamic one. It is rare for a material creation of the mid-nineteenth century to fit so precisely the desperate needs of today. This park is a unique inheritance, and its unique, and unspoiled, centerpiece is the Reservoir. Now is the time to officially safeguard people's primordial right to stride or stroll around this center-city expanse of water without feeling like second-class citizens. At least, that's the way it looks to one dedicated jogger.

• •

Flag

And a friend visiting relatives in the English countryside writes:

On the eve of the royal wedding, I met my Aunt Freda coming down through her Yorkshire village with her shopping basket on her arm. Across the width of the single, winding street, strings of dancing bunting in red, white, and blue linked the eaves of the gray stone cottages. She was bubbling over with the chatter of the village shop, whose little window had been arranged for weeks with twisted paper streamers swooping and looping around a pair of portraits of the bride and groom nobly framed in Woolworth gilt. I learned that Mrs. Coverdale, at the corner, had gone completely mad and almost smothered the front of her house with flags and decorations. Mrs. Armstrong had sent to town for a color television in honor of the Great Event, after all these years of managing without. The landlord of the Black Bull was said to have laid in hundreds and hundreds of pints of specially bottled wedding ale and was going to treat his customers to one free round, at least. Someone said that beacons were to be set ablaze across the country, but no one was sure where the nearest beacon would be. My aunt and some of the older ladies had remembered that the BBC didn't dare put royal wedding vows on the wireless in the old days, in case men listening in public houses forgot to take off their caps. And anyone could say what he liked, but Princess Marina had been lovely, Margaret had made a pretty bride, Edward VIII had been well liked at one time, and Charles was a nice young man, of whom his grandmother was very fond.

We found my Uncle Thomas in an ancient deck chair in the garden. He had knotted the corners of his pocket handkerchief and was wearing it for a hat.

"Is it going to stay this fine for the wedding?" my aunt asked.

"What wedding?" he replied.

"We'll have to have some decorations up," said my aunt, giving him a withering look. "I'm positive we've got a flag somewhere. I've put it away in a safe place and I can't remember where it is."

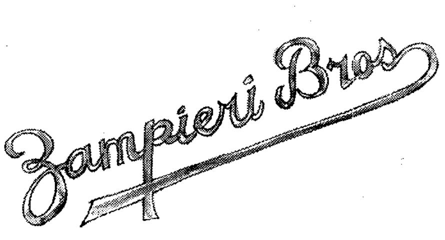
"Such a fuss all you womenfolk are making, just for old Charlie's wedding," he said.

"I'm going up into the attic to have another hunt," she said. "What would we have bought it for in the first place, do you suppose? Would it have been for one of the jubilees, or was it the end of the war? I rather think it must have been the coronation of George VI."

I flopped into the chair beside my uncle's. There was a buzzing of bees and the rhythmic chunka-chunka sound of a machine baling hay in the field. We were abruptly roused by triumphant cries and dusty, camphor-smelling flappings from the open bedroom window above our heads. My loyal aunt had unearthed her Union Jack.

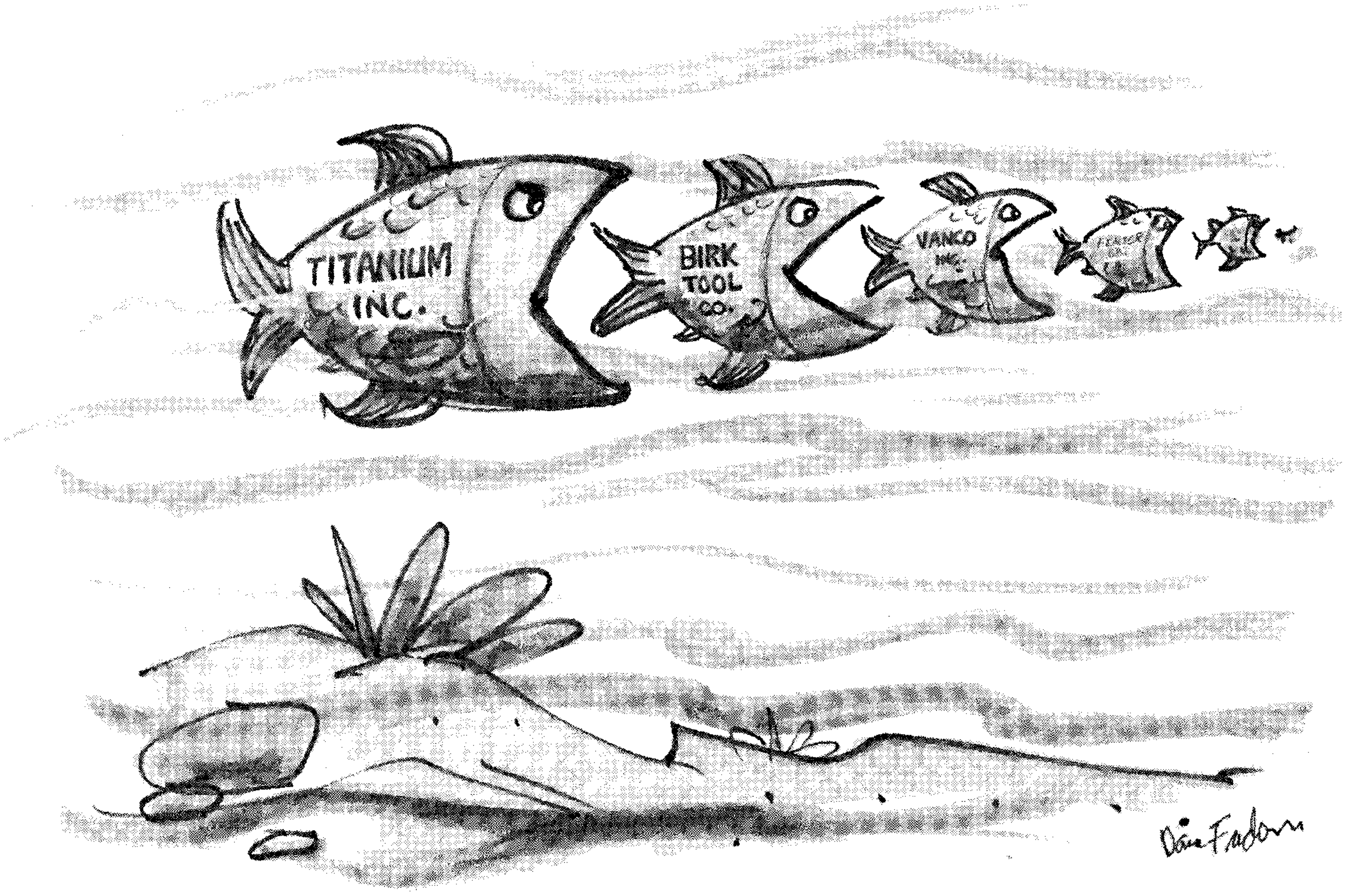
Trucks

Gallant & Wein, Puro, Bilkays Express, Teitler Linen, Lehigh Air Conditioning, Dellwood, Bonny Box, Renofab, Hi-Vue Dairy Farms, Ryder, Hittner, Menella's Poultry, Broadway Maintenance, U.P.S., Waldorf Carting, Streit Matzoth, Consolidated Laundries, McGlynn Hays, Embassy Grocery, S & S Soap . . . The trucks clattering down the avenues, locking grids, and double-parking on the side streets of Manhattan are, generally speaking, nothing much to look at. Their business is usually stated in simple terms in plain type on the sides of the vehicle, and that's that. There are, fortunately, exceptions. Brunckhorst (Boars Head meats) has a striking truck, for example, and Zampieri Brothers Bakers presents a stylish baseball script rendered in gold on a rich-red background (*Illus. A*).



Illus. A

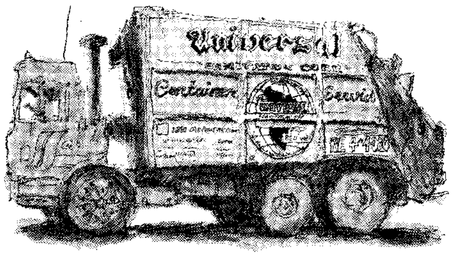
For general magnificence, however, we like the trucks of the Universal Sanitation Corporation. Five of these dark-green beauties roll through the streets at an hour when most people are still asleep; they pick up prestige slops at the Plaza, the Waldorf-


TITANIUM INC.
BIRK TOOL CO.
VANCO INC.

• •

Astoria, the New York Hilton, and other hotels.

Since it is difficult to appreciate fully the complex splendor of a Universal when it is moving, and moving in semidarkness at that, we went up to the company's garage, at 1381 Oak Point Avenue, in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx, to get a look at one standing still, in daylight. We met the owners, Benny Villani and Marty Sternberg, and Tom Ceglio, the foreman, and we all stood around their big garage admiring one of the trucks (*Illus. B*). It was basically a deep green—more blue than yellow—and Mr. Sternberg told us, "The city requires private garbage trucks to be green. Beyond that, you may decorate as you choose." There were white letters with red drop-shadows; yellow letters with red lines inside them; a variety of typefaces; white pinstriping and decoration; a bold logo featuring a blue globe with a yellow continent on it—shaped sort of like South America—and a red scroll across part of it saying "UNIVERSAL" in white letters; and a lot of additional information here and there, including several listings of Universal's phone number (RE 4-4080).



Illus. B

"These trucks carry twenty-five cubic yards of garbage compacted, which would be seventy-five cubic yards loose," said Tom Ceglio. "They're 2R Leach Packmasters with a Model 600 Mack in front. They pick up an average of one and a half loads a day at each of the hotels. Conventions, of course, produce more garbage."

"The logo with the globe goes back thirteen years," said Mr. Villani. "I designed it with a free-lance artist named Al Mancuso when Sternberg and I bought the company, and that was thirteen years ago. We like an attractive, clean look."

Mr. Sternberg nodded.

The next morning, we spotted a Universal compacting at the Plaza, so we stopped and said hello to the driver, a short, cheerful man. We asked him what he thought of the Universals.

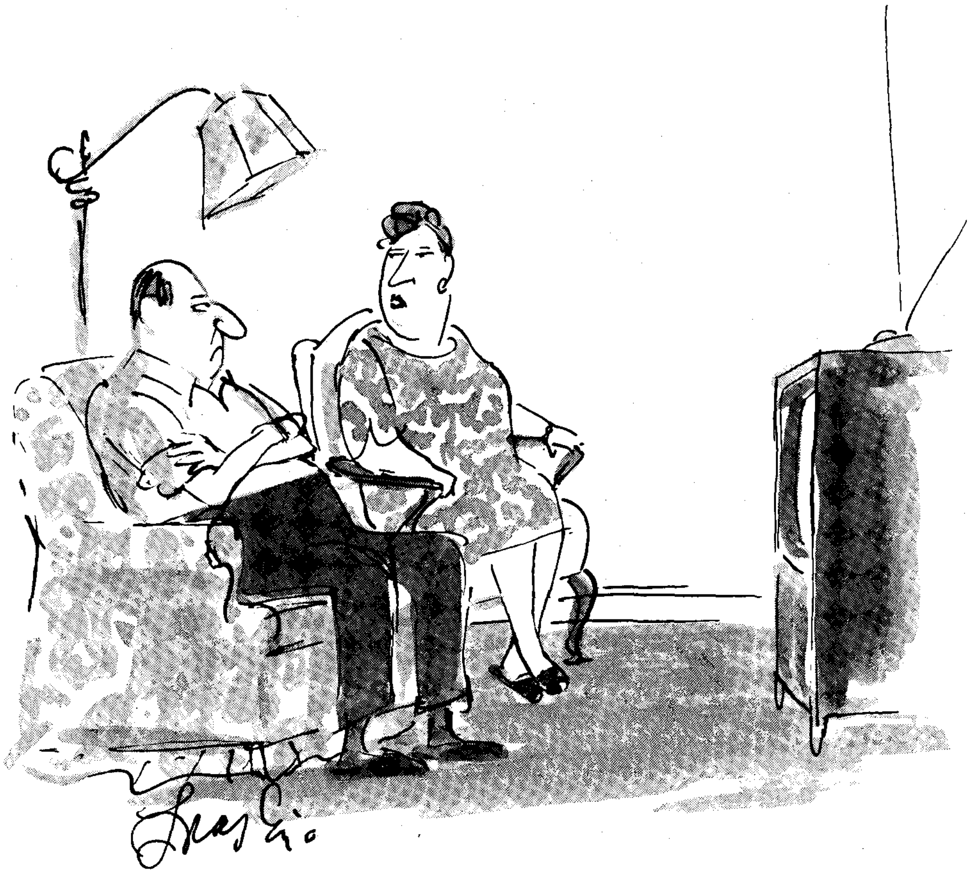
"They go good," he said enthusiastically.

"Are they the best-looking trucks in New York?" we asked.

He thought for a moment. "No," he said. "The D.V. Carting Company trucks, from Utica Avenue, in Brooklyn, are better-looking."

The Apprentice

A WOMAN we know who takes a deep interest in clothes and the fabrics that they are made up in, and who, it seems, occasionally makes herself a dress or a pair of trousers or a blouse, invited us to go "look at some cloth," as she put it. On our way, she said, "On the day I turned seven, my mother gave me a copy of the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and in it she wrote, 'To my darling daughter, with love, Mamie.' And also she said, 'Miss Doreen can take you now.' Miss Doreen was a seamstress. She wasn't my seamstress and she wasn't my mother's seamstress, though sometimes she was asked to make my everyday school uniform. What my mother meant by her taking me now was that I could begin to be her new apprentice. We lived on a small island in the Caribbean, and



"It's a variety show. There's something in it for everyone."

everyone I knew then was apprenticing to someone—the girls to cooks or seamstresses or housekeepers, the boys to carpenters or mechanics or men busy at some other thing that men do. My father was a carpenter, and some boy's mother was always at our house asking if the boy could become my father's apprentice. My father's apprentice had to carry my father's toolbox and walk behind my father, and he couldn't stop and talk to people while he was with my father. At the time I began with Miss Doreen, I already knew how to sew on a button, and how to sew two things together, using a simple in-and-out stitch. But that made no difference to her. This is what she had me do: for the first few months, at the end of every sewing day it was my job to sweep up the floors, which were always covered with threads and scraps of cloth; I dusted her sewing machine; and at the end of every week I polished its mahogany cabinet. It was almost a year before I could tie off the ends of threads on the wrong side of a dress, and then only if it was a child's everyday dress. It was years before I was allowed to go to the store with a sample of cloth and buy the matching-color thread for it. I was fourteen years old before I was asked to hem a woman's Sunday dress. In between all these things, though, she showed me how to make buttonholes, how to cut on the bias, how to make a gathered skirt, how to make pleats. When she worked, she would purse her lips; and she was very bony—her collarbones really stuck out. I would go to see her on Tuesdays and Thursdays from four to six when I had school, and from one o'clock to three o'clock three days a week during school holidays. I never saw her on weekends. She was a Seventh Day Adventist. She charged five shillings to make a woman's dress and two shillings and sixpence to make a child's dress. I haven't seen her in years. I don't know what it is she does now. I don't know if she is dead or alive."

At the fabric store, a large, barnlike room filled with rows and rows of bolts of cloth stacked on top of each other in a disorderly way, our friend said, "It's all been changed since I was here last. They used to keep linen here." She pointed to a place where there were bolts of silky-looking material. "I haven't been here in years, so everything must have changed. There used to be a man who worked here—I liked him. He was always so nice to me. He would always go in the back and bring me some piece of fabric that he thought I would like. Once, he showed me the most beautiful piece of French silk crêpe. It was pink with large blue flowers. I used to like to stand and watch him cut the cloth. He had little tufts of hair growing in his ears. Of course, the thing about this place is that you can find wonderful fabric, and none of it is too dear. Now I shall just walk by and look."

Our friend walked along the aisles. She tugged at and shuffled between her fingers taffeta, silk, organza, wool, cotton, crêpe de Chine, gabardine, wool challis. She held some of these fabrics up against her body, and she seemed on the verge of buying yards of red and pink plain cotton. She said, "None of this is really right. It's *none of it exactly what I want.* I know just what I want. Or I will know it when I see it. What I guess I really want is some handkerchief linen. But *they don't have any handkerchief linen* here. Usually, it costs fifteen dollars a yard. They have some nice gingham. I like gingham a lot, though only in a *certain* way. When I was little, I had many dresses made up in gingham. Some of them were decorated with braid and some of them with smocking. At my school, the girls were allowed to wear dresses on Fridays. Also on Fridays, the person who was the best student for the week would receive from the teacher a small prize. It might be a two-tone rubber eraser or a special notebook, made in France. For a long time, almost every week I was the best student. If I wasn't the best student, I was the second-best student, but usually I was the best. This made some other girls annoyed at me, and on one Friday afternoon, when I went into the bathroom, they came with me. Then they picked me up and tried to flush me away. Feet first, thank God. On that day, I was wearing one of my gingham dresses."

Approachable

OUT on the Coast, Hank Grant has been doing his job, turning out five fourteen-hundred-word "Rambling Reporter" columns a week for the *Hollywood Reporter*, taking an occasional four-day weekend (only rarely a longer vacation), basically giving the entertainment community his uninterrupted best efforts for twenty-five years, keeping track of the movieland subcurrents with as much diligence as Miss Rona and a lot less moralizing, and then, from nowhere, along comes some guy—someone nobody's ever heard of—who feels like giving Hank a hard time. It puts Hank in an unfair position. Hank Grant used to be a performer himself—in the late forties, in Chicago, he had a half-hour radio show called "Let's Have Fun," and then he did a couple of local Chicago TV shows called "What's Wrong With This Picture" and "The Teens and Tunes Club"—and because Hank has worked the other side of the street he has always taken the position that a columnist for one of the trades should be easily approachable. By now, the smart people in the business have figured out that if they just drop Hank a note sometimes or a card from wherever they're locationing (and Hank Grant can name *quite a few people* who have done this from Rio or London) he'll see what he can do with it. When Hank goes with an item in the column, he wants to report tomorrow's news today, not yesterday's news tomorrow, so he's approachable. "In other words," Hank Grant says, "I don't live in an ivory tower."

Now, historically, Hank's relationship with Bobby Vinton, the singer, has been excellent. Bobby Vinton has kept in touch with Hank. A couple of times a month, Bobby calls Hank on the phone. In addition, Bobby's press agent, Jules Levine, sends in enough items so that Hank Grant can go with at least one a week in his column. Recently, Hank has been able to pass along such information as:

> Bobby Vinton now has an honorary Doctor of Music degree from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh (but will he make house calls?).

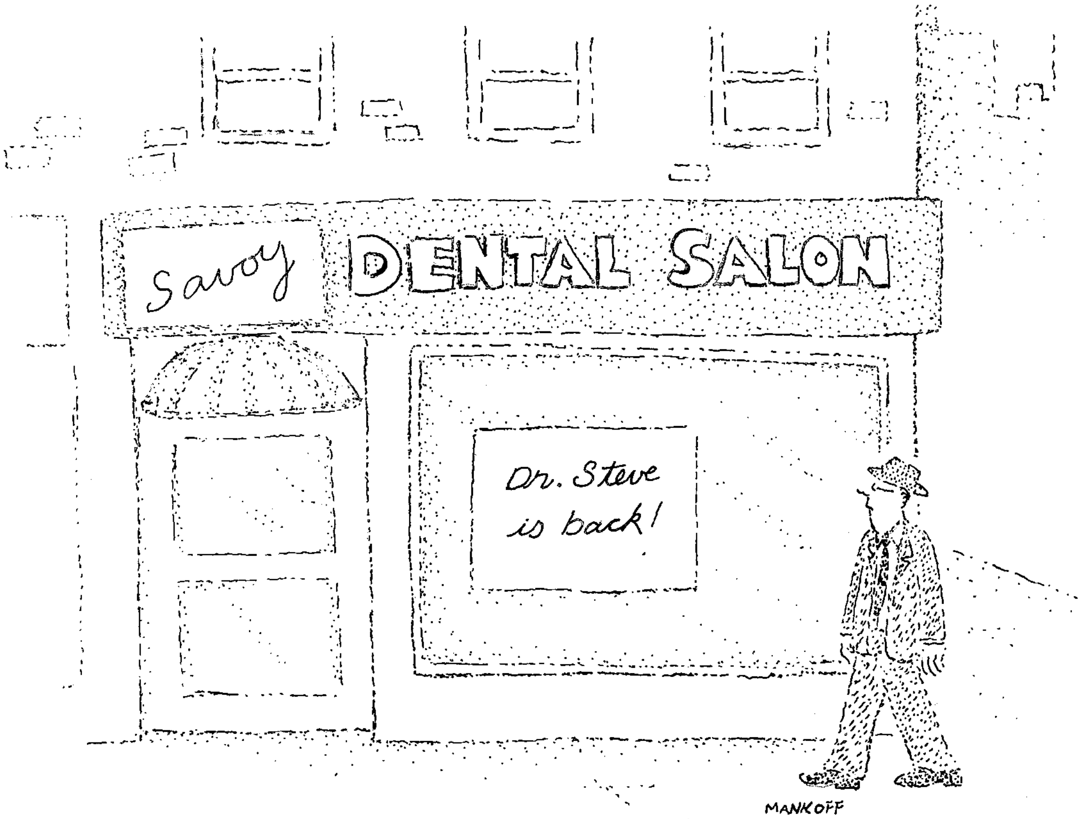
> The current jitters in Poland over possible Soviet intervention has postponed indefinitely the naming of a street in Warsaw after Bobby Vinton. But Bobby does have the consolation of a street awready named after him in his hometown of Canonsburg, Pa.

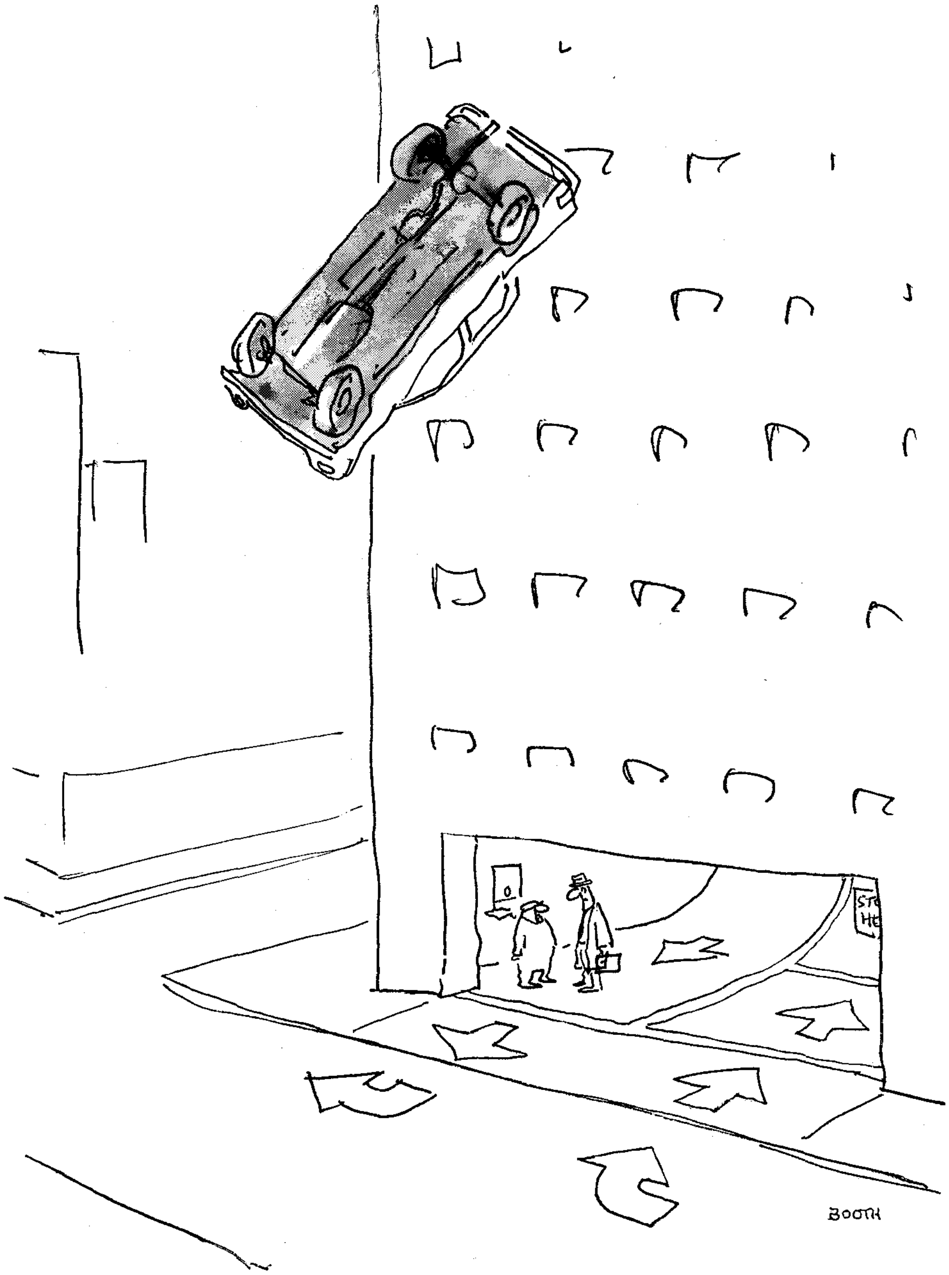
> Bobby Vinton pulled a switch. Last year, he gifted his sec'y with a two-week vacash in Hawaii. Now he's paying the freight for a Hollywood vacation for Ruth Gillette, the prez of his fan club in Honolulu.

All worthwhile items. Of course, Hank Grant is hardly running a Bobby Vinton News Service; Hank's covering an entire town, an international industry. He's keeping his eyes and ears open when "WKRP in Cincinnati" 's Loni Anderson reaches a two-hundred-G alimony settlement with ex-hubby Ross Bickell or when Erik Estrada slips a goose-egg-size diamond ring on Beverly Sassoon's engagement finger or when Don Knotts and his wife, Loralee, are having dinner at Emilio's or when Ernie and Tove Borgnine go for a bite at Ah Fong's. In other words, Hank, who works without the services of a secretary or a legman, is busting his hump for the readership, so he understandably gets upset when a guy who signs himself Don Barde writes a letter to the editor of the *Hollywood Reporter* which begins, "I wonder how many other readers out here are also wearied yet curious about the daily inclusion in Mr. Grant's column of the witticisms and professional happenings of one Bobby Vinton." After the opening sentence, it gets even worse. This Don Barde goes on and on, in a generally insulting manner. Naturally, something like this provokes considerable response from the readership—more than three dozen letters—and the editor subsequently publishes four of the replies (including one from Jules Levine). Hank Grant doesn't see all the mail, but he hears that it's unanimously pro-Bobby and pro-Hank.

You would think that that would settle the matter, and it would have settled it except that a few days later along comes *another* letter, this one from a guy who signs himself Samson De Brier, and this Samson De Brier writes the following: "It was interesting to read in the *Hollywood Reporter* all the letters written in behalf of Bobby Vinton. Very nice. By the way, who *is* he and what does he do?"

Hank Grant has every right to be suspicious of a question like "Who is Bobby Vinton?," inasmuch as it implies that Bobby Vinton has never published an autobiography titled "The Polish Prince," in which he tells what it has been like to sell thirty million records, or that Bobby has never recorded such hit songs as "Roses Are Red," "Blue Velvet," and "My Melody of Love," songs that have brought



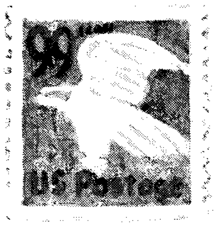


"*Your car will be right down, Mr. Lundquist.*"

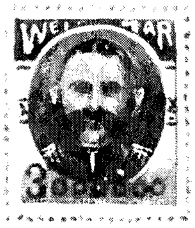
joy to people in shopping malls and elevators and enclosed spaces everywhere, songs that have kept Bobby riding high on the charts and have kept him busy on the Strip in Las Vegas, including a phenomenal three consecutive monthly bookings at the Riviera Hotel, bookings that have enabled Bobby and his wife, Dolly, and their five children to carry on a certain life style, which includes a beautiful home in Pacific Palisades, for which Bobby paid something like six hundred thousand dollars and for which, at the latest word, he turned down an offer of three and a half million. They are asking "Who is Bobby Vinton?" when, of course, the question should be "Who is Don Barde to criticize Hank Grant for running those items about Bobby Vinton?" and, for that matter, "Who is Samson De Brier to write a letter to an editor asking 'Who is Bobby Vinton?' "

Well, here's the kicker, which Hank Grant has recently learned and doesn't mind passing along: Don Barde apparently *doesn't exist*. He's an impostor. Nobody can find that name in the Los Angeles telephone directory. And it leads up to a very important point that Hank Grant would like to make about his life and his work. "I have the word from Jules Levine, who tried to track this thing down, that there's no such person," says Hank Grant. "I don't know about the second guy, De Brier, but the first guy was evidently somebody who had an axe to grind. Possibly Bobby Vinton slighted him in some way over the years. Possibly it's a publicist who resents his client not getting as much exposure as Bobby Vinton. But I have to make a very important point here. Bobby Vinton does not stand alone in this particular regard. As a columnist, I cannot every day just keep calling people and begging them for items. The ones I favor the most are the ones who send me personal letters or give me long-distance calls and say, 'Hey, I'm doing this next week. This is happening to me.' Bobby Vinton is one of those people. Since I have been doing my column, I have found that the bigger they are, the nicer they are. Bobby Vinton is very nice. He still looks like a young boy. I have no idea how old he is. You know how tough it is to get people's ages in this crazy business. But he's always kept his nose clean. He and his wife and his family are very tightly knit. There's never been a breath of scandal, like he's messing around with a chorus girl. Nothing like that, and certainly the opportunities are very large in Las Vegas for that stuff. Now, I heard from Bobby Vinton about this Don Barde guy, this impostor, and Bobby was very pleased when the letters of support came in, because at first he thought this Barde guy or whoever he is was going to hurt his reputation. But it turned out very well. Now I'll tell you a story about Bobby that I didn't even get from Bobby—I got it from an employee in Ah Fong's restaurant, in Beverly Hills. Bobby was having dinner there one night and some guy at the next table was making some pretty lousy Polish jokes. And Bobby turned to him and said, 'You know, you're spoiling my dinner. I happen to be Polish. Would you please stop it?' And the guy said, 'Go fly a kite,' only he said it worse than that, and Bobby stood up and said, 'Come on. Let's go.' And he went outside and beat the heck out of the guy. And, well, I went with that item in the column. I was able to use that item in a nice sort of way, without using foul language or anything. And Bobby didn't mind me using it, and I'll tell you why: because it was true."

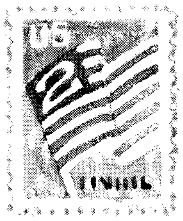
STAMPS



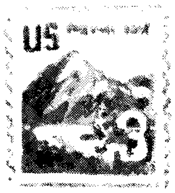
LAST of the ornate luxury-sized U.S. First Class stamps was this 1″ × 1$\frac{1}{16}$″ behemoth issued back in May of 1982—in heliotrope yet. Check the price!



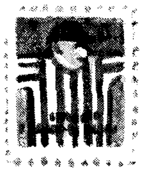
"One for the stamp books." This exquisite facsimile of the storied Weimar 3,000,000-Reichsmark magenta kicked off the 1983 "Pathfinders of Inflation" series. Plenty controversial at the time—but one very canny way of introducing the $1 First Class stamp and making it seem positively underpriced!



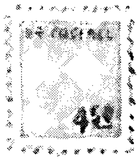
Talk about postal bargains! The 1984 De Luxe (formerly First) Class stamp shown here all but guaranteed that for your $2 you got your letter *hand-delivered* to its recipient's door by a uniformed "mailman."



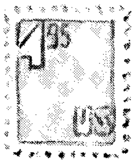
"Color me bankrupt!" The controversial 1986 conversion of all post-office branches into Isuzu dealerships deserved a special stamp—and the sale financed this beauty, prized by today's philatelists as the last color stamp in U.S. postal history.



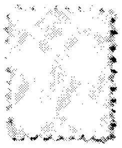
The Emergency Mail Board was first with another last in 1987: the last illustrated U.S. postage stamp, the $3.50 Budget (formerly De Luxe) job above. Quick, all you trivia buffs—what were the *other* entries in that ingenious "It's a Black & White World" set? If you said "Panda, zebra, penguin, police cruiser, and nun," give yourself 100 points!



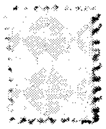
The $4.50 draw-it-yourself issue of 1988, a "natural" after U.S. post offices became simply mailboxes with pens chained to them. What a headache when the cost-cutting Mail Reform Bureau took away all the pens!



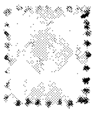
And two years later, in 1990, who did you hire to deliver your first deliver-it-yourself?



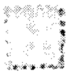
The 1992 merger of Amtrak, Conrail, and the remains of the National Postal Authority spawned more than AmConPo, Inc.; how about the famed $5 Reversible? No printing on the front, no glue on the back—America led the world in postage-stamp versatility!



Out from under the wreckage of AmConPo in 1994 crawled the brilliant concept of the postal lottery. You plunked down your $6 for the stamp shown here—and odds that your letter would reach its destination zoomed to better than one in 10,000.



This 1995 $7 issue was the only U.S. stamp ever sold exclusively in clam bars. The whole flap over sale of the postal-lottery concession to Johnny Torpedo Enterprises became moot after Mr. Torpedo's accident while cleaning the bomb in his car trunk; but as of this day, those 50,000,000 "lost" pieces of mail are still missing.



First handmade postage stamp in over 200 years marked the institution of America's all-volunteer postal service.

At first glance it looks like any other $\frac{1}{16}$″ × $\frac{1}{16}$″ speck of paper, but stamp buffs will instantly spot the difference. Back in July, 1997, this particular $\frac{1}{16}$″ × $\frac{1}{16}$″ speck of paper would have run you a cool $8—plus mucilage surcharge!

—BRUCE MCCALL

JEAN-PIERRE

"MY father was a car salesman out in N.D.G.," Callie told Monsieur Courtois; then, recognizing that his English was poor, she tried out her French. "*Mon père a vendu des autos à Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.*"

"He died, then?"

"Oh, no, he and his wife left Montreal. They moved to California about a year ago—in 1962. *Maintenant ils demeurent—*"

"I know," he cut her off. "And you stayed."

"My sister's here."

"*Votre soeur est ici,*" he said, perversely switching to French. "*Vous habitez chez elle?*"

"*Je suis seule.*"

"*Vous êtes seule,*" he repeated, and a while later said, "*Pourquoi?*"

But by then she had forgotten the first part, and, being a little wary of him, uncertain, she said, "*Comment?*"

"I said why do you live alone?"

"My sister is married, so . . ."

"You work?"

"Yes, I work."

He did not seem interested enough to ask her where. The Fletchers, who had asked her along to help entertain their friend, came back from across the street; they had gone to see when the movie would start. Jean-Pierre Courtois, the friend (he was actually a business prospect), ordered another round of drinks.

After the movie, they all went to have pizza. Callie watched Monsieur Courtois while he was too intent on eating to look up and find her watching. He was dark, almost swart, with a fleshy face that could, she guessed, go sullen rather easily; his full, smooth mouth stirred with annoyance when he could not part the cheese strings from the pizza without winding them off onto his fork. He stuffed in mouthfuls that were too large, and chewed with first one cheek full, then the other. But his clothes were neat, his tie quiet, and the only thing that really set him off from the English-speaking Fletchers was the slight gleam of artificial gloss on his thick hair, and the gold he wore—cufflinks, ring, and tie clip, all very bright. Callie's stepmother, with her querulous voice, would have called him "Mister" Courtois, not "Monsieur," and said that he looked cheap, dismissing him for good and all. O.K., thought Callie, he looks cheap. I've done my duty to Kay and Bob Fletcher. I'll never see him again.

After the movie and the pizza, and after a last drink at the Fletchers' apartment out on Côte-des-Neiges, he drove her home. She lived near Sherbrooke on Saint-Marc, in an old building, ground floor, with a yard behind it. In the arch of the doorway, he stopped her. "You watched me. *Tout le temps.* Why?"

She shook her head, though he was right; she hadn't wondered why. He stepped her into the corner by the door, pressed against the whole of her, and kissed her. "*C'est ça que tu veux?*" he said roughly.

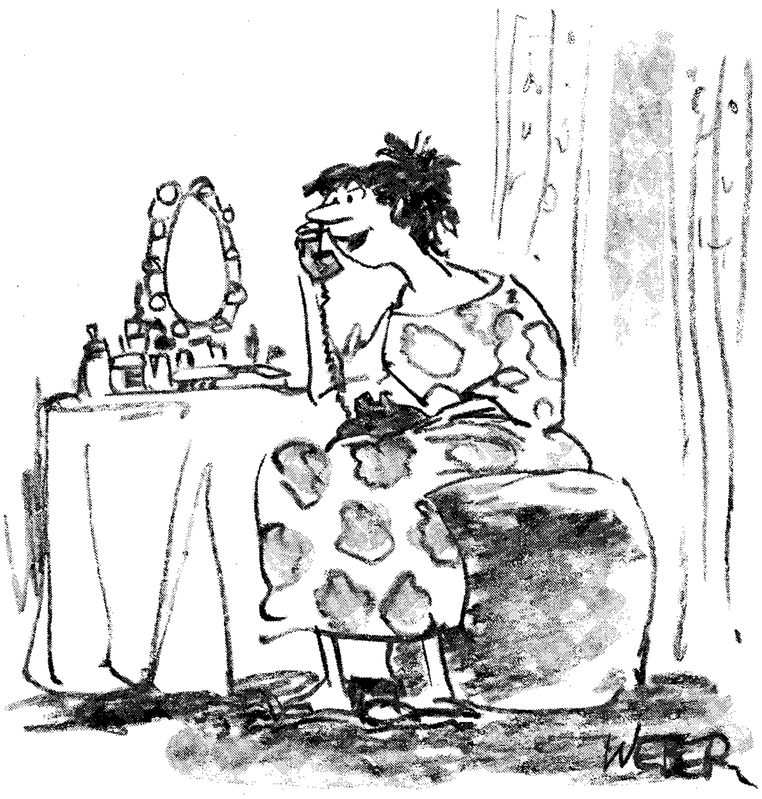
She never answered. She shook so she could hardly get the key into the lock; by the time she did, he was in the car and about to start it, which she turned back to watch him do. He drove off without a glance. Getting angry as she closed the door, she finally began to speak aloud to herself: "I'm too young for him. I can't speak his damn language. He knows all that." She whammed her bag down on the apartment table. The kiss had been an act of contempt, she thought; she had got that out of it. The French did not like English-speaking people. They did not take them out. He had been contemptuous of the Fletchers' choice for him; Bob's chance of selling him any insurance was gone. They should have asked a French girl for the evening.

Contempt, again, was what she heard in his voice when he phoned her a week later, saying his name so fast she couldn't think who he might be, and she said it was the wrong number, until he told her more clearly. Why did she agree to meet him? She didn't know; she wished she hadn't.

He sat across from her, in a booth in a place that advertised steak from Texas steers, and he looked at her—this time it was she who was watched while eating—and smoked, and asked her questions. Sometimes he was silent. "I like your hair," he told her suddenly. She got angry again, and couldn't eat another bite.

Her hair was pale, fine, and straight. It hung down evenly on either side, and was a little longer in the back, where it dipped down into a V. He must be thirty years old, she thought, and probably married. She did not even try to talk to him. She was still so young, scarcely turned twenty, and given to quietness. Since her mother's death she had endured a bitter family life, prone to fights and festering. She had studied French to get the voices out of her head.

But then she began to think of what the French went through here, treated as inferior



"*Kitty, let's go shopping. I mean* really *shopping.*"

MARTINI II
CBarsotti

by the English, called names they resented (she didn't blame them); they preferred a life unmarred by violating eyes and scarring comments—such regard, such words as her stepmother had gone in for. So, as she remembered this, her humor improved and she said kindly, "*Merci.*"

"What?"

"I said thank you. For dinner. For saying you liked my hair."

"*Bienvenue*," he answered. Bad French, she knew, but she let it go.

It was her hair he touched at the door, and this time he came inside to kiss her. Departing, his car made its accustomed skidding noise at the corner. The scene just past was a still spinning disc, and she clung dizzily to its center, thinking, I've never got into things like this before.

But then maybe it had to happen sometime, with somebody. And maybe, she thought, it was why she'd stayed on in Montreal alone rather than going to California, why she'd moved out of her sister's house and asked her not to tell their father, for fear of starting all sorts of family worrying and suspicions—those quarrels now grown silent.

THAT was in May. In June, she married him.

Her sister had her out to Notre-Dame-de-Grâce when she heard the plan, and sat her down at the kitchen table with coffee in a ceramic mug covered with yellow daisies. "You can't do this, Callie. He's one of those awful Quebec people. They left France so long ago nobody there knows they exist. We met somebody from Paris the other day who still couldn't understand a word of their French after two weeks here. You'll wind up with fifteen brats and not even good French. Why didn't you just get rid of him?"

"You know somehow," said Callie, "when someone is permanent in your life. You can marry them or not marry them; they're always there just the same."

"That's the most childish thing I ever heard of," her sister said. "Unless you've got in trouble and won't tell me."

Her sister's name was Beatrice, but she cultivated an English tone and liked people to call her Bea. To save Callie from defending herself against the charge of childishness—or not defending herself—the phone rang. It was Bart, her brother-in-law, wanting to speak to her.

"I knew Bea was going to talk to you today, but I don't know if she'll tell you what I said. In my opinion, I think you don't believe any of us loves you, Callie. Well, whatever you think, that's not true. We do love you."

"Thank you," she said.

"Will you just remember that one thing? We love you."

She said she would remember.

"And then," said Bea when Callie returned to the table, "there's your social life, for instance. What kind of husband image is he going to be? Bart and I make an impression, I know that. Even our names go together—you have to think of everything. But 'Jean-Pierre and Callie,' how does that sound?"

"Terrible," said Callie.

"And then the financial side. At least, you must have talked it over."

"He makes a good living. He told me so."

"He owns property—"

"He owns two apartment houses," said Callie, though she knew Bea had informed herself of that already, just by the way she stopped. "They're out in East Montreal."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, have you?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Bea. "Of course not. Why would I go there? Nobody lives over there but—oh, you know, plumbers." She always doubted whether Callie ate enough, and whacked off a wedge of coffee cake for her now.

"They must exist," said Callie, "because Bob Fletcher wanted to sell him insurance for them."

"What did Bart want?" asked Bea.

"He said he thought I thought you didn't love me."

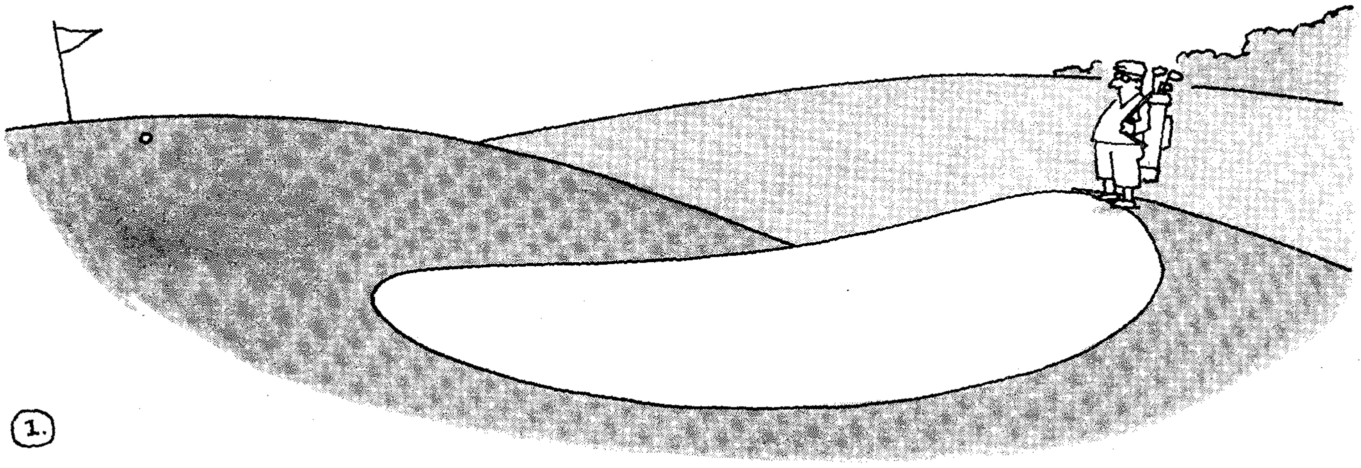
"That's ridiculous," said Bea. "Why do you think I wanted to talk to you?"

"I don't know," said Callie.

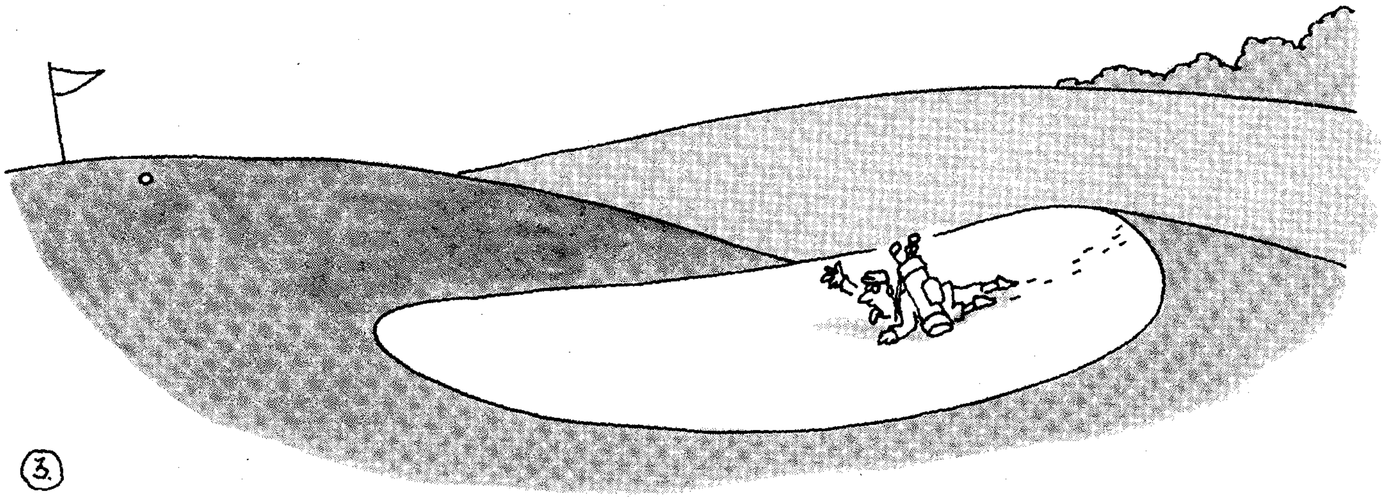
"You'll never see his money," said Bea. "I'm certain of that."

"I guess he'll buy the groceries," said Callie, getting stubborn. She had not, to tell the truth, discussed finances. She had found out the simplest way—by going there when invited—that his apartment was in midtown and that he could afford anything he wanted; he didn't have to think twice.

TO Callie, the real question was not why she wanted to marry Jean-Pierre, with whom she felt she belonged, but why he wanted to marry her—this English-speaking girl, so much younger, with nothing to offer him. Because he liked her, he said. His first wife had died. The family had blamed him. He brought the confidence out reluctantly, like information it was dangerous to share. It seemed he had got a bad name in the French community—the strict side of it. He could move into other French circles, but they would find out eventually. Besides, since he was Catholic, Callie was never sure that he thought he was really marrying her, in the final, true sense, at all. They had a ceremony in the office of a French Protestant church, down in the shadow of the Pont Jacques-Cartier. There were some dusty green textbooks on theology on glass-fronted shelves; a desk, a



①



③

• •

lectern, and a rug worn colorless. The witnesses were Jean-Pierre's uncle and Callie's former landlady, who left soon after—she had an appointment. Bea and Bart were away, she supposed because they disapproved. They had invited her and Jean-Pierre to dinner at the Beaver Club before they left, and given them a Waterford fruit bowl and a check. But their absence stung her, even though the excuse was plausible: Bart had an interview for a high position in a Cincinnati brokerage firm, and it could not be postponed.

Jean-Pierre gave a wedding luncheon for some of his friends, relatives, and business connections and their wives, girlfriends, and mistresses. One even brought along a cousin of his own. Jean-Pierre smoked a lot and paid Callie little notice. "Died of blood poisoning in the hospital," she overheard him saying at one point. "She got it there. In the hospital. Some doctor her family knew. Why blame me? I wasn't with her every hour, every minute. I had to keep food on the table. What they said was 'But did you have to be in Quebec City?' 'I was where I had to be,' I said, 'even if it was Miami, Florida.' "

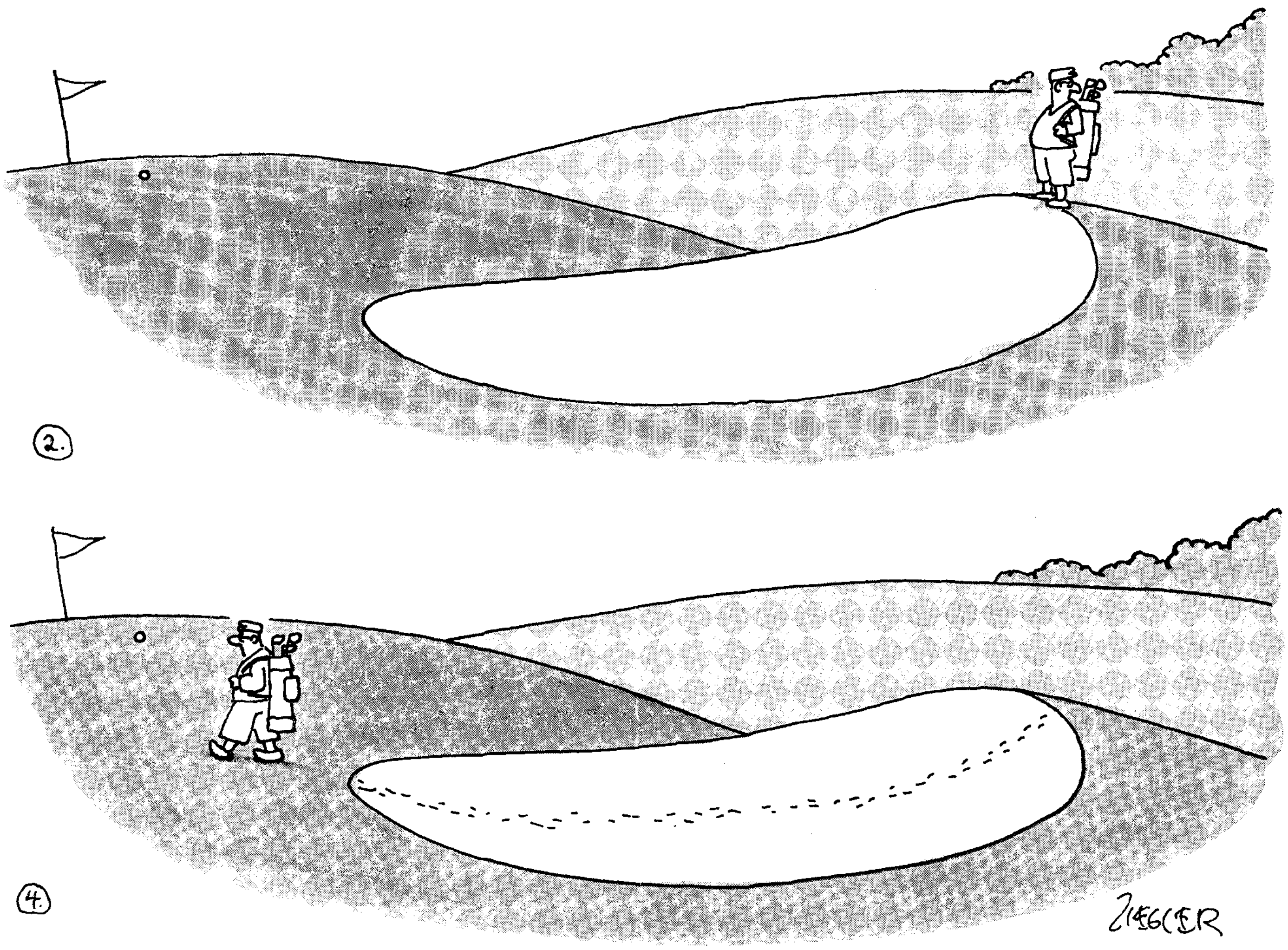
He went on in French to another man: "Stay out of hospitals—the best thing is take care of yourself. . . . Her mother never talked to me again. 'Look, Madame,' I told her, 'you lost your daughter, but me, I lost my wife. Which is worse?' 'She lived with me all those years,' she says. 'That's a stupid question.' 'O.K.,' I told her, 'but you have to admit it's a stupid idea to think I killed her.' 'Where were you when she died?'—she must have said that a hundred times. If she were here right now she'd be saying that—'Where were you when my daughter died?' My God, those women . . . Big, strong . . . She'd cry; O.K., you'd expect that, but every tear so fat and swollen! That's enough. Let's drop it."

From across the table, a friend, perhaps another uncle, raised a champagne glass and clinked it with Jean-Pierre's. He lit a cigar. They had yet to drink to her. In fact, they never did, though in parting they all kissed her hand. "*Bonne chance,*" they kept saying. "*Merci,*" she said. They assumed she knew no French. Yet she understood them well enough. Alone with Jean-Pierre, she spoke to him in his language.

They drove over the border to Burlington for the weekend, ate at a good restaurant, went to the Holiday Inn, and everything was the same as ever. For some reason, they cared about each other. He said that it would be *une union heureuse et éternelle*—she would see.

Jean-Pierre had thick dark hair, darker than most of his friends', and gray eyes nearly as dark as coal. He looked almost Spanish, she told him once or twice. He said she didn't know what she was talking about: he was altogether French; his family had come over in *mille six cent quatre-vingt trois*, among the first settlers.

"I'm sorry your wife died like that,"



• •

Callie ventured the first evening. "I didn't know it was like that."

"Why mention it?" Jean-Pierre asked.

All the second day he was laughing and gay. He told her funny stories, one after another. She ate a lot for lunch and dinner, and felt happier than she ever had before. I did the right thing, she thought. Nobody would know that but me. The next day, driving back to Montreal, something went a little wrong with the car—the gas line clogged—and Jean-Pierre was unhappy and silent all the way to the Champlain Bridge.

Jean-Pierre took her over to East Montreal to see his two properties: dark brick buildings, of forty-five apartments each, he said, with doorways made of yellow stained oak set with mottled glass, and painted in slanting gold letters: "Les Tuileries," "Le Trianon." It was a close, humid day, misting rain, and narrow iron balconies along the sides of the buildings were crammed like rush-hour buses with sweating people in shorts, T-shirts, and sandals. Smoke rose from a barbecue. The windows all seemed dull. Somebody looked over a balcony railing and noticed Jean-Pierre and threw something down—maybe just an empty carton. Another person yelled at them. "Would you like to go inside?" he asked her. "*Non, merci*," said Callie, and that night she had a dream of the buildings, windows crowded with painted, shouting faces, the people all fat and too big for the small rooms behind them, all sweating and smoke-stained and complaining of noise.

What did she know about it? If she tried to ask too much he would brood—a brooding so deep and thorough that his eyes seemed to peer beautifully into her soul's depths. A mystery so deep couldn't be just about business. Perhaps it was his dead wife haunting him; perhaps he felt guilty about her. Had he known some other woman, who was unkind to him? Was he in debt? Had a friend betrayed him? Was he bored with Callie and regretting that he had married her? She asked him. "*Mais non, ma p'tite . . . pourquoi tu parles comme ça?*"

They moved from his old apartment into a larger place and furnished it through a cousin of Jean-Pierre's—a dealer in Saint-Laurent—who had given them a discount price. Most of the pieces were imitation Danish modern, but the wood was real.

In early June, when they had been married for nearly a year, Jean-Pierre disappeared.

She had come in from grocery shopping and found a note on the dining table, weighted down with the Waterford bowl: "I will be gone for a while, *c'est nécessaire*. There is money in the bank two thousand." After a week she thought about notifying the police, but something put her off that. She thought of calling the building superintendent of Les Tuileries and Le Trianon. She was afraid of actually knowing. He might be in some sort of trouble. But maybe it wasn't his fault. Phone calls came in French for Jean-Pierre. "*Il est hors de la ville*," she said. "*C'est impossible. . . . Je ne sais pas. . . . Je n'ai aucune idée.*"

Then she had a call herself from Bob Fletcher. "Excuse me, Callie," he said, "but I heard Courtois is about to sell those apartments on Rue Rachel."

"I don't know about his business," said Callie.

"We insured them, you know. He was having some trouble getting coverage—it wasn't clear if they were residential or offices. We wanted the account, at first. I was trying to expand to the French. That first evening, remember? Sure you do. Later I pulled off from it. I'd have dropped it, but Bart insisted. Bart was worried, because he thought you might be getting hooked up with the wrong guy. Who's to say? Anyway, I went ahead with it. You're getting on O.K., I hope."

"He isn't here," said Callie. "I'll tell him. I'm fine."

When she hung up, the phone rang again, and a woman's voice asked in French for Jean-Pierre. It was something to do with money from Trois-Rivières which was expected in some other town, in Rimouski, and Callie thought she heard the words "*son fils*." (His son? Impossible! But maybe it wasn't.)

"Find him yourself!" she said in English. This provoked a long eruption, but she couldn't make out the words and she began to cry. That was wrong—the wrong thing to do.

THE weather was hot. From the apartment windows she often looked down on the area in back of a shabby house—one of a row of old houses that, on the street side, had steep stairs up to the front doors, each topped by an ornate second-floor balcony with a triangular roof, no two quite alike. Behind this house there was a small garden with a lounge chair, where a woman sunned herself on weekends. Callie had bought a new bathing suit and some white sandals she especially liked. Having no place now to wear either, she went one twilight and talked to the woman in the house, asking if she could use the chair on weekday afternoons.

"You can keep it from being stolen," the woman said. "I had one stolen last year, and now I've chained this one to the fence. But I think somebody is going to take it anyway." And she gave Callie the key to the back gate.

So for a week Callie sunned in the chair, latching and unlatching the new sandals and soaking the sun into her fair skin. A cat, its white fur stippled in silky gray, marched back and forth on the back steps from time to time. It also climbed the board fence between that yard and the next, and, finding a post and a wooden ledge to balance on, curled tail around feet and sat regarding her. She made some contact with the steady slate-blue gaze; a current ran from the sun to her, from the cat to her, from her to the cat. She had felt alone and anxious, numb and half dead, but now there was a joining, a new sense of life. When she looked up, she expected to see herself on the narrow back balcony of her apartment, looking down. The weather held. On the third day, when

---

TIMES SQUARE WATER MUSIC

By way of a leak
in the brickwork
beside a stairway
in the Times Square
subway, midway
between the IR
and the BM T, weeks
of sneaking seepage
had smuggled in,
that morning,
a centimetre
of standing water.

To ward off the herd
we tend to turn into,
turned loose on
the tiered terrain
of the Times Square
subway, somebody
had tried, with
a halfhearted
barricade or tether
of twine,
to cordon off
the stairway—

as though anyone
could tie up seepage
into a package—
down which the
water, a dripping
escapee, was surreptitiously proceeding
with the intent,
albeit inadvertent,
in time, at an
inferior level,
to make a lake.

Having gone round
the pond thus far
accumulated, bound
for the third, infra-
infernal hollow
of the underground,
where the N, RR,
and QB cars are
wont to travel,
in mid-descent I
stopped, abruptly way-
laid by a sound.

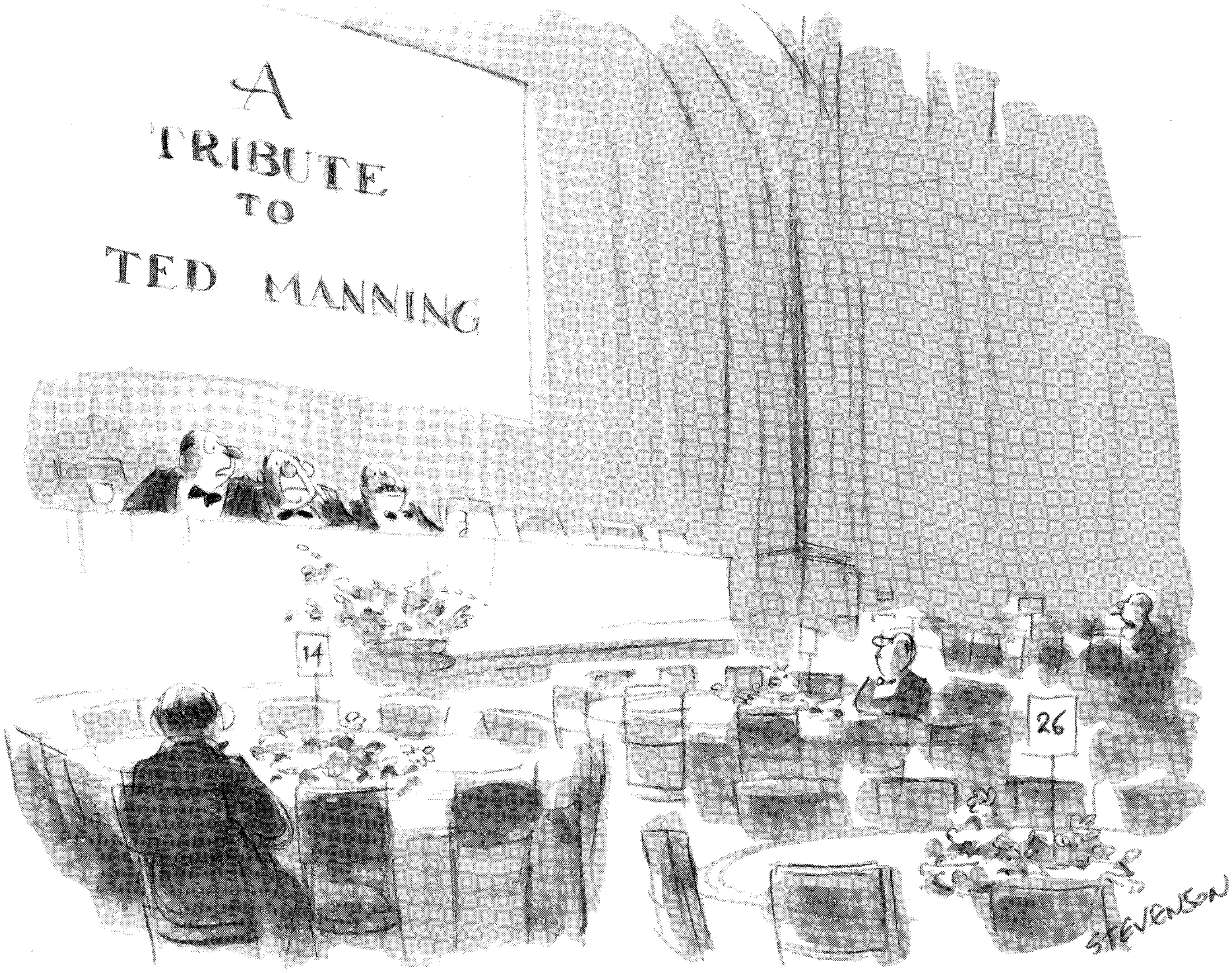
Alongside the iron-
runged nethermost
stairway, under
the bannister,
a hurrying skein
of moisture had begun,
on its way down,
to unravel
into the trickle
of a musical
minuscule
waterfall.

Think of spleen-
wort, of moss
and maiden-
hair fernwork,
think of water
pipits, of ouzels
and wagtails
dipping into
the course of it
as the music
of it oozes
from the walls!

Think of it
undermining
the computer's
cheep, the time
clock's hiccup,
the tectonic
inchings of it
toward some
general crackup!
Think of it, think of
water running, running,
running till it
falls!

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •



"It's not that you're not beloved, Ted—it's the economy."

• •

she went inside the cat followed her.

All absences are mysterious. Whether the absence is understood or not, the absent person is, somehow, not really gone. "Not gone," Callie wrote down on her grocery list. Not being physically present, his thoughts became all-important. They filled the sky; they overweighed the world. But what were they? "Thinks of me," she wrote next, then added, "But what?" Sometimes she could hear him talking, clearly, in her head, but to someone else: *"J'ai un mal de tête effrayant."* . . . *"Les gens sont fous."* . . . *"Elle est trop jeune . . . une enfant . . . presque."*

To stop these conversations she took several sleeping pills—over-the-counter things that did very little good. All weekend, the cat slept on the foot of the bed and purred. That Monday she had to acknowledge that the money had shrunk, that bills, bills, bills kept coming in, that the rent was due. She went to a library out in N.D.G. where she had worked before she married—what seemed an age ago.

In the spacious, book-scented room, its windows open on a warm overcast day, Mrs. Gentian was still behind the desk. She gave Callie a toothy, affectionate smile. She was a hurrying, eager soul, anxious for things to run right and for people to be happy. She believed that books increased the happiness of the human race. She imagined that Callie had come back because she liked her, and missed her, and wanted to say hello. Callie knew this and hated to disappoint her, but she had to.

"Can I help out with anything during the summer, Mrs. Gentian? I just need to make some extra money."

"Well, my dear, I don't know. . . . Somebody told me you got married."

"I did. He's away right now. For the summer."

"Tell me. Is he English or what?"

"French—Quebec French."

"Well . . . they're different," said Mrs. Gentian, and she looked away, resettling her glasses. She said that Callie could come in part time, and gave her the record collection to handle. But it took very little time to sort and rearrange and recatalogue them, and check them in and out for the few habitués who wanted to go sit at a record-player in a windowless cubicle on a green summer day, so Callie was mainly at Mrs. Gentian's beck and call for minor errands

Parfait

and duties. And sometimes she just sat and read.

It was poetry she kept looking at now. She'd tried to talk about poetry to Jean-Pierre; he had mentioned Saint-Denys Garneau, whom he'd heard of but never read, and Mallarmé, whom he'd studied in school but could not remember.

Callie sat and read Emily Dickinson. She read it line for line. A whole book lay before her, and she thought it might just last all summer; poetry went much more slowly than a novel. She learned that nature was marvellous but cruel, that death was inexorable, that to lose your love was another sort of death, that God was somebody whom, if you had any sense at all, you had to argue with. Montreal was muggy, overcast, and dirty that summer. The trees in the residential streets looked cool and full, but downtown near her own apartment, along Sainte-Catherine, vomit dried in various shades of green all day outside the *tavernes*, and all dogs seemed afflicted with diarrhea. She went back and forth to N.D.G. on the bus. Like filling a bucket in a mountain lake, she tried to fill her mind with the poems of Emily Dickinson and the concerned kindness of Mrs. Gentian, who had sensed that something was wrong and had quit asking her about her husband. But the comfort leaked away during the night, and every dawn she woke in a dry-tongued fright, wondering, What can I do? Whom can I go to? Sooner or later she would have to tell someone. The concierge's wife kept asking, "*Quand est-ce qu'il revient*? Is he gone forever?" and Callie kept saying, "Next week, I think," and gave her a check for the rent.

My life closed twice before its close.

She wasn't going so far yet as to say she was dying. It was just that, except for the cat, the lounge chair, and the sandals, she felt alone. If she told Mrs. Gentian, she would have sympathy, but the feeling would not end. If she called Bea and Bart in Cincinnati, Bea would say I told you so, you ought to have had more sense. Bart would worry, and call Bob Fletcher, or maybe fly in, and they would start managing things. When the English managed things, who cared about the French? She knew that much. She wrote to her father and stepmother in California that everything was fine. The slanting script of her letter looked too small for the page, so she drew happy little climbing vines up either side to frame it. At the table in the library, with moist air leaking some water against the windows ("spotting," the English called it; "*maussade*," said the French), she thought about nature in New England, perhaps still full of tall elms—the elms that were sick and dying in Montreal, some already chopped down and hauled away. Full, too, of hummingbirds, and berry bushes growing up the slopes of hills, of robins dining on fat worms, of swarms of butterflies dancing in inexhaustible sunlight. Well, she guessed the Laurentians were nice, too—she could take a bus up there some Sunday and see things like that; it was just that nobody had written about them that way, nobody she knew of. And there was all this thing about life, love, hurting, that wound through everything this woman was thinking about or looking at.

My reason, life,
I had not had, but for yourself.
'Twere better charity
To leave me in the atom's tomb.

"What's 'the atom's tomb'?" she suddenly asked the young man across from her at the library table. He had come there for four days in a row, had sat facing her each time, and read, after parking a baby in a stroller at his side. The baby usually slept; the young man read magazines. He had uncontrollable curly dark hair, shabbily cut, and gnawed fingernails, and he wore a short-sleeved beige shirt and no tie. Why did he always sit opposite her? All the other tables were empty. Might as well ask why the cat had put its head up over the fence.

"You're still reading those same poems," he said.

"They're about New England," she said.

"I read different things," he said.

"Different how?"

"I try to vary my reading."

She did not reply. She got up to help Mrs. Gentian sort through some new periodicals and put them on the racks, replacing the older ones, which she brought in a stack to the desk for filing. She was wearing the sandals, a wraparound skirt, and a faded coral blouse. She felt the young man watching the sandals. He was like someone approaching a door.

When she returned to the table, he asked, "Why do you like New England?"

"Because of what I'm reading about it," she said, and laughed, the answer having led him in a circle, as she knew it would.

He did not smile. " 'The atom's tomb' would be what you were still in if you'd never become human or been born, I guess. I think I read that, too, once."

She observed him with more tolerance. He looked intelligent in a harried way; she thought he was probably Jewish. "Why do you bring that baby every day?"

"Where else would I leave her?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, and began to read again, having (all roads led to Rome) come close to the subject of wives and husbands.

"My wife works," he pursued anyway. He was the kind of library reader who sat down on his backbone instead of on his hips, legs stretched out (sidewise, to miss her own), feet crossed at the ankles, elbows spread on the tabletop to their farthest reach, his face nearly dipping into the book. He was arranged like a geometrical design. He seemed to be speaking to her through a magnified web of the print he was just reading from. "I'm out of a job. I got fired. My wife works. I have to mind the baby."

I measure every grief I meet
  With analytic eyes;
I wonder if it weighs like mine,
  Or has an easier size.

"Are you scared?" she asked him. She hadn't meant to say that.

"Of course," he said breathlessly, and the sense of contact made her dizzy.

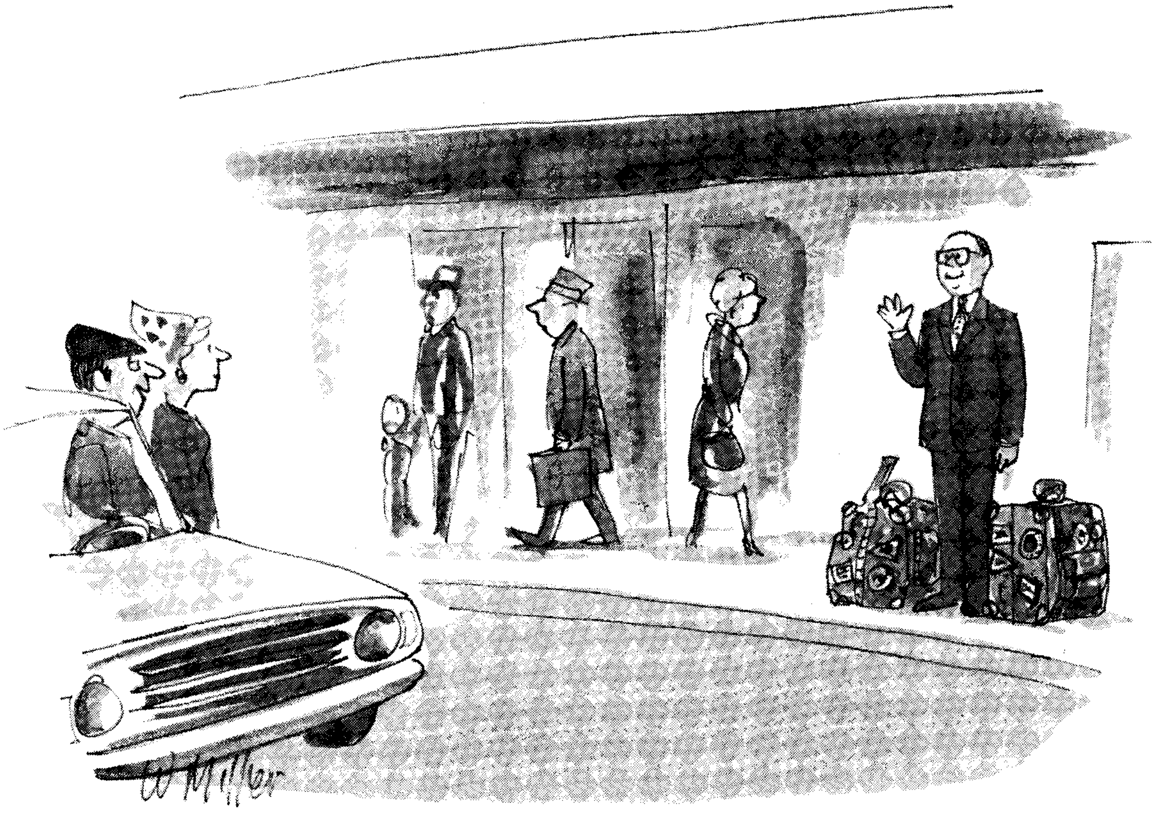
"The brain is just the weight of God," Callie read. What on earth did that mean?

"This morning," he said, "I fell over the stroller on my way for the mail. I knew it was there, but I fell over it."

"Oh," she said, and remembered a nightmare she had had the night before—Jean-Pierre driving by on Sherbrooke Street and laughing at her while the light changed. Somebody she'd met once, somebody she'd married in a dream he hadn't had.

"I've watched you every day," the young man said. "Something's the matter with you, too. Nobody reads poetry the way you've been doing unless something is the matter."

She didn't answer—any more than if he had addressed the white cat. Thinking of the cat, she put out her tongue's tip and then drew it in again. Thus would the cat have done, adjusting one paw. Finally she said, in a careful way, not wishing to add to troubles by the weight of a feather, "What's that matter to you?"



"Well, that's Reggie Spearman for you. His luggage always seems to have more to say than he does."

"I don't know," he said, after considering the question. "I have this feeling that something's happening to both of us, that we're having the same sort of struggle about whatever it is. I'm worried, you're worried. I'm scared, you're scared."

"Then maybe," she suggested, "we'd do better to be around somebody who didn't feel that way."

"That may be true," he replied. "But I wonder if we wouldn't be better able to get along with a likeness than a difference, at this point. I mean, if you're sinking in the ocean you need somebody to pull you out. But if you're falling through space, a companion in flight is about the best you can hope for."

"I don't know which it is," she said, and went back to her book.

The Carriage held but just Ourselves
And Immortality.

That was company of another kind. Closing the book, she got up to help Mrs. Gentian at the desk. The young man was watching her as she moved. He was watching her sandals walking. The cat, she recalled, watched in a different way, yet this regard, too, cut through the stifling web of her anxiety.

IN August, the library closed, and she and the young man, whose name was Simon Weill, drove down to New England for the day in a car he had borrowed from his Uncle Stan. It was a fine, clear, sky-blue fresh summer day.

They went south to Swanton, in Vermont, then turned east into beautiful farm country over little-known roads that led through green-and-white villages. Uncle Stan's car was a blue Volkswagen with a tick in its noisy motor. The fenders were splotched with maroon paint to cover the rust.

"There's a farm down a road near here," said Simon. "My mother knew a lady who lived there. She rented a room from her for a while once, when she was getting over an operation. I can't think of her name. It's a pretty place. You'll like it. We'll get some food and go there." He stopped at a grocery in the next town. He said the farm was five miles from there, but it seemed more like ten.

Later, all she remembered of the farm was the quarry, out of use, deserted, at the end of a small road that ran beside the farmhouse. At the house they stood and called, then knocked, but no one answered. There wasn't even a dog. Callie thought someone was inside just the same.

In the quarry, they split up the food from the grocery sack and ate it—cheese and crackers, salami, ham, and bread, a box of cakes, Cokes, and beer. The sun was hot. The rocks were flat from having had other rocks cut away from them; their surface was smooth in places, hot, and almost comfortable. Callie lay down and dozed. But as though the walls of the farmhouse had dissolved to let her see through into its rooms, she believed she saw the woman who owned the house—stretched out on a chaste, white-painted iron bed, her plain head resting on a white pillow, her eyes closed, with the comfortable sounds of insects, birds, and an occasional passing car floating through the window. Soon she would get up and bake banana bread.

Callie opened her eyes, and all around her the squares, rectangles, and trapezoids of the outcropping rock towered or dropped away, like a ruin. Over the tops of the rocks, high and low, sumac was growing, peering out like Indians. It was a wild shrub with long-angling branches, lozenge-shaped leaves, and squat, strong candles of dark brown, with the look of thick wax drippings. After frost, these would turn bright and the leaves would burn red. They were waiting for that to happen, she guessed, as the woman on the bed upstairs in the house was waiting for her napping hour to pass so she could get up and bake. And she, Callie, was waiting, but waiting for Jean-Pierre was not to be compared to other kinds. Everybody and everything, she thought, was waiting, in one way or another. Now she was waiting for Simon Weill as well, because he had gone somewhere, too.

Callie stood, and wandered farther down through the quarry, which deepened. The path through its center slanted downward, and its chopped-out walls rose higher on either side. A turn to the left and she saw him, standing with his back to her at the edge of a pond. The pond had rocky sides, sloping up out of the water, and she thought the water was from rain, for there was no movement in it, no exit for it. Simon was a waiter, too—she saw that; just by the way he was standing, she saw he was waiting for her.

"Did you go to the police about your husband?" he asked her.

"No, I called up some of his friends, people I had met with him one way or another."

"What did they say?"

"One gave me an address of some relatives up near Trois-Rivières, and another said, 'Oh, Jean-Pierre. But he always come back. *Pas de problème. Vous allez voir!*' "

"My father used to sell religious statues, rosaries, crosses, missals, all that stuff, to all the orders—the French Catholics, that is. Every place with a convent, a shrine, a hospital—Lac Saint-Jean, the Beauce, the Gaspé, Kamouraska—there he was: 'Very good rosaries, blessed by the Pope, hot from Rome.' Jews get into everything. He said the Québécois, if they get in trouble or get scared, they take to the bush. *Coureurs des bois.* They go to places like Chicoutimi, Rimouski, Rivière du Loup, from there upriver, downriver, into the woods. It was just his idea."

He saw that she was worried—he was troubling her. "You are too gentle for this. All summer it's you I've waited to see. Shiksa. One time at the dinner table, I said out loud, 'The gentle Gentile.' Shana—that's my wife—she heard me. 'A book I'm reading, nothing important,' I said. Now the summer's running out. I can't stop it. I've got no job still. Nor money. My wife works. I live in shame. Yesterday I thought, She likes New England, so take her to New England. What else?"

"The sumac," Callie said. "It's looking at us. Branches, candles, leaves."

VICTORIA

The world is the most that we can see
at one time: a tulip tree and a man
walking a small dog.
The sky, a crystal dome, rests
on the horizon. Beyond this anything might be
imagined or remembered: a horse-headed nebula,
a woman slipping into the water,
you a reader.

A finger of smoke rises out of the valley.
A large puddle has gathered, and so the birds
land, and wash themselves, and take off. I feel
the need to cry—not a lot,
or for long.

*

A small boat rising
and falling—we could not have known how
the channel ferry would struggle in the crosscurrent.
He finally sat down, who stood on the deck
watching for the lights of Victoria.
She began to breathe again,
who wanted to hold her breath against the vomit.

*

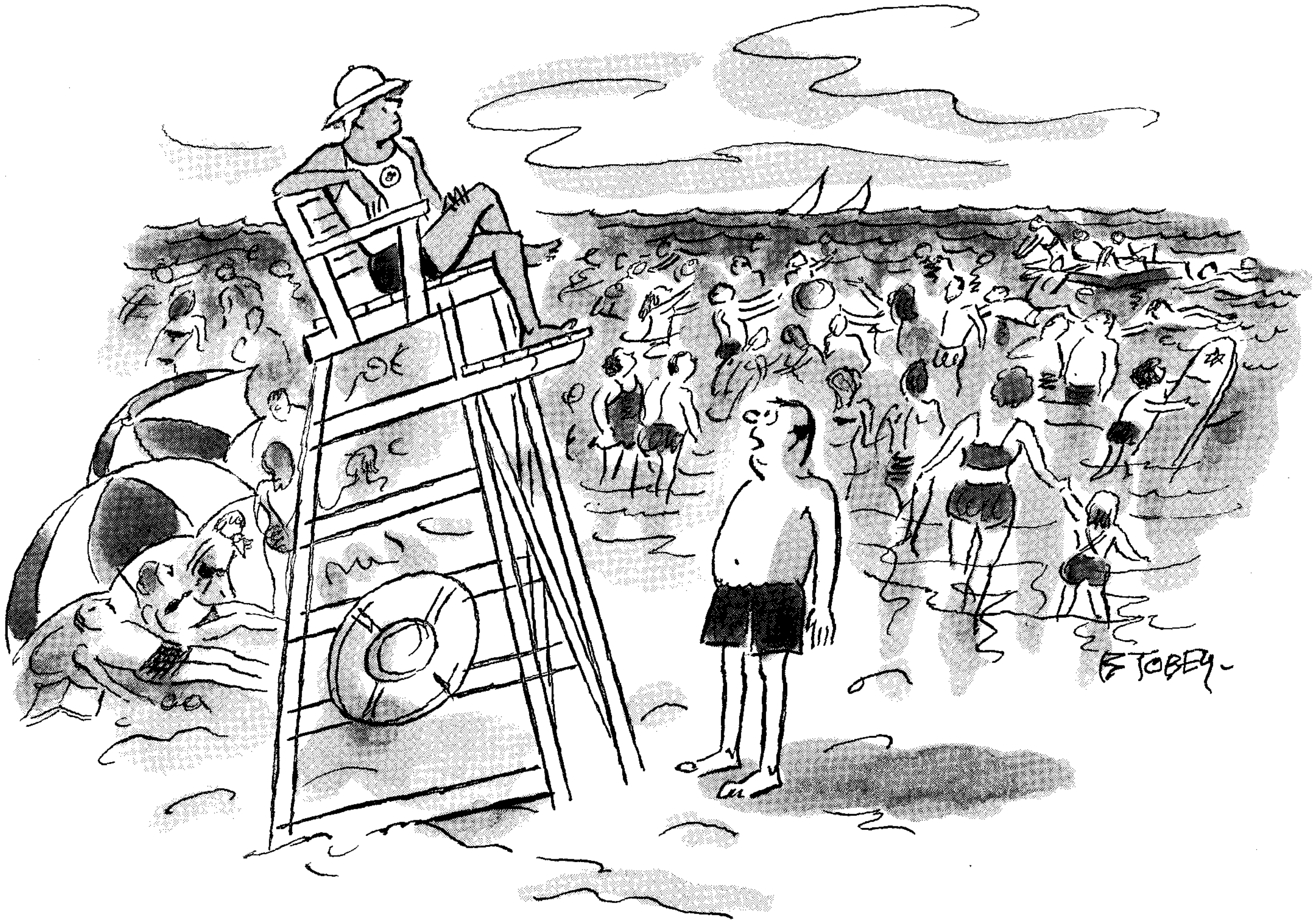
You must not judge us too harshly.
You must not think we left you nothing
but acid rain and that we had no feelings.

What grew grew twisted, knotty, dwarfed.

We left one place, then another.

—John Witte

• •



"I'm going in the water now. Will you please keep an eye on me?"

• •

He looked around, as if noticing for the first time. "It must remind you of Jean-Pierre. You think he's followed us?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Everything you see. Everything reminds you of Jean-Pierre."

She kicked off her sandals.

"Have you ever read Toynbee?" he asked.

"No, why?" She tested the water with her foot.

"Something he said about societies finding identity, about processes of testing, this way and that way, what to do? The French here might be doing that. Scared, but they have to try. You think so?"

"I don't know." She waded in. The water, being whitish with a chalky suspension, hid the rocks it lay over. The rocks were uneven, some slippery, and toward the pond's center they suddenly dropped away. She drew her foot back, feeling it actually elongate in the pull of an iciness that meant depth at the least, maybe something bottomless. Simon tried to follow her out, but he cut his foot on a rock and sat on the edge with his trouser legs rolled up, washing off threads of blood until they stopped appearing. She waded back, sat near him, and shivered.

"I am disappointed in life," said Simon. "So far, at least, I am disappointed in it. How about you?"

"Hush! Look!" said Callie.

Standing at a good distance, just at the bend of the path between the rocks, was a tall woman in a plain, straight-cut dress, with dark hair. On the instant of their looking, she turned and walked away, vanishing.

"I think that's her," said Simon.

"The one your mother stayed with?"

"I think so, but I can't remember her name."

"I think it's Emily Dickinson," said Callie.

They gathered their things together: time to go. The last savage glare of the sun shot at them from the high cut of the quarry's cliff, where a single frond of sumac, like an outspread hand, sprang up at it. Then the light calmed. The sky was clear, the blueness of the air continuing downward, blue almost to the milky surface of the pool. Callie walked with him, remembering the water, its thickness and sudden cold. The quarry grew larger around them, and they a small pair passing from it. When they passed the farmhouse, a voice called out from inside, "Laura, don't take your brother down there anymore."

"I won't," Callie called back.

"I asked you before, do you remember?"

"I just forgot," she called.

"He was the one that brought those girls and all that beer."

"I'm sorry, I forgot," she answered, but to him she said, "If she's your mother's friend, don't you want to go and talk to her?"

"I wonder if this is the place," he said, walking on. "I don't remember any quarry."

"You'd have to remember that," she

said, thinking of its awesome finalities—the silent, stony walls, the path that ended at the dead pool's edge, the watchful sumac high and low. "That was 'the atom's tomb,' " she said.

"So now we know."

Back in Montreal, she made him let her out a block from where she lived.

"You didn't know it, maybe, Callie," said Simon, gnawing a fingernail that was already fractional, "but down there in the quarry I wanted to love you. It was very much on my mind. When that woman appeared, the feelings got away."

"It's O.K.," she said, and took his hand from his mouth and held it.

"That damned Emily," he said. "Let's go back again."

"They're expecting you, aren't they? Your family and all."

"I know it's late. Time to go."

She got out, promising to call him. It was almost dark.

When she rounded the corner into her own street and looked up, she saw the apartment windows, and a light inside, toward the back. Frightened, she stopped for a moment, considering. Some other waiting was going on up there.

JUST over the threshold—lobby, elevator, and corridor all passed—her forward motion failed her. She stood where she was, the door still ajar at her back, as if on the edge of a forest she did not dare to enter. The arched spring of the cat out of a closet was so startling she cried out. Its back seemed to stand for a moment in the air, the cool silver the color of fear. It landed right in the middle of the living-room rug. It must have been crouched on a high shelf, hidden in the dark. It let out a small noise and trotted toward her, raising its face in a voiceless cry. Coming into the room, she bent to pick it up, but its heart was beating all over it, much like her own. It raced to her shoulder, clinging, its claws coming sharp into her skin, and sharper still when a step sounded from the kitchen and Jean-Pierre walked in. He saw them both, the cat and her, and stopped dead still.

At a wary, Indian distance, the two of them stood in silent confrontation.

"Where were you?" he finally asked, speaking English.

"I work in a library. I have all summer. Where were you?"

"*Une grosse question.*" He turned aside, made to do so, she thought, by the cat, who had reared up on stiff paws above her head and spat at him. He had not changed at all, Callie thought, extravagantly relieved, for her dreams had brought him to her hurt and broken. He looked tired and was wearing a suit she'd never seen, that was all.

"Where did you get that cat?"

"I didn't get him. He just came here after you left. He wanted to stay with me. I don't know why."

"He stays because he belongs to you," said Jean-Pierre. "*Il est à toi. Il le sait bien.*"

She did not answer.

"If he left, he would come back," he pursued in French. Then, in English, "He knows his place. *Et sa maîtresse.* He knows."

"*Et toi?* What is it you know?"

He spread his hands. "All that I know, *mon ange*, I'd like to tell you. *C'est une histoire assez longue.*"

"You went back to your people. Down the river. Around Quebec."

He was looking at her with anxious desire, at the long hair the cat guarded. Her own desire was a gravid body sleeping. She went past him into the bedroom. Once alone with her, the cat jumped down but stayed close. She washed her face and hands, changed her blouse, and brushed her hair. Rimouski, Chicoutimi, she thought, steadying her breath against the strange names. Kamouraska, Rivière du Loup. . . . They fell through her thoughts as thick as snow. Tadoussac . . . Lac Saint-Jean . . . Saint-Gabriel. . . . Why did you go? What did you learn? He had promised to tell her. When he told her, would she know?

The moment when I turned back, she wanted to say to him, was in a deserted quarry, beside a stone-dead pool, with another man's voice talking, sumac looking down; where, when you turned, were you? She imagined his secret face, most private in that instant, and knew she would seek out the moment under his words, hidden in the thicket of whatever he would talk about.

The cat still hung about her ankles. "I won't leave you," she knelt to say. "It's only Jean-Pierre. He lives here too."

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

•

Stephanie Mansfield, a reporter in the Style section of The Washington Post, said her editor had questioned her about all four unnamed patients she quoted in a recent article about the decoration of psychiatrists' offices. She said that she welcomed editors' questions that forced her to be more careful but worried that an insistence on attribution in every instance risked "mucking it up stylewise."—*The Times.*

What else are editors for?

THE SPORTING SCENE

IN THE COUNTRY

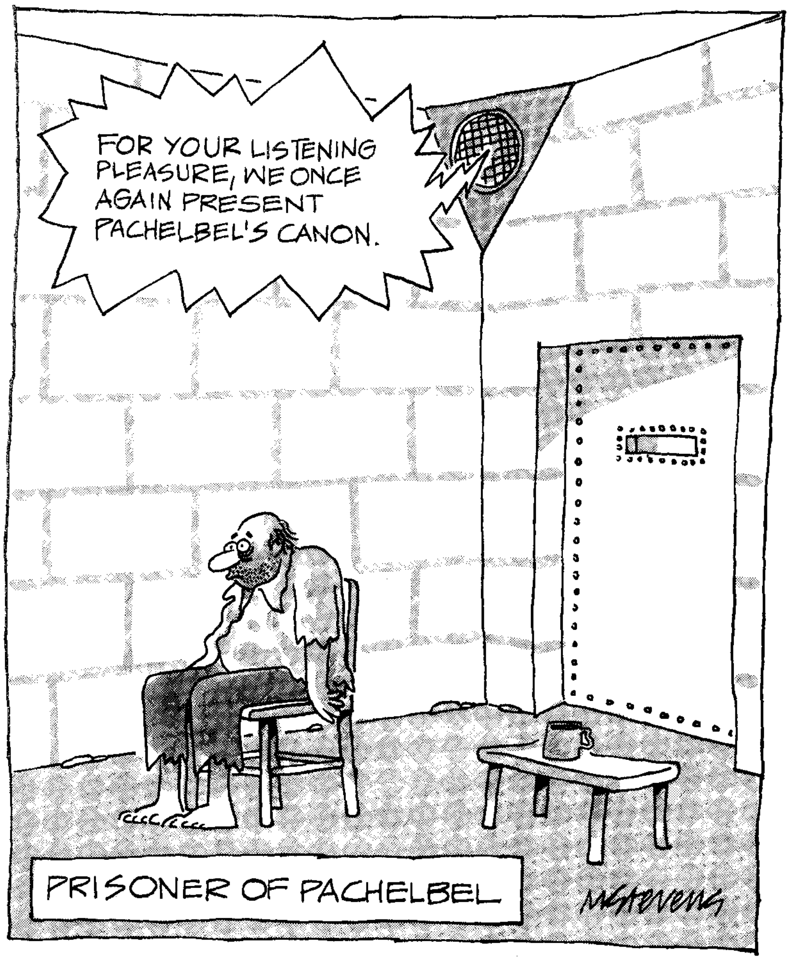
BASEBALL is a family for those who care about it, and members of close families like to exchange letters. Three years ago, I received a letter from a woman named Linda Kittell, who was living in Clinton, Montana.

"I was born in 1952," she wrote. "I remember listening to the Yankees—with Mel Allen, it must have been—on a little yellow transistor radio on an island in Lake Champlain, where we spent our summers. Not listening but sort of doing the everyday things of an eight- or ten-year-old—drinking chocolate milk and eating animal crackers—while my sister, two years older, flirted with her boyfriend, who *listened* to the Yankee games on the yellow radio. I only paid attention when I heard Mickey Mantle's name or Roger Maris's name. And I was in love with Whitey Ford. Maris was hitting home runs as often as we went uptown that summer—every day. . . .

"I forgot about baseball later, except in September, when I paid attention if the Yankees were close to getting into the Series. I went to college, and then to graduate school in Montana. One night in a bar in Missoula, I met a man who just about fell flat when I complained about the games on the TV set there because they didn't put on the Yankees enough. He looked at me as if he'd been struck. You're a *Yankee* fan? I told him I had a perfect right, because I was from upstate New York and because I'd been in love with Whitey Ford all my life, practically. Ron was a Mantle fan (his name is Ron Goble; he's a lanky six foot five), and I tended more toward Maris, but we both loved Whitey Ford. We talked and drank beer. He'd played Legion ball for five years in his home town of Boise, Idaho, and he'd won a baseball scholarship to Linfield College, in Oregon. He'd been scouted in school by the Yankees, the Angels, and the Pirates. He's a left-handed pitcher. His fastball was clocked at more than ninety m.p.h., and he told me he'd held back on it, at that, because he was afraid of hurting his arm. He said how he'd recognized the scouts in the stands because they were all tan in May and June in southern Idaho. He talked about how he'd come to think a college education was more important than athletics, and how the student riots in the late nineteen-sixties had turned him against sports, so he'd stopped playing. He talked about Vietnam and drugs and what it was like then, and what a waste it had been for him to forget about ball.

"We started living together about three years ago. Christmases, birthdays, surprises from me—all those special days had to do with baseball. A baseball book, a baseball picture, a pack of new baseball cards—anything. Then last year Seattle got the Mariners. Our vacation from Montana was a twelve-hour train ride and three days' worth of games—*Yankee* games: the Yankees at the Kingdome. I cried when I saw them out there. Ron said I was being silly. But, God, there was Mickey Rivers. I mean, Mickey Rivers! . . .

"The third day, I found a sympathetic usher who let me stand down close to the field with about ten little kids trying to get autographs. I lied through my teeth and said one of them was my little brother. Sparky Lyle and Catfish and Chambliss were playing pepper, and then a player out beyond them called, 'Hey, you girl!' I looked up. 'Yeah, you,' and he threw me a ball. Paul Blair threw me a baseball. All the little boys waist-high around me looked disgusted. 'Why'd he throw *her* a ball?' . . . 'Mom, Dad, that one threw that *girl* a ball.' It was an Official American League ball. I read it over and rushed up to my seat, where Ron was waiting for the game to start. 'It's a real ball,' I told him. '*Look* at it.' There I was, a perfectly sensible, sensitive twenty-four-year-old woman getting goose bumps over a baseball. I asked Ron if I should go down for more autographs, but something had changed. He rubbed the ball and kept looking at it. He was years away, and sad about it. . . . I went back down, and the autograph I got in the end was Elston Howard's. Memory and imagination make you think about anything you want. I'd picked Ellie Howard—and not Mickey Rivers or Catfish Hunter or Thurman Munson—because I thought it would make him happy, and because his name reminded me of my little yellow radio


FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE, WE ONCE AGAIN PRESENT PACHELBEL'S CANON.
PRISONER OF PACHELBEL
M. STEVENS

back in Vermont on August afternoons. Because I'm sentimental.

"We drove back to Montana with a friend, and Ron and I sat in the back seat. 'Can I see the ball again?' he said. I handed it to him and watched Ron hold it for a fastball, a slider, a curve. He looked far-off still. . . .

"This spring, there was an article in *The Sporting News* about a Class A team being formed in Boise, called the Buckskins. Tryouts were in June, and you needed three thousand dollars from a sponsor if you made the team. Something different, all right, but it was a chance to play ball. They'd signed the Sundown Kid—Danny Thomas—and a twenty-seven-year-old catcher from southern Idaho. I wanted Ron to go down and try out. He said he wasn't in shape. He said he was happy playing on the Clinton Clowns, our town's fast-pitch softball team. It was obvious that he *wasn't* happy playing softball, and especially obvious in the fall, when he'd pitch by himself—pitch baseball by throwing rotten apples from our tree against a telephone pole, and call balls and strikes, hits and outs. . . ."

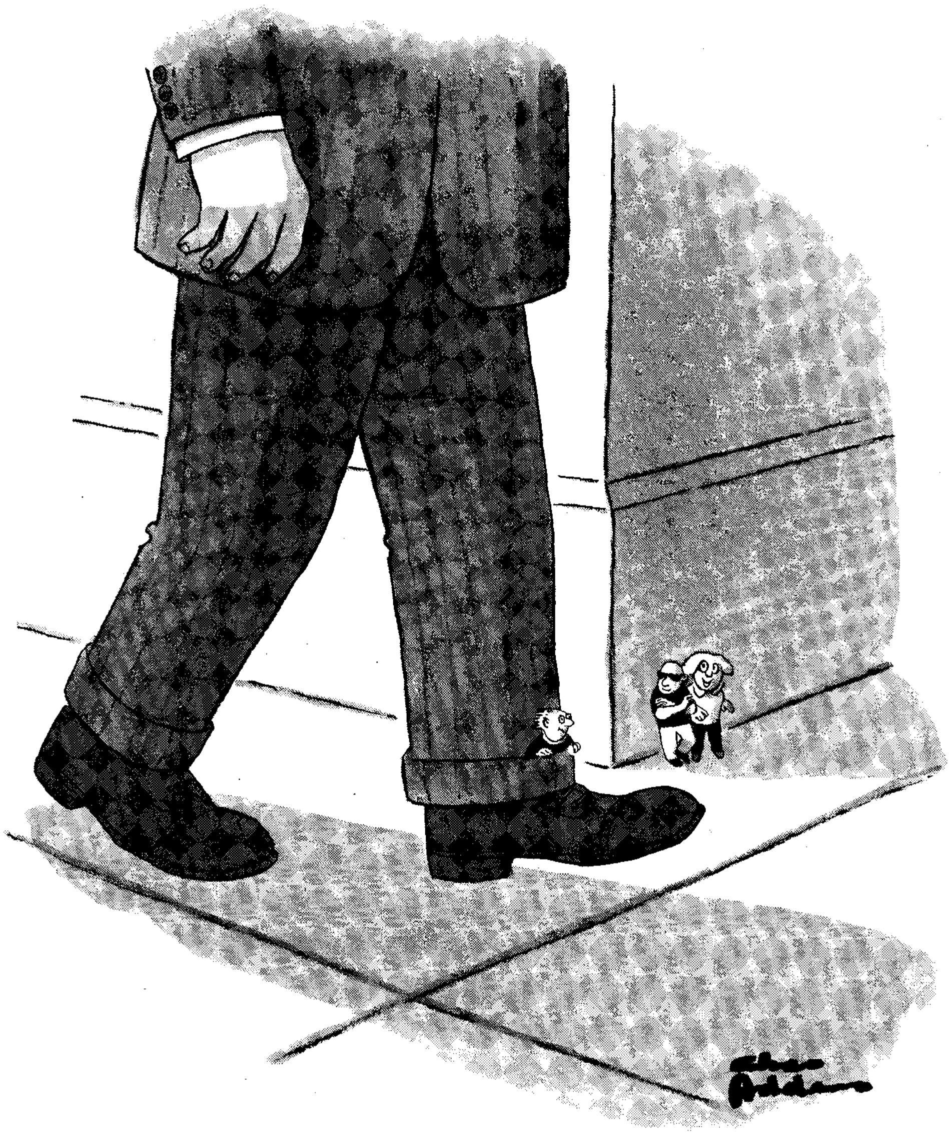
Linda persuaded Ron to try out for the Buckskins, but he didn't get around to it until a few days before their season was about to begin. A letter from the Buckskin manager, Gerry Craft, said they were looking for a left-handed pitcher, and that did the trick.

"Our truck broke down," Linda's letter went on. "Planes were on strike. Finally, Ron's brother George drove him down. Ron was signed on the first day he threw—a good rotation on his curveball, they said. I didn't even know what Ron meant by that when he told me about it by long-distance. Gerry Craft had said he could go far in baseball, but what Gerry didn't know was that Ron had thrown his arm out—just about ruined it, it turned out—with the second curve he'd thrown. So Ron waited, in ice packs. Three days later, he came home with a swollen arm and a professional baseball player's contract. Five hundred dollars a month. We started packing up his stuff and spent long hours looking for a sponsor. We ended up putting up our own money. Three thousand dollars may not sound like much to some people, but it was everything we had. I served Ron a steak dinner and kissed him goodbye.

"I don't think it really sank in until I made the trip down to Boise to see the Buckskins play in their first home stand. Ron was standing there in his tan-and-black uniform, with a satin warmup jacket and real cleats, and I was just as excited about that as I'd been when I saw Mickey Rivers on the field in Seattle. I was goofy. . . .

"Now, anyone will tell you that this Buckskins team is different. The general manager, Lanny Moss [Lanny Moss is a woman], is very religious, and so is Gerry Craft. In right field at their park there's a huge billboard with 'JESUS' written on it in twelve-foot letters. In left field there's a strange picture of Christ Himself. Craft says he had a vision that told him to look around Spokane for a cabin in the woods, and that's where he found Danny Thomas, the Sundown Kid. Danny left major-league ball [Thomas, an outfielder, had played for two seasons with the Brewers] because his religion required him to read the Bible from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday, which meant he mostly couldn't play on those days. And Craft has game strategy confirmed to him by the Bible, and stuff. Some of his ballplayers have been baptized on their road trips—I picture a clean white sink at the Salem Inn as the font, with the neat sample Ivory soap tablets resting at the side. But these ballplayers are the nicest people I've ever met.

"I'm not the typical wife/girlfriend of a baseball player—those women you see on TV with their hair done up and their Rose Bowl Parade wave to the crowds. I like to watch baseball. I love the game, and I'm one of the loudest fans in the stands. And when Ron's pitching I find myself almost praying for a win. But the Buckskins don't win many games. The newspapers around the league have put too much stress on the religious aspect of the team. The players aren't all Jesus people. Most of them drink beer and swear. Gerry Craft rhubarbs with the umps with his



"Oh, great! Cuffs are back."

WORLD FAMOUS IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Original Dark
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Golden Rich
PUERTO RICAN RUM
WORLD FAMOUS
MYERS'S RUM
Platinum White
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Graduate To Myers's ous
The First Collection xu

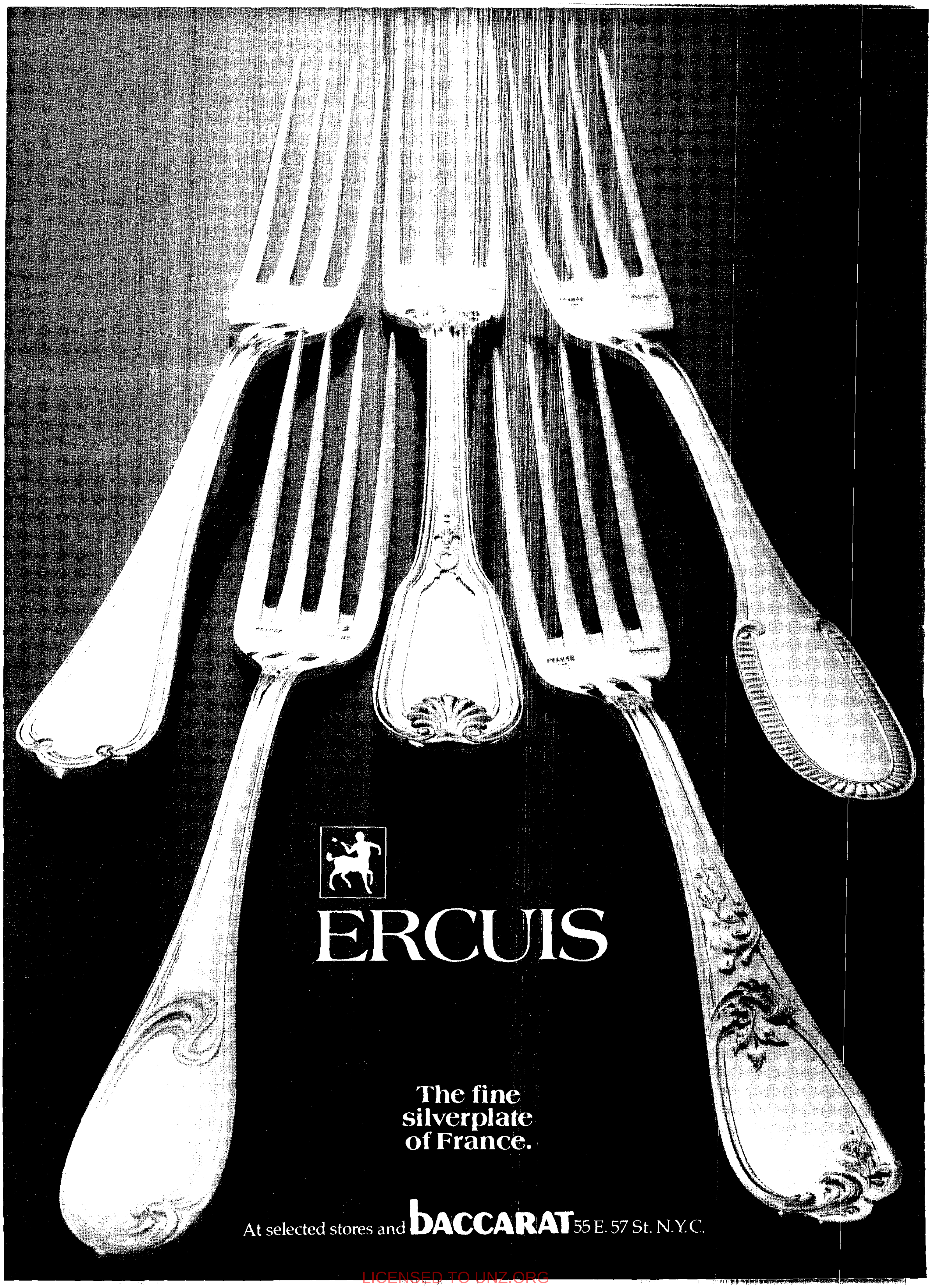
Myers's Original Dark
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The beginning of the Myers's flavor legend.

Myers's Golden Rich
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Platinum White
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

Myers's. The First Collection of Luxury Rums.

MYERS'S RUMS. 80 PROOF. FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.


ERCUIS
The fine
silverplate
of France.
At selected stores and BACCARAT 55 E. 57 St. N.Y.C.

hands in his jacket pockets. Danny Thomas hits a grand-slammer half an hour before sunset and trots around the bases on his way to his Bible. It's all wonderful. The beer, the hot dogs with everything on them, and seeing old Ron Goble out on the mound working on his curveball and about to turn twenty-seven. What a good way to turn twenty-seven—finally doing something you've tried to ignore for eight years. I love it. It's a hit in the bottom of the ninth, with the score tied and the ball sailing over the right-field wall."

• •

I ANSWERED this letter, needless to say, and in time Linda wrote back. We became baseball correspondents and baseball friends. She wrote in October that year and told me about the rest of the Buckskins' season. The team had gone bad, at one point losing eleven straight games. Money was short, and the team's religious fervor made for difficulties. After the Buckskins suffered a 25–3 loss to the Salem Senators, Gerry Craft released the losing pitcher, saying that God had made it clear to him that He didn't want that pitcher on the team. In Eugene, Oregon, Craft announced that God had told him they were going to lose a game to the Emeralds, and, sure enough, they did, blowing a 6–4 lead in the ninth. Some of the benchwarmers on the club began to wonder if they were being kept on the roster because of their three-thousand-dollar sponsor deposits—an inevitable development, perhaps. The Buckskins finished last in the Northwest League, fourteen games behind their divisional winner, Eugene, and twenty-five games worse than the eventual champions, the Gray's Harbor (Washington) Loggers. Danny Thomas led the league with a .359 batting average, but the Buckskins had the worst pitching in the league—a club earned-run average of 6.42. Ron Goble wound up with a 2–3 record and an earned-run average of 8.18—his lifetime figures in professional baseball.

There were some good moments, even in a season like that.

"I went down to Boise in August," Linda wrote in that next letter. "Ron met me at the airport, and we went straight to the field. There was talk that Charlie Finley had sent for the Sundowner, to help his Oakland A's, and talk that two new pitchers were coming from Milwaukee. It was hot—a hundred degrees, easy. I sat in the only shade in the ballpark and watched batting practice. Danny Thomas was running around with a coonskin cap on, and Bo McConnaughy, one of my favorites on the team, came out in a bright-yellow hard hat. Bo was the Buckskins' shortstop—a ballplayers' ballplayer. He had been in the minor leagues for years, in the Orioles organization—the wrong place at the wrong time, because the Orioles had a shortstop named Mark Belanger. Then Bo had gotten too old to be of any interest to them. Bo loves baseball, and you don't notice his gray hair until he's back in street clothes.

"Raymie Odermott started the game against Bend that night, and went six and two-thirds innings, until Gerry brought in Ron with the score 4–3, Boise. Two outs, men on first and second. Ron went in, and this left-hand batter was waiting for him and got a hit that tied the score. Boise scored two runs in the seventh and one in the eighth, and Ron held Bend scoreless the rest of the game, striking out their last two batters. Just fine.

"He was off in the ozone the rest of the night. He sat over a beer with friends, quietly reviewing the game. His curveball had been right for the first time since the June tryout. We both thought—or hoped, I suppose—that the days of Tenderyl and the threat of cortisone were over. It's hard to explain how happy he was that night. It's as if he believed for a moment that he wasn't eight years too late. . . .

"Still, there were rumblings on the team. Pitchers went to Gerry and complained that they didn't get to pitch. Mark Garland was one, and he got to start. He got blown away. The next night, it was Dennis Love, who'd also complained. He looked real bad, too, and Gerry brought in Ron. Ron let up a home run—to the first batter. It was a bad time. The next day, at batting practice, Dennis Love said he'd been released, along with Mark Garland. Ron went in to talk to Gerry about *his* future, and I drove down to the Circle K to get some pop. Mark Garland was crying beside a bridge over an irrigation canal. And I hoped I wouldn't end up comforting Ron some day, squeezing his hand and talking softly to him, the way Mark's wife stood comforting him.

"The last two weeks of the season, the team played without pay, until

Lanny Moss could borrow the money to pay their checks. Danny Thomas left, saying he wasn't going to play ball for free. There was no money for hotels or food. Once, the bus broke down, and the team had to sleep on the floor of a church. They left on a last road trip to Victoria and Bellingham. I went up to visit friends in Seattle and to catch some of the Bellingham games. The Kingdome didn't wow me so much this time. The Yankees were there again, but I knew more about people on the field than I used to. I got Ron Guidry's autograph, and I still loved Mickey Rivers, but it was different. People, not heroes. In Bellingham, I spent a rainy evening watching 'Monday Night Baseball' with Ron and Bo. Then I danced with all the team, at Bellingham's imitation disco.

"Season's over. Ron's been back a month. Two weeks ago, he went grouse hunting with the dogs and a friend, and came home tipsy drunk. He'd remembered his doctor's appointment the next day, and had spent his time trying to forget about it. He made a mock pitch for me, and his elbow *clicked* at the end of the motion. He said, 'At least, Gerry Craft told me I could have been in the bigs. I know that much. It's enough.'

"A shot of cortisone and rest. Ron doesn't lie to the scouts about his age, you know. He and Bo are honest about that. We have tons of fallen apples, if Ron's arm starts to come around. Bo's in Boise, studying to be a mechanic. Gerry's been released. Everybody's waiting through the winter."

THERE were more letters back and forth. It meant a lot to me to hear from someone—from two people, really—who could tell me what baseball was like far from the crowds and the noise and the fame and the big money that I had been writing about for many summers. And by this time, of course, I cared about Ron and Linda, and worried about what would happen to them. Linda wrote me that Ron and his brother George and a friend named Ray were spending a great deal of their time that winter playing an extremely complicated baseball-by-dice game called Extra Innings. From time to time, Ron would get out his mitt and persuade someone to catch him, but when he threw, in gingerly fashion, he found that his elbow was still horribly painful. He couldn't get over how foolish he had been to throw that hard curve during his Buckskins tryout. He read a book by Jim Bouton, in which Bouton said that his sore arm felt as if it had been bitten by alligators; Ron's felt exactly the same way. The Buckskins, in any case, had folded. The Phillies had expressed some interest in picking them up as a farm team, but the city of Boise would *not* refurbish its ancient ballpark, so the Phillies went elsewhere. Then the Northwest League adopted a rule favoring younger players and making it harder for older players to find a place on its team rosters—the last blow for Ron. That winter, he sent letters to all the major-league clubs asking for some kind of employment in their organizations, but the answers were a long time coming back. He told Linda he had really been collecting major-league letterheads. Linda described an evening of theirs on the town, and its ending: "We walked through the streets of Missoula in the 4 A.M. drizzle, Ron in his Buckskin jacket and me feeling very maudlin, remembering the walk from the field to the Buckskins' dressing room. What fun it was being a Baseball Annie, arm in arm with some semblance of a professional ballplayer, rain drizzling on my arm and on the satin warm-up jacket. How romantic and far away it seems now."

At about this time, I wrote an article about the difficulties that women sports reporters had experienced in gaining access to the clubhouses of major-league ball teams on their beat, and Linda commented on that, too: "Oh, as to women in the clubhouse, I think they're a necessity. Why, this summer when the Buckskins got locked out of their locker room, I was the only one who could fit through the window and over the top row of the lockers, to unlock the door. And for that one quiet moment between lockers and door I imagined myself in uniform, imagined the feel of oiled leather and dust, the long trip from this town to the next."

There was a long trip just ahead for Ron and Linda—from Montana to northwestern Vermont, where they moved into a farmhouse about forty miles from Burlington: "It took us six days to drive across the country in a calico Chevy truck, with the two dogs in back and a U-Haul in back of that. I think the only thing that got Ron across the plains was the radio reception. We kept tuning in game after game, from all the big-league cities along the way, including a French-Canadian station, near the end, with the Expos on it. French baseball cracked me up. We're close to Montreal here, and we went to an Expos-Cardinals doubleheader last weekend. Saw Cash's grand slam and drank Canadian beer. Ron was frustrated by the French and English announcements—a whole bunch of French with 'Ellis Valentine' in the middle of it. Whenever the Expos did anything, the French-Canadians sitting around us would slap each other on the back and pull on their pints of vodka."

Linda had come East to be closer to her family for a while. (She was born in Troy, New York, and Burlington is on Lake Champlain, where she passed those early summers listening to the Yankees.) She went to work as a feature writer and sports editor for a Vermont newspaper, the *Lamoille County Weekly*. The main object, she wrote me, was to get as many players' names as possible into her stories, so that their mothers would buy the paper. "I have a funny press pass that the publisher made up," she added. "It's an attempt to make me seem very professional, but the publisher, who's an old friend of mine, can't spell very well. 'This card,' it says, 'entitles the barer . . .' It didn't get me into the press room in Montreal."

Ron was working as a carpenter and a substitute high-school teacher, and he and Linda were excited by the discovery that Burlington had a team (more than one team, it turned out) in a local semi-pro league. Ron hoped to play there—hoped to pitch, in fact, if he got any help from a local orthopedist who was said to specialize in sports medicine. "We'll see," Linda concluded. "I'd rather see Ron pitching and playing than substituting Great Civilization." She urged me to come and visit them, and watch Ron pitch.

I PUT it in my mind to keep that date—it would be the coming summer, the summer of 1980—but the next letter changed my plans. Ron had cancer. They had found a lump in his abdomen, which was removed by surgery. Subsequently, he underwent another operation and lost one testicle. It was seminoma—a highly curable form of the disease, the doctors said. Ron was going into the Burlington hospital every day for radiation treatments. "I can't stand to see him hooked up to all

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune...."

Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar* (IV, iii)

The time is right for overseas trade. So seize the moment. Begin your foreign export program.

To find out how, call your freight forwarder, the Department of Commerce, or Atlantic Container Line, the Number One Carrier to Europe. Or write Atlantic Container Line, 80 Pine Street, New York, NY 10005. Phone: (212) 908-2244.

ACL

Atlantic Container Line. Number One to Europe.

Gourmets, Epicures, Bon Vivants, and Entrepreneurs.

Do you know them?

American Express is proud to present: the restaurateurs. Some of them started as busboys, or waiters, or chefs. Now they've made *(continued)*

American Express – Restaurateurs *(Continued)*

names for themselves in one of the world's toughest businesses.

As you'll find on these pages, it took hard work. Plus the proper ingredients: the right cuisine, the right chef, the right staff.

Not to mention a little bit of style. Which is why all 29 make sure their restaurants welcome the American Express® Card.

So please, join our restaurateurs for dinner. Especially now that you've been introduced.

And if you'd like a copy of "Trade Secrets," with some of their favorite recipes, just send your name and address, with $1.00 for postage and handling, to: Martha McDaniels, American Express Company, Card Division, P.O. Box 777, Church Street Station, New York, New York 10046.

NORTH

1. **Frank Stover, General Manager, The Bay Tower Room, 60 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.** "Boston is a city filled with landmarks, but we are Boston's first skymark. Our breathtaking dining room, located 33 stories above Boston Bay, surrounds the customer with the kind of luxury appropriate to the presentation of elegant food and wine."

2. **Charles Doulos, President, Jimmy's Harborside, 247 Northern Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.** "My father started Jimmy's Harborside in 1924 and I started working there when I was 10. I remember when Dad was crowned 'Chowder King' and served his fish chowder to the U.S. Senate in '57. We're still famous for it."

3. **Lucien Robert, Owner, Maison Robert, 45 School Street, Boston, Massachusetts.** "I may be the owner of Maison Robert, but the success we enjoy also belongs to my staff. We all take great pride in our award-winning food and wine list and serve it proudly."

4. **Harry Knowles, Jr., Owner, The Manor, 111 Prospect Avenue, West Orange, New Jersey.** "Lavish surroundings demand gracious hospitality. Exquisitely prepared food and rare wines deserve to be served in an environment of formal gardens and splashing fountains. At The Manor elegance begets elegance."

5. **Peter Keller, Owner, Rod's 1890 Ranch House, Route 24, Convent Station, New Jersey.** "We invite you to enjoy the fruits of 46 years of experience. Fine food and drink in an atmosphere of unobtrusive elegance. Our secret: 'Making people feel special.'"

6. **Stuart Lichtenstein, Owner, Hoexter's Market, 1442 Third Avenue, New York, New York.** "Whatever the magic forces are that come together to insure the success of a restaurant, they sure came together around Hoexter's. It's more than a combination of the atmosphere and prime meats. It's magic."

7. **John C. Bruno, Jr., Owner, The Pen & Pencil, 205 East 45th Street, New York, New York.** "I'm the third-generation owner of The Pen & Pencil. That's a 44-year-old tradition of serving the absolute finest of 'Grand American Cuisine' with style and charm. I'm proud of that tradition."

8. **Janet Salta, Treasurer, Romeo Salta, 30 West 56th Street, New York, New York.** "I would describe Romeo Salta as romantic and gracious. The walls are covered with original artwork. The kitchen is in full view of the patrons through a see-through glass wall. But what made us famous is our Northern Italian food."

9. **Albert Taxin, President, The Old Original Bookbinder's, 125 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.** "My restaurant is a Philadelphia landmark filled with historic memorabilia and antiques. Our 115-year-old tradition of serving the freshest seafood available has earned us the respect of discriminating diners from around the world."

10. **John McNulty, General Manager, The Priory, 110 Front Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.** "The Priory is a distinguished and restful haven where one can blissfully dine on well-prepared foods and fine wines. Our customers can enjoy robust French country cuisine amidst candlelight and classical music, featuring the angelic strains of the harp."

11. **Joe Gentile, Owner, Seafood Shanty Restaurants, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the Delaware Valley.** "To my hungry customers, Philadelphia still means seafood. That's why they come to my eleven restaurants, where they get fresh 'Old Philly' seafood. 'Buy only the best and serve only the best'–that's my motto."

12. **Richard J. McCooey, Owner, The Tombs, F. Scott's & 1789 Restaurants, Washington, D.C.** "I've had an experience rare amongst people: the chance to fulfill a dream of my youth. I've loved Georgetown since I first arrived as a student and I'm happy that my restaurants have become favorite gathering places within the community."

SOUTH

13. **Bruce Anderson, President/Owner, Anderson's Cajun Wharf, Little Rock, Arkansas, and Nashville, Tennessee.** "I built a down-home, foot-stompin' place where you can partake of the best Cajun cuisine outside of New Orleans. Now they call me the Crawfish King of the South. And they're right. Even if I do say so myself."

14. **Bob Thornton, Owner, Mai-Kai Restaurant, 3599 N. Federal Highway, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.** "My goal is to give each customer an evening to remember. An evening at the Mai-Kai is like a South Seas mini-vacation complete with exotic tropical drinks, authentic Cantonese specialties, lush jungle greenery, and Polynesian entertainment."

15. **Jorgen Moller, Owner, Prince Hamlet, 8301 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, Florida.** "When people ask why I offer our guests so much I explain, 'We're here to be successful, not to make money. Money is merely the yardstick you use to measure your success.' And success means that our guests enjoy our Danish specialties amidst our favorite antiques and objets d'art."

16. **Costanzo Pucillo, Owner, Petite Marmite, 309 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida.** "I believe the three most important elements in operating an elegant and sophisticated establishment are quality, quality and quality. Petite Marmite has earned its reputation as a great restaurant because I practice what I preach."

18
10
23
14
6
15
25
22
17
21
1
3
26
2
12
7
4
13
5
28
9
20
24
16
11
29
27
8
19

17. **Joseph Fein III, President, The Court of Two Sisters, 613 Rue Royale, New Orleans, Louisiana.** "Our daily Jazz Brunch, set in our 150-year-old courtyard, has attracted visitors from around the world. A lavish table of traditional brunch favorites, strolling jazzmen, and historic French Quarter charm—c'est magnifique!"

18. **Joseph S. Vuskovich, President, Visko's Seafood Restaurant and Visko's Steamroom, 516 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, Louisiana.** "My grandfather and father were fishermen, and before opening the restaurant, my brother grew some of the best-tasting oysters in Louisiana. Together we developed a great-tasting seafood batter. If there's one thing we know it's seafood."

19. **James W. "Slug" Claiborne, President, Slug's Restaurants, North Carolina.** "Each of my nine restaurants is unique, but each has earned a reputation for quality food, service and value. It didn't just happen. My staff and I have worked side by side to make each Slug's a restaurant that is hard to forget."

20. **James Pinero, Owner, Hydens Restaurants, Conroe, Spring and Humble, Texas.** "When I go to a restaurant, I want my seafood fresh, my steak well aged, and my bread homemade. I enjoy a good salad and expect to be served with a smile. And that's what I offer my customers."

21. **Ed Zielinsky, Co-owner, The Rivoli, 5636 Richmond Avenue, Houston, Texas.** "My restaurant has become a celebrity watcher's paradise for those who come to enjoy its Gulf Coast seafood and Continental cuisine. During dinner famous celebrities often perform spontaneously in the piano room. They love it... I love it!"

22. **Jack Ray, Owner, Texas Tumbleweed Restaurants, Houston, Pasadena, Addison, San Antonio and Austin, Texas.** "I cook my steaks over mesquite, and sell my customers homemade peach cobbler. We're not fancy but you can't beat us for a good time. Our live music and Texas-size drinks will get you as loose as a tumblin' tumbleweed."

23. **Jim Hasslocher, President, Magic Time Machine Restaurants, Dallas, Austin, and San Antonio, Texas.** "When I got the idea to build my first Magic Time Machine, some people thought I was nuts. 'A theme restaurant with storybook characters. Are you crazy?' They don't laugh now though. If they do, I feed them to my monster."

CENTRAL

24. **Tom Fitzgibbons, General Manager, The Wine Cellar, 1777 E. Granville Road, Columbus, Ohio.** "The hallmark of The Wine Cellar is authenticity. Everyone who enters should experience the romantic feeling of another place and another time. The food, the preparation of it, the wines and service must be beyond reproach."

25. **Nigel Chilvers, President, Lord Fletcher's of the Lake, 3746 Sunset Drive, Spring Park, Minnesota.** "Lord Fletcher's is the Granddaddy of Lake Minnetonka. After 13 years our customers know that when they visit us they're going to get more than great Minnesota cooking. They're gonna have an old-fashioned good time."

WEST

26. **Ivar Christensen, President, The Golden Eagle, Phoenix, Arizona, and La Tour, Indianapolis, Indiana.** "Our elegant tower restaurants offer breathtaking views. But restaurants don't succeed on views alone. Our patrons come for fine food, European service and our vintage wines."

27,28. **Ted Balestreri and Bert Cutino, Co-owners, The Sardine Factory, Cannery Row, Monterey, California.** "The Sardine Factory was our first restaurant. With its elegance, gourmet food and nostalgic charm, it was an immediate success and won many national awards. Now we own five restaurants. Our secret—love the business and be willing to work long hard hours."

29. **Jean Leon, Owner, La Scala, Beverly Hills and Malibu, California.** "I've served six U.S. Presidents. They didn't come for my advice. They came for my award-winning cuisine and excellent wines. They weren't disappointed and you won't be either."

AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712
5006
C F FROST

**The American Express® Card.
Don't leave home without it.**℠

© American Express Company, 1981.

those tubes in the hospital, and worried about how he's going to look in the locker room," Linda wrote. "I'm not sure I understand why it is that good people and athletes can be struck this way. It's pretty weird, is all. But Ron is unflappable. He's out pitching snowballs at trees and making plans to play on the Burlington team somehow. But I have a feeling it's going to take a lot to get the boy in shape this spring. Street & Smith's are out [the early-season baseball yearbook]. Ron and his buddies are ranking the teams and giving them their finishing places this year. Winner gets a six-pack from each loser."

Ron Goble had a good summer, though—much better than he or anyone else had expected. In May and June, he coached a team of thirteen-to-fifteen-year-olds in the local Babe Ruth League, and at the same time he tried out for the Burlington A's, in the semi-pro Northern League, and made the club. For a time, he was so weak from the effects of his illness and the radiation that he could pitch no more than two or three innings at a stretch, but he learned how to conserve his energy by warming up only briefly and by trying to throw ground-ball outs. By the end of the brief season, he was able to pitch a full game, and he wound up with a respectable 4–1 rec*ord. He never told anyone on the club,* last year or this year, that he had had cancer. Last winter, he worked as a teacher's aide at the Bellows Free Academy, in St. Albans, Vermont, and as a custodian at the local rink, but most of his energy went into an attempt to organize a new Northern League club in St. Albans. It fell through—not enough local money, not enough local commercial enthusiasm—but by springtime Ron had been signed on as a regional commission scout by the Milwaukee Brewers (Gerry Craft, his old manager, was a Brewers district scout, and had recommended Ron), and he was umpiring high-school games. He would pitch again for the A's this summer. Linda was teaching humanities courses at the local community college. Things were looking good; they wanted me to drive up and see them.

The bad news, Linda wrote, had come earlier and from far away: Danny Thomas had hanged himself in a jail cell in Alabama, where he had been facing trial on a rape charge. "It came as a real shock," Linda wrote. "What bothers me is that baseball has been a savior for Ron. Last spring, it brought back his confidence in himself and in his body. And here's someone like Danny Thomas who saw baseball as his pain. Danny had a strange look in his eyes when he talked about religion, and reporters were always after him to talk about his beliefs. Everyone knew he was slightly wacko, but the man had principles. His wife, Judy, was really afraid he'd take Charlie Finley up on that offer to come back to major-league ball. She said she couldn't stand that stuff again. Ron says Danny could hit a baseball farther than anyone he's ever seen. I saw him hit a home run out of every ballpark where I saw the Buckskins play. The last day I saw him play was in Bellingham. It was raining, and Danny's little daughter, Renee, was sitting up in the bleachers with Gerry Craft's daughter, Maizee, and singing 'Take me out to the ballgame, take me out to the ballgame,' slapping their hands on their thighs. The girls didn't know any of the other words, so they sang that over and over again."

On a cool, windy-bright Saturday at the end of last June, I drove straight north through Connecticut, through Massachusetts, and into Vermont, crossing and recrossing the nar*rowing Connecticut River along the* way, and at last, over the river one more time, I found the Burlington A's at play against the Walpole (New Hampshire) Blue Jays on the Walpole home field—a neat little American Legion diamond just beneath a steep, thickly wooded hillside, hard by the Hubbard Farms fertilizer plant. At play and then *not* at play, since the A's had knocked off the Jays, 4–1, at the moment of my arrival, in the first game of a doubleheader. I met Linda Kittell at the field—a dark-haired young woman in faded bluejeans, with pale eyes, an open, alert expression, and an enormous smile. Then I shook hands with the A's manager, Paul Farrar; with Paul's wife, Sue; and, at last, with Ron Goble—a pitcher, all right: long arms, long hands, long body, very long legs, a sun-burnished nose, a surprising blondish Fu Manchu mustache, a shy smile, and one bulging cheek (not tobacco, it turned out, but sunflower seeds). Ron and Paul said what a shame it was I'd missed the opener, and then quickly ducked back out onto the field and into their little concrete dugout to get ready for the next one—Ron to chart pitches and keep score (he would pitch the next day, down in Brattleboro), and his skipper, of course, to worry. Linda and I sat down in an upper row of a tiny rack of bleachers in short right field. We had no trouble finding seats. My quick count of the house, after the nightcap had begun, came to thirty-three, including babies in strollers. Several young women—players' wives or players' girlfriends, probably—were lying on blankets spread out behind the backstop, where they took turns slathering each other's backs with suntan goop. Near the Walpole dugout, a ten- or twelve-year-old girl on an aluminum camp chair watched the game in company with a big chocolate-brown Labrador, holding him out of the action (and breaking his heart) with a yellow leash. Whenever a foul ball flew past us, someone in the audience would get up and amble after it, while we in the bleachers called out directions ("More right, more right—*now* another step!") until it had been tracked down in the thick meadow weeds around the field. There was a lot of clapping and cries of encouragement ("Good eye, batter! Good eye!") from the little crowd, and between batters and innings you could hear the cool, gusty northwest wind working *through the green treetop canopies of* ash and oak and maple on the hillside out beyond right field.

In the first inning, the Walpole batters whacked some long drives against the visitors' starting pitcher, and some short ones, too, and pretty soon Burlington's designated hitter, Darcy Spear, came out of the dugout and began warming up with a catcher—not a good turn of events, Linda told me, because the team had been able to scrape up only four pitchers for its two-day, four-game weekend road trip here to the southern end of the league. The players had driven down in their own cars and pickups, but the team, she said, would pay for their motel accommodations in Brattleboro that night. There were no programs, and I was lucky to have Linda there to identify some of the A's whose style afield or at the plate I was beginning to pick up—a diminutive second baseman, Greg Wells, who had a nice way of looking the ball into his glove on grounders; a strong-armed shortstop named Rob DelBianco; and Tinker Jarvis, at third, who had driven in a pair of runs in the top of the first inning with a line-drive double and

Your first taste of escargot wasn't what you expected, either.

It didn't taste at all the way it looked. And it took a little getting used to.

Many of life's rare pleasures are like that.

Including Aalborg Akvavit (pronounced Aqua-veet).

It looks clean and clear like vodka. But there all similarities end. Because instead of being bland, Aalborg Akvavit has a very distinctive taste. Crisp and fresh like caraway.

It's a taste you really have to experience to understand.

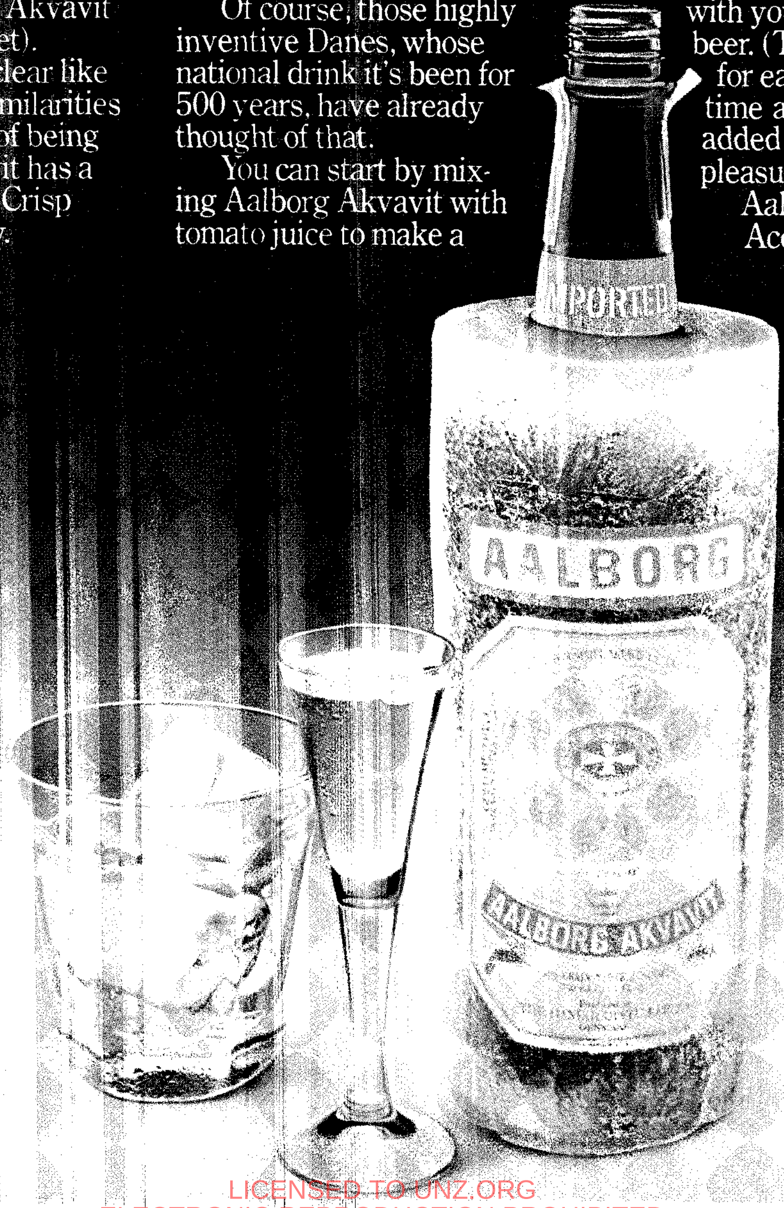
And like so many of life's rare pleasures, Aalborg Akvavit may take a little getting used to.

Of course, those highly inventive Danes, whose national drink it's been for 500 years, have already thought of that.

You can start by mixing Aalborg Akvavit with tomato juice to make a Danish Mary. Or pour it over ice with a twist.

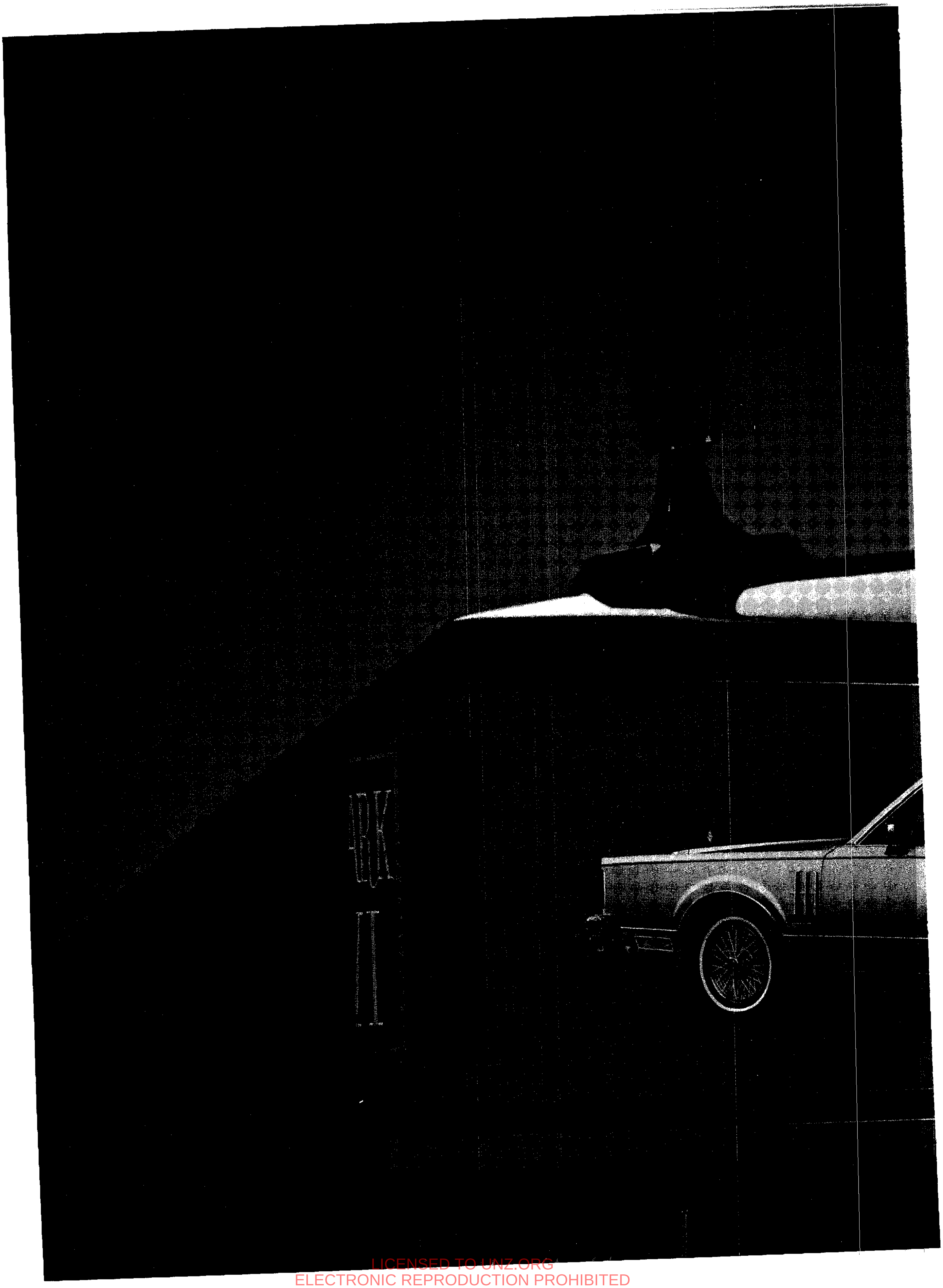
Or drink it straight the way the Danes do. Straight. Straight from the freezer. And chase it with your favorite frosty beer. (The two were made for each other.) In no time at all, you will have added another of life's rare pleasures to your life.

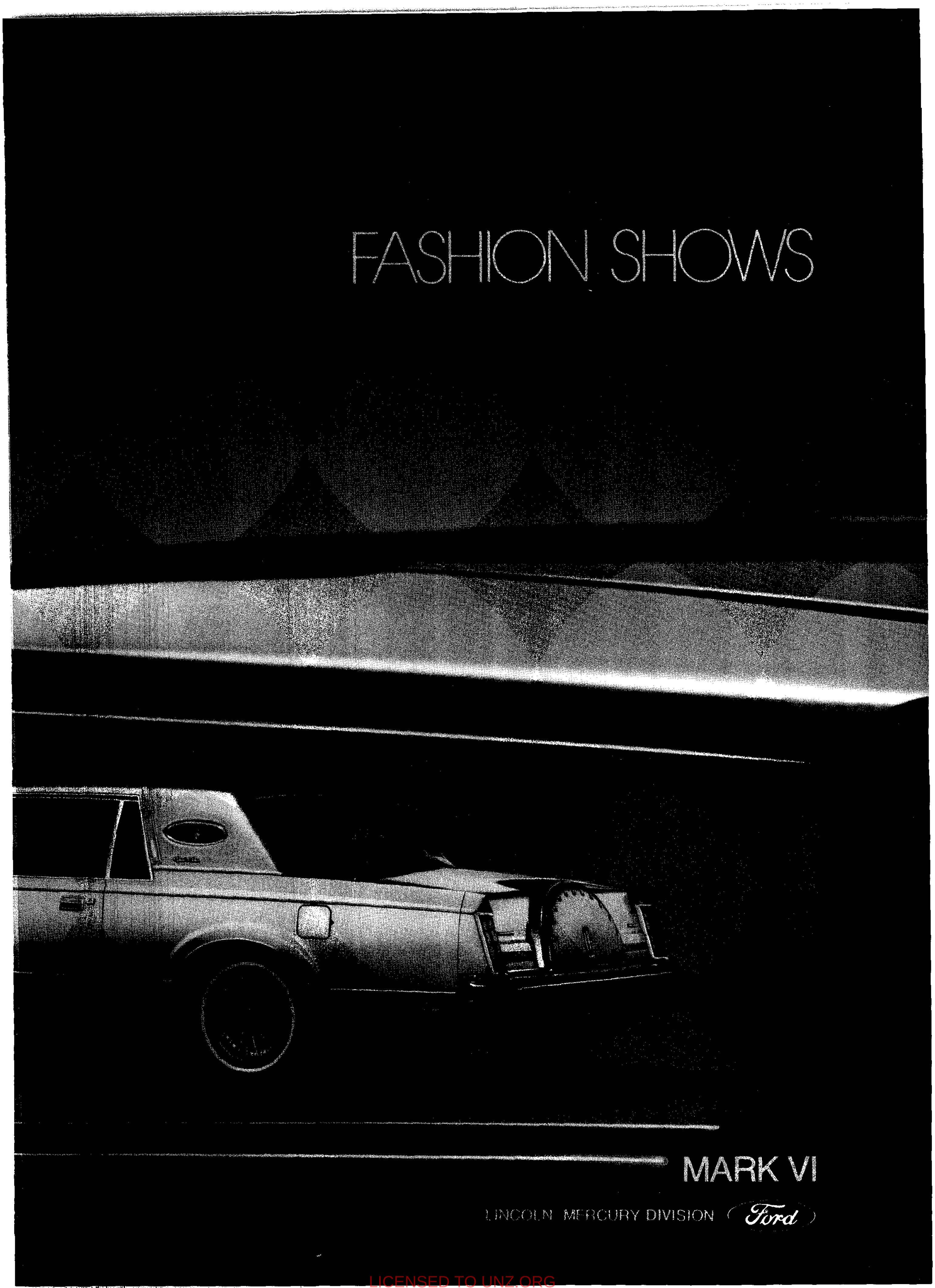
Aalborg Akvavit.
Acquire some soon.



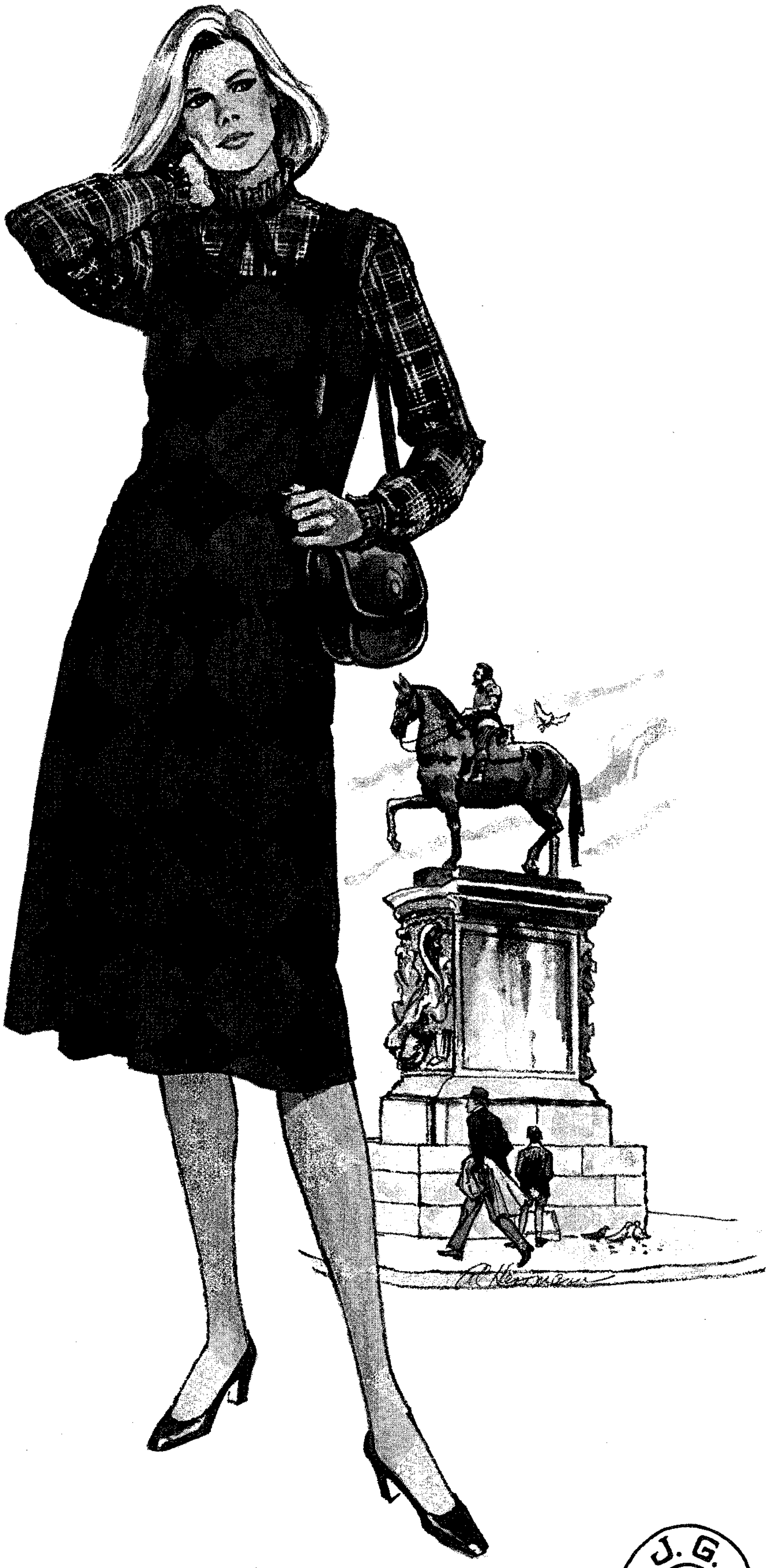
The taste worth acquiring a taste for.

©1981 Somerset Importers, Ltd.
New York, N.Y., 80 Proof.


RK
I


FASHION SHOWS
MARK VI
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION
Ford

©J. G. HOOK, INC. 1981



*S*oftér classic clothing and accessories of noteworthy distinction. *At fine stores nationwide.*

J. G. HOOK

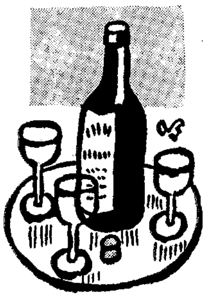
Send for "The J. G. Hook Woman," an informative brochure.

1410 Broadway • New York • 10018

then singled sharply in the third. The A's wore the same combination of garish buttercup-yellow shirts, white pants, and white shoes first made famous by the Oakland A's, while the Walpole nine sported a variation of Toronto Blue Jays home whites, but there was no connection between these local teams and their big-league namesakes, Linda explained; rather, the manufacturer supplying the Northern League had offered bargain rates on these pre-styled uniforms—sort of like a Seventh Avenue dress house knocking off mass copies of Diors and Balmains. A distinguishing feature of this particular summer line was the names of various home-town commercial sponsors that the players wore on their backs, and before long I realized that I had begun to identify the different A's players by these billboards rather than by the names that Linda had murmured to me. Thus Darcy Spear became Uncle Sam's Dairy Bar, and it was Coca-Cola, the left-handed first baseman, who kept up a patter of encouraging talk to Red Barn on the mound (Red Barn had settled down after that first inning), while Slayton's Roofing (Manager Farrar) paced up and down in front of his dugout and waited for a chance to send the large and menacing-looking Cake World up to pinch-hit and get something started out there. Linda said it was all right for me to think of the players this way, because they often called each other by the sponsors' names anyway, for fun—except for Ron (Community Bingo), who was called Pigeon, because of his sunflower seeds. The A's players had been expected to hunt up their own sponsors at the beginning of the season, but not all of them, I noticed, had been successful. Each sponsor had put up a hundred dollars for his walking (or running and throwing, and sometimes popping-up-in-the-clutch) advertisement, and each sponsored player had sewn on his own commercial or had prevailed upon someone else—his mother, perhaps—to sew it on for him.

The Northern League, which encompasses six teams—the Burlington A's, the Burlington Expos, the South Burlington Queen City Royals, the Walpole Blue Jays, the Brattleboro Maples, and the Saxtons River Pirates—and also plays against the Glens Falls (New York) Glensox, is a semiprofessional circuit, with the stronger emphasis, I had begun to understand, falling on the "semi." In the distant past, semi-pro ball teams were often composed of skilled local amateurs plus a handful of ringers—a couple of hard-hitting rookie outfielders just starting on their professional careers, perhaps, or a wily, shopworn pro pitcher at the very end of his—who played for modest salaries, or even for a flat per-game fee. This system fell into difficulties when increasing numbers of young athletes began to go off to college, where they found that they were not permitted to play varsity ball, because their semi-pro experience had compromised their status as amateurs. An earlier, extremely popular Northern League, with teams at Burlington, Montpelier, Rutland, St. Johnsbury, and other northwestern New England towns, came apart in 1952, partly because its Big Ten college stars were withdrawn by their schools to prevent the loss of their amateur status, and thus never appeared in games with professionals of the likes of Johnny Antonelli, Robin Roberts, Ray Scarborough, Snuffy Stirnweiss, Johnny Podres, and Boo Ferriss, who had all played on its diamonds at one time or another before moving on up through the minors and then to fame and success as major-leaguers. Nowadays, many semi-pro teams simply find summer jobs for their players—a lumber company, let's say, putting a college fastball pitcher to work in the drying sheds by day so that he may advertise the concern out on the mound at the town field by night or on weekend afternoons—but only the Burlington Expos, who are looked upon as the Yankees of the Northern League, had managed to arrange this kind of tie-in this summer, and then only for a few of their players.

The Northern League is an independent body, with its own commissioner, its own set of rules (the d.h., aluminum bats for those who want to use them), and its own ways (including a ritual handshake between the players on rival clubs at the conclusion of every game—a pleasing custom probably lifted from the National Hockey League, whose teams line up and shake hands at the conclusion of each Stanley Cup elimination series). The six clubs play an official two-month schedule, from late May to late July, with playoffs and a championship series thereafter—about twenty-five or twenty-seven games each, with a good number of additional, informal, outside-the-standings games thrown in whenever they can be arranged. A minimum team budget, I learned, runs about three thousand dollars, and, beyond the obvious expenditures for equipment, goes for umpires (two umps, at twenty-five dollars each, for every game), a league fee of two hundred dollars (to keep statistics, handle publicity, and stage the league's All-Star Game), a modest insurance policy covering minor player injuries, and so forth. Income, beyond sponsorships, comes from ticket sales—a dollar for adults, fifty cents for children, babies and dogs free. The Burlington A's' entire season's operation probably costs less than a major-league team's bill for adhesive tape and foul balls during a week's play, but the Northern League, now in its third year, is doing well and expects to add at least two more clubs next summer.



All semi-pro leagues, it should be understood, are self-sustaining, and have no farm affiliation or other connection with the twenty-six major-league clubs, or with the seventeen leagues and hundred and fifty-two teams (ranging from Rookie League at the lowest level, to Class A and Summer Class A, up to the AAA designation at the highest) that make up the National Association—the minors, that is. There is no central body of semi-pro teams, and semi-pro players are not included among the six hundred and fifty major-leaguers, the twenty-five hundred-odd minor-leaguers, plus all the managers, coaches, presidents, commissioners, front-office people, and scouts, who, taken together, constitute the great tent called organized ball. (A much diminished tent, at that; back in 1949, the minors included fifty-nine leagues, about four hundred and forty-eight teams, and perhaps ten thousand players.) Also outside the tent, but perhaps within its shade, are five college leagues, ranging across the country from Cape Cod to Alaska, where the most promising freshman, sophomore, and junior-college ballplayers may compete against each other in the summertime without losing their amateur status; the leagues are administered by the National Collegiate Athletic Association and receive indirect support—bats, balls, uniforms, and the like—from the major leagues, whose scouts keep a careful eye on their young stars. If the college leagues are semi-pro, the accent there probably should fall on the second word, for a considerable number of their best batters and pitchers are snapped up in the major-league amateur draft toward the end of their college careers. Scouts cover the Northern League as well—two pitchers with the Burlington Expos were signed to professional contracts this June, and they moved along at once to join their assigned minor-league clubs—but the level of play is not up to that of the college leagues. Most of the A's players, I learned in time, are undergraduates or recent graduates of local or eastern colleges (five of them from the University of Vermont, one from the University of New Hampshire, one from Amherst, one from the University of New Haven, and so on) who play for the fun of the game and the heat of the competition, and perhaps with half an eye turned toward the stands between pitches, in search of a major-league scout sitting there one afternoon who might just possibly be writing notes about this one good-looking outfielder or batter out there, whom he had somehow passed over the first time around. Ron Goble, at twenty-nine, was the oldest regular with the Burlington A's, and one of the few players in the league with any experience in professional ball.

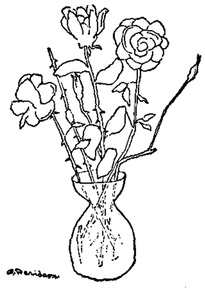
How well did the A's play baseball? I found the question a difficult one at first, for the over-all quality of play in any one game tends to blur one's baseball judgment, but it did seem plain that most of the young players here on the Walpole ball field were far too slow afoot to merit comparison with professionals. Some threw well, as I have said, and others attacked the ball at the plate with consistency and power, but these two gifts did not seem to coexist in any one player. Most of all, the A's seemed young. They were all extremely cheerful, and, as I now found out, they loved to win. Down a run in their last at-bats (the seventh inning, in this doubleheader), the A's put their lead-off man aboard on a walk and instantly moved him up with a dazzling bunt by second baseman Greg Wells, who also knocked the catcher's peg out of the first baseman's mitt as he crossed the bag, and was safe. A moment later, with the bases loaded, Uncle Sam's Dairy Bar (Darcy Spear) whacked a single, good for two runs, and then the commercially anonymous catcher (Bob Boucher) tripled to deep center. Walpole, whose handful of wives and parents had gone speechless with dismay, changed pitchers, but Churchill's

(Tinker Jarvis) singled, too, and before it was over the visiting A's had scored six runs and won the game, 9–4, sweeping the doubleheader. Ron Goble, ambling over to join us, hugged Linda and grinned at me and asked if I couldn't take the rest of the summer off to watch the A's and thus bring them through the rest of their season undefeated.

STEVE GALLACHER pitched the opener against the Brattleboro Maples the next afternoon—a strong twenty-two-year-old right-hander with a good, live fastball. The A's took up their hitting where they had left off the previous evening and moved smartly to a three-run lead in the top of the first. Linda and I sat in the last row of the grandstand, behind the decaying foul screen; it was a high-school field, a bit seedy but with a nice view to the south of some distant farms and silos and long fields of young corn sloping down toward the Connecticut River.

Linda told me that Steve Gallacher was said to have been the last man cut at a Pirates' tryout camp a year or two ago, and later had a Dodger scout on his trail, although nothing had come of it. I asked her how many people in the league still hoped to make a career in professional ball someday.

"If you have a chance, you have to see it through," she said at once. "It doesn't mean anything if you don't do something about it—really find out. So many of these players are unrealistic to think they could ever play minor-league ball. They go out and buy these expensive A's warmup jackets, which they can't really afford. I can see them all seventy-five years from now, saying, 'Well, I used to play semi-pro ball. And Ron will probably be saying, 'I pitched this one great game for the Boise Buckskins.' I'd like to see something better than that for him in the end. Ron is always looking backward, and I think I like to look ahead. When he goes out scouting for the Brewers, he watches pitchers a lot, and maybe left-handed pitchers most of all. I think he still thinks he's better than most of the young pitchers he scouts."



She had been talking in an edged, hard tone I had not heard before, but now she stopped and shook her head and then laughed at herself a little—a habit of hers, I had begun to notice. "I guess Ron is even more of a hero to me than Whitey Ford was," she said more softly. "I like heroes. I have a lot of trouble with reality, too. I hate it when he plays softball, because all the other players on his team take it so seriously. Softball is—well, it's like badminton, or something. It's nothing, compared to baseball. I've told Ron he'll have to give up baseball when he looks better in his street clothes than he does in his uniform." She laughed again—almost a giggle. "He's still a long way from *that!*" she said.

We watched the game for a while, but Linda seemed tense and distracted, and it came to me at last that she was worrying about how well Ron would pitch in the second game. Suddenly she said, "With all the people I've known in baseball, I can't think of one happy ending. Danny Thomas, Gerry Craft, Ron—none of it came out happily. You know, it isn't like Chris Chambliss coming up in the ninth inning of that playoff game and unbuttoning the top button of his shirt and then hitting that home run. You just don't see that happen. Ron hurt his arm before he got started. Gerry Craft got up as far as Lodi, in the Orioles system, and he was on his way—a good outfielder. Then he got hurt and it was all finished, overnight. Danny Thomas is dead. What's the reality? I ask myself that all the time."

The Brattleboro hitters kept after Steve Gallacher, and then caught up with him and went ahead by 5–4 in the bottom of the fifth, with three solid blows. They were looking for his fastball by this time, and I wondered what would happen if he could show them a breaking pitch now and then in a tough spot. Young pitchers love the heater, but so do good young hitters. The A's put their lead-off man aboard in the top of the seventh, but the Maples' pitcher, a young redhead named Parmenter, threw some impressive-looking sliders and shut off the rally. It was a quick, well-played game, and the local fans—a much better turnout today—gave their boys a good hand at the end.

Ron Goble started the second game, and I found that I was a bit nervous, too. I needn't have worried. He set down the side in order in the first, and even though the Maples touched him up for a pair of runs in the second, on a walk and a couple of singles, he looked unstressed and in control out there, never attempting to force a delivery or to work beyond his capacities. He ended up the inning by fanning the side—a good sign. He is a graceful-looking pitcher. My game notes about him read:

> Tall, v. long legs. Minimal rock & motion. Drops glove behind leg-crook (southpaw). Long upper-bod. and uses good upper-bod. with fastball. Fastball just fair. Good curve. Goes sidearm at times for strikeout. About ¾ otherwise. Good pitcher's build. Control fair. Long stride but doesn't drop down. Curve/slider break down. Changes speed w/o effort. Sense of flow. Pitches patterned. Intell. Knows how to pitch.

On this particular day, Ron also had the A's hitters going for him, for they came up with six runs in the third and six more in the sixth, the latter outburst including two singles, a nifty squeeze bunt, a double, a pinch-hit triple by Cake World, and a home run by Coca-Cola. The last batter of the inning was Manager Paul Farrar, who sent himself up as a pinch-hitter now that matters were in hand. He is a friendly, medium-sized man with curly hair and metal-rimmed glasses—he is also a backup catcher for the club—and his players razzed him happily when he stepped up to the plate, calling him Satch and asking if he didn't want the Maples' pitcher to throw from farther back out there. He fanned, to raucous cheers. The A's won it by 16–4—a laugher, but Ron had pitched well, surrendering only four hits. Near the end, Linda began to relax a little in her seat. At one point, she saw me watching her, and she laughed and shrugged. "Ron's mother used to tell me what to do when he was pitching," she said. "She always said, 'Watch the ball, not the pitcher. Never look at the pitcher.' I wish I could remember that."

RON and Linda live in a worn brown farmhouse next to a collapsing gray shingle barn, at the very end of a twisting, climbing two-mile-long dirt road. On a map, they are in the upper northwest corner of the state. St. Albans, the nearest real town, is fifteen miles to the west, on the shore of Lake Champlain, and the Canadian border is about the same distance due north. The house, which they rent, is on the side of a hill (*everything* in Vermont is on the side of a hill) and is set about with maples, an elderly lilac bush, and a high stand of burdock. Ron's vegetable garden is up the hill, behind the house. There is a small unpainted front porch with missing steps, which makes it look a little like the front stoop of a sharecropper's place. No matter: the view from here is across many miles of hazy-green rolling farmland toward some distant blue mountains. There isn't much furniture inside—a few castoff schoolroom chairs, with iron pedestal bases, that stand around the dining table, and one overflowing easy chair. The most prominent object is a modern cast-iron heating stove, right in the middle of the room, with a long outlet pipe snaking up through the ceiling. Upstairs, the bathroom has been recently panelled and fitted out with a shower. The best room in the house is a sun-filled upstairs bedroom, five windows wide. A cluster of sports pennants is pinned to one wall there, with their points all streaming to starboard, as if in a stiff breeze: the Mariners, the Yankees, Idaho U., the Clinton Clowns (Ron's old softball team), and one banner with a misshapen felt baseball and the words "I'm a Backer" (a Buckskin backer, that is) on it. On the opposite wall, there is a framed Idaho potato bag depicting (as best one can depict on burlap) a full-rigged ship and inscribed "Tradewind Brand." Linda's desk and Selectric are under one window, next to an overflowing bookshelf: contemporary poets (she writes poetry), classics, English Lit. textbooks—everything. On one windowsill, a philodendron is growing in a small white pot in the shape of a baseball shoe; on another rests a narrow cardboard box containing the complete 1981 Topps bubble-gum baseball-card collection. At the other end of the room, another bookcase offers a considerable paperback collection of contemporary Latin-American fiction, in translation: Borges, García Márquez, Jorge Amado, Machado de Assis, and others. These, I learned, are Ron's. "When I finished my season with the Buckskins, I was told my arm might heal if I could rest it long enough," he told me, "and I began to fantasize that it *would* heal. It was an excuse not to work, so I just sat and read. I was reading García Márquez's 'Leaf Storm' just then, and when I finished that I read 'One Hundred Years of Solitude' and then 'The Autumn of the Patriarch.' I drank a lot of Colombian coffee while I read, and it was like I'd gone off to another country."

When Ron Goble graduated from Capital High School in Boise in the spring of 1969, he accepted a fifteen-hundred-dollar baseball scholarship at

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka
The spirit of the Czar
WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
LFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
100

Wolfschmidt is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Available in 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

Make bread with an Apple.

Even if your company has a big computer system, you could probably do your job betterfastersmarter with an Apple Personal Computer sitting on your desk.

Which is why Pete Zezima thought it would be a fine idea to put Apples in almost every department at Pepperidge Farm.

Marketing/sales managers use them for forecasting and sales analysis.

PEPPERIDGE FARM
White

Financial managers use them to spot trends and plan contingencies.

Production/planning managers use them for cost analysis and scheduling — and even to figure out how many apples (the other kind) should go in those delicious turnovers.

Of course, Apples wouldn't replace the big computers most companies need to operate.

But they do put computing power in the hands of the individual. And this helps managers do their jobs faster and more efficiently.

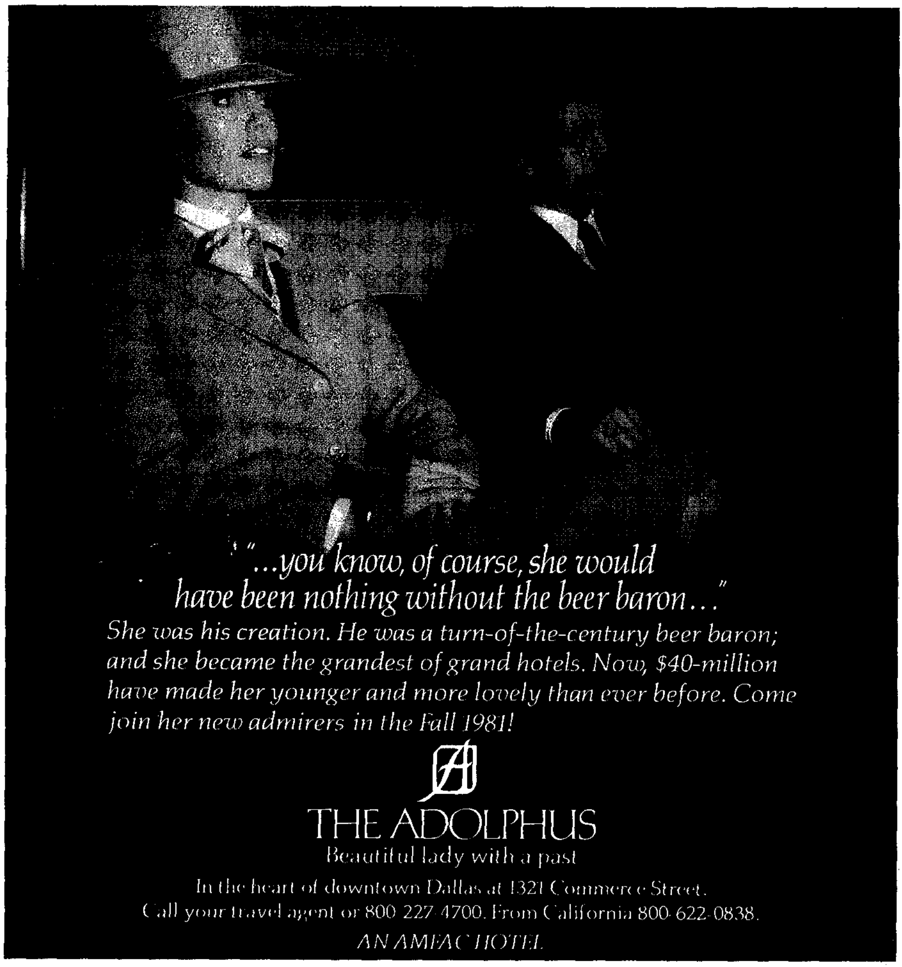
Apple invented the personal computer and specializes in nothing but. There's more software available for Apples than for any other system you can buy. And Apple has the most full service dealers in the industry.

Get in touch with one.

And learn how to make dough and save bread at the same time.

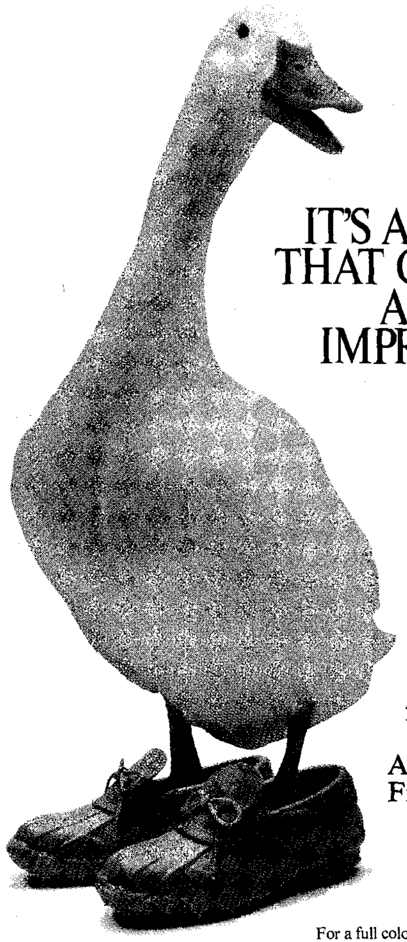
The personal computer. apple®

For the authorized dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In California, call (800) 662-9238. Or write: Apple Computer Inc., 10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014.


"...you know, of course, she would have been nothing without the beer baron..."

She was his creation. He was a turn-of-the-century beer baron; and she became the grandest of grand hotels. Now, $40-million have made her younger and more lovely than ever before. Come join her new admirers in the Fall 1981!

THE ADOLPHUS
Beautiful lady with a past
In the heart of downtown Dallas at 1321 Commerce Street.
Call your travel agent or 800-227-4700. From California 800-622-0838.
AN AMFAC HOTEL


IT'S A RARE BIRD THAT CAN'T STAND A LITTLE IMPROVEMENT.

There's a Sporto boot for your every flight of fancy. In colors to match. Available at G. Fox, Abraham & Straus, Filene's and Carroll Reed.

SPORTO®
by Gold Seal

For a full color 20" x 30" poster send $1.50 to Sporto®, Box N, Gold Seal Rubber Co., 65 Sprague St., Boston, MA 02137.

Linfield, a small (one thousand students) college in McMinville, Oregon. He had been an outstanding player in his local American Legion baseball program for several summers (young ballplayers who start in the Little Leagues at the age of eight may graduate to the Babe Ruth League at the age of thirteen and then move along to American Legion teams at sixteen), and he had been named to the all-state team in his senior year at school, as a first baseman. His pitching arm began to mature at about the same time, and when his fastball was clocked at better than ninety miles an hour the scouts began to take notice of him. When he went to Linfield, his real hope was not just to pitch for the varsity team there but to find a more relaxed and varied social and political atmosphere. At Capital High, sports and unquestioning patriotism had seemed to go hand in hand. Capital's teams were known as the Eagles, and varsity athletes were told to keep their hair cut in the "Eagle-pride" style—so short that it couldn't be parted—and there was constant pressure on the larger and quicker boys to make their major school commitment to the football team. Ron played tight end and safety and sometimes quarterback for the Eagles, but he didn't much like football; he was also made uncomfortable by the fact that his own sport, baseball, was considered effete—"sort of a pansy game," as he put it. But things weren't much different at Linfield, he discovered. The jocks there were expected to keep their hair cut short, too, and to think more about winning seasons than about Vietnam and Cambodia and the other political and social crises that were convulsing the nation at the time. Ron was not an activist, but his parents—his father is a state fire-insurance inspector—had always encouraged their three sons to think for themselves. Ron's older brother, Dale, had been an undergraduate at Columbia during the student riots there in 1968, and had brought home tapes he had recorded of the impassioned speeches and the crowd roars during those tumultuous days, and Ron had played these over many times. He was an athlete but he was also a reader and a student, and he felt isolated at Linfield. Early in May of his freshman year, he heard the news of the appalling events at Kent State University, and he and five or six friends went to the Linfield student-union building and lowered the flags there, in honor of the demonstrating students who had been shot by National Guardsmen in Ohio. Only two or three people of the hundreds who walked by stopped to ask what the lowered flags meant, and the next day one of Ron's coaches told him that he had "the wrong orientation" about politics. The next fall, Ron transferred to the University of Idaho and gave up varsity sports.

Ron told me all this in a quiet, almost apologetic manner. His voice is modulated and unforced, and somehow suggests his pitching motion. Like some other young men and women of his generation, or quarter-generation, he takes pains never to sound assured, never to strike an attitude. "I wasn't a real political dissident, you understand," he said. "I cared—I still care—but I didn't know what I was doing. At Idaho, I went down to the R.O.T.C. Building one night and stole Richard Nixon's picture out of its frame there. Big piddly-assed deal."

He laughed, and Linda joined in the laughter. We were sitting out on their porch, drinking beer, and their two English setters, Boone and Hannah, were running and sniffing through an overgrown meadow before us, with their feathery white tails marking their progress through the long grass. Once, Boone got on the trail of something and took off downhill, but Ron turned him with a piercing, two-fingered whistle.

"Tell about the time you decided to go back and play ball," Linda said.

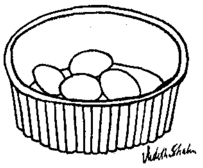
"Oh, geezum," Ron said, smiling. "Well, after a while there at Moscow"—Moscow, Idaho, is the university seat—"I began to reconcile sports and politics a little, and I saw that I wasn't quite the great political radical I'd thought I was. For a while, I'd even stopped collecting baseball cards, but I sure missed playing ball, especially in the spring, and so one day I went down to see the baseball coach. I was going to offer to come out, if he wanted me, but when I got there his office was closed, and I took that as a sign. I decided it wasn't my karma to play ball yet."

"It wasn't your *karma!*" Linda said, doubled over with laughter. "Can you *believe* that now!" They cracked up, thinking about it.

In his last two years at Idaho, Ron lived with two friends on a farm twenty-six miles away from the campus, where they raised chickens and helped the farmer with his planting and other chores. Ron was a pre-law student, majoring in political science, and he had looked forward to going to law school, but now something had changed for him, and he found himself more interested in the farm and in outdoor life. "I just got tired of school," he said. He had let his hair grow long, and he realized that most of his classmates probably thought of him as a hippie. After he graduated, he moved to Missoula because he loved its setting—the high country and the cold streams of the Bitterroot Range and the Garnet Mountains—and found work as a janitor at the University of Montana.

"I just wanted something to do so I could keep on fishing and backpacking," he said. "There were a lot of people with the same idea there at that time. It was what was happening. That's great country, out along the Clark Fork and the Big Blackfoot, if you like fishing. You could walk across the Milwaukee Road railroad tracks behind our house and cross the floodplain and you'd be fishing in just five minutes."

Our house: He had met Linda, and they had moved into a log cabin in Clinton, which is twenty miles southeast of Missoula. She was in graduate school at Montana, majoring in creative writing. She also tutored undergraduates in English and Greek, and after she had picked up her master's degree she worked in a Poetry in the Schools program in the state school system and then became poet-in-residence and a teacher at a private school in Missoula. She and Ron talked baseball and followed the Yankees from a distance, as she wrote me in her first letter, but softball was the only game in town.

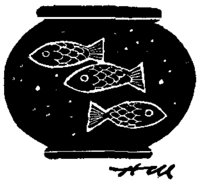


Ron said, "Every spring, I'd think, Geezum, I've made it through the winter again—and they were long, long winters there, you know—and I'd get that little urge. I'd go off fishing, and when I got my arm working back and forth with the fishing pole [he said "pole," not "rod"] it was sort of like throwing a curveball. I was spring-strong, and I'd get to wondering what I could have done if I'd gone on in baseball. Each spring was like that. Then when I read that notice in *The Sporting News* about the Buckskins' tryout camp, I realized that it had been eight years since I'd pitched in a ballgame. I couldn't believe it."

This must have sounded self-pitying to Ron when he said it to me, there on the porch, and he corrected himself at once. "It was my own fault," he said. "There was fear, I guess, and then I began to rationalize it all and remind myself that I'd have to go to a tryout camp if I wanted to come back, and maybe I'd fail. What I'd had was a marginal talent—a pretty good high-school fastball—and if I was ever going to do something with it, I would have had to pay the price. I didn't want to have to work at it, I think, or else I just didn't want to work that hard. So I let it go by."

LATE one afternoon that week, I watched another team of country ballplayers wearing sponsors' names on the backs of their uniform shirts—Waterville Garage, Tobin Construction, Gerald W. Tatro—in a game played on still another hillside diamond. The field was unfenced, and the woods and brush along the right-field foul line crowded in so close that there wouldn't have been room for bleachers or any other kind of seats there. It was a *field:* the shaggy grass around second base was white with clover blossoms. We were in Belvidere, Vermont—a Green Mountain village a bit to the north and east of Mt. Mansfield—and the game pitted the home team of Belvidere-Waterville against the visiting Morrisville nine. These were Babe Ruth League teams, whose players range in age from thirteen to fifteen years, but the Belvidere-Watervilles seemed to be outweighed by a couple of dozen pounds and outsized by a couple of inches at almost every position. Outmanned, too: only eight home-team players had turned up for the game, and their coach, Curt Koonz, was filling in at shortstop. The disparity was most noticeable on the mound, for the Belvidere-Waterville pitcher, Earl Domina, was so short that the white pants of his uniform were within an inch or two of swallowing his shoes. He worked hard out there, toeing the rubber in good style and hiding the ball behind his hip while he stared in at his catcher for the sign, but he wasn't big enough to get much stuff on his pitches, and it sometimes looked as if he were throwing uphill against the tall, half-grinning Morrisville boys. Earl was being hit hard—the bases were repeatedly loaded and then unloaded against him in the two or three innings I saw him play—and he also had to put up with a few throwing-uphill jokes from his own teammates, but he kept his concentration and his seriousness, jutting his jaw on the mound and staring the base runners into place before each pitch, and in time the smiles and the jokes died away. He was a battler.

I had heard a good deal about the problems and triumphs of the Belvidere-Waterville Babe Ruth League team from its previous coach, Ron Goble, who had been greeted with hand slaps and jokes and cheerful body blocks by his former troops when we turned up at the game that afternoon. (He and Linda lived in Waterville when they first came to Vermont, but their present house is some thirty miles to the northwest—too far for him to keep up with his Babe Ruth League coaching while he also continues to pitch for the A's.) Now he pointed out some of his stalwarts from the previous year's squad—Peanut Coburn, the team's best shortstop, best outfielder, best first baseman, best everything, who had graduated to assistant coach; the Eldred brothers, Keith and Mike; some others. He said that a few of his players last year had come up through a Little League program, but others had never played an inning of baseball before their season got under way. There weren't many players in either category, to tell the truth, so everybody got a chance to play, including Kim Wescom and Angie Tourangeau, who are girls. Kim, a second baseperson, always wore blue eyeshadow with her game uniform—a complicated announcement, Linda thought. All the teams that Belvidere-Waterville faced were larger and more experienced than they were, and the enemy players razzed them unmercifully for playing girls and for looking like hicks.



"Well, we *were* hicks," Ron said to me. "We were a country team, and most of our players came from poor families, so after a while we took that as our team name. We became the Hicks." The razzing never got entirely out of hand, in any case, because after a couple of innings of it, Frank Machia, the Belvidere-Waterville first baseman, would take a few steps over toward the other team bench and invite the critics there to step forward. Frank was fifteen, but he has a Boog Powell-style chest and belly, topped off by a full beard, and so things usually quieted down in a hurry. The continuing trouble—the real trouble—was that the team wasn't good enough to win. One very bad day came at Stowe, a wealthy ski-resort town at the foot of Mt. Mansfield (its Babe Ruth League team even has different uniforms for home and away games), where the game was called, by mutual consent, when Belvidere-Waterville had fallen behind by 35–3, or 36–5, or something like that.

Ron told me that one of the team's handicaps had been the lack of a decent home field to practice and play on, and after the Stowe disaster he and Linda and a few other devout team backers—Larry and Shirley Brown, Olive McClain, and Emmett Eldred—went over to the abandoned Smithville diamond, in Belvidere, which had long ago turned into a meadow, and attacked it with hand mowers. After three long, hot days' work—a horrendous job, everyone agreed—the hay was cut and raked, and a new backstop had been erected, just in time for the return game against Stowe, which turned up with a considerable entourage to watch the continuation of the slaughter.

"Well, we didn't beat them," Ron said. "It was 9–6, Stowe, in the end, but we *almost* beat them, and they sure knew they'd been in a game. We showed them we could play, and that made the whole season worthwhile."

I asked how the team had fared after that.

"The truth is, we lost all fourteen games on our schedule," he said. "No, that's not right—we took one on a forfeit, when the other team didn't turn up. But it meant a lot to these kids, learning how to play ball, learning to enjoy it. By the end of the season, they were backing up plays and sometimes hitting the cutoff man on their throws, even though that was mostly because they couldn't throw the ball all the way home anyway. They're all good kids. There isn't much else to do around here in the summers, you know, and that kept them at it."

The game we had been watching ended at 11–4, Morrisville, and the young players began to drift away, some in their parents' cars and pickups, some on bikes, and some on foot. The Belvidere-Waterville bats and batting helmets were stuffed into a gunnysack and toted away. It was evening, or almost evening, by now, but the field was at once repopulated by softball players—a pickup, slow-pitch game, arranged by telephone earlier that day. Ron played and so did Earl Domina—a long pitcher and a very short one, both playing in the same outfield now—and more cars pulled up by the field as the news of the game got around, and soon there were twelve or thirteen players on a side out there in the warm, mosquitoey half-light. Linda didn't play, and I sat it out, too, keeping her company. We were at a worn, teetery old picnic table, where we gnawed on some cold roast chicken she had brought along, and in time we were joined there by Larry Brown, a shy, slightly built, soft-spoken man, who often looks at the ground when he speaks. Larry Brown is the Branch Rickey of Belvidere baseball. He is an asbestos miner—a laborer—with a modest seasonal sideline in maple syrup made from his own hillside sugar bush. Still in his forties, he has six children and two grandchildren.

He told me that he had been a catcher for the Belvidere town team when he was a younger man. "It was all town teams around here then," he said. "I'd like to see those days come back again. Maybe they will. Back when I was a boy, all I had was a bat and one old taped-up ball. It wasn't all organized, the way it is now. Now I don't think there's a single town team in Lamoille County, but there are eight hundred boys playing Little League and Babe Ruth ball."

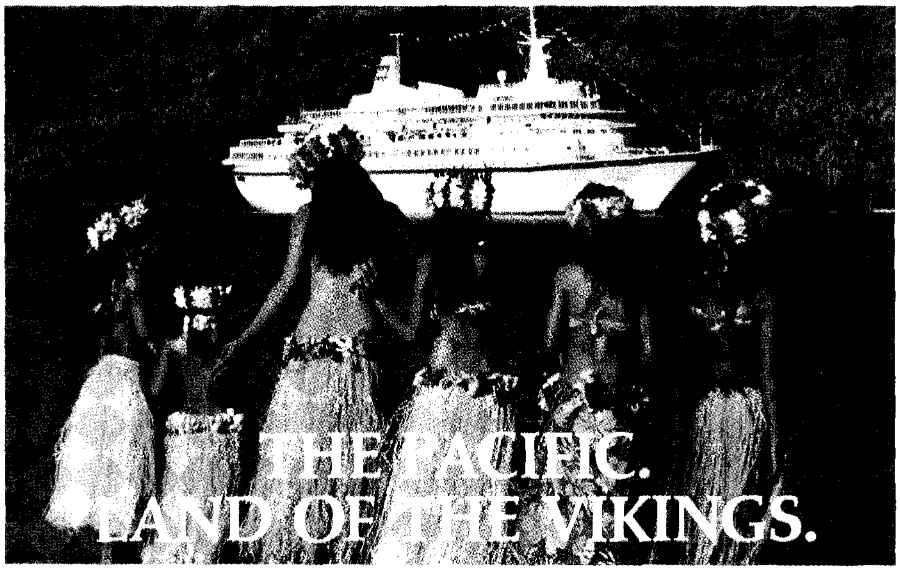
His doing—in part, at least. Larry Brown got the Belvidere Little League started, about five years ago. (In fact, a Little League game had been in progress off at the other end of the same field that the Babe Ruth teams were using that afternoon, and I had been struck by the fact that all the players on both teams had full uniforms. Seeing so many players in action at the same time almost reminded me of spring training.) Larry Brown found sponsors, got the parents involved, raised the money for uniforms and bats and balls. Last year, when Ron and Linda turned up in Waterville, he sought out Ron and persuaded him to take on the town's very first Babe Ruth team. Larry didn't know that Ron was still recovering from his cancer surgery and from the debilitating radiation treatments that had ensued, but Larry had been wonderfully persuasive, and the job, Ron must have realized almost at once, was a perfect one for him at that moment: cheerful and funny and full of hope. When the season ended, with most of those hopes still unrewarded, Larry Brown and his wife threw a big potluck dinner for the team. Ron gave a speech, summarizing the summer's high points—the time Mike Eldred lost both sneakers while trying to steal second base (and turned back at once to get them), Angie Tourangeau's single that didn't count because the ump said he wasn't ready, the two games against Stowe. . . . Everyone had such a good time at the dinner that they all decided to chip in and arrange a team trip up to Montreal for an Expos game. Later in the summer, they did it again. Baseball has caught on in Belvidere.

I asked Larry Brown if anyone from Lamoille County had ever made it to the big leagues.

"No, I don't think so," he said, still smiling and still looking at the ground. "Though there was so many that played ball and watched ball around here in the old days you'd think it'd happen, wouldn't you? Why, I can remember going over to St. Albans when they had a team in the old Northern League here—the Giants, they were—and they'd have a thousand people there at Coote Field. A thousand, easy. But we had some mighty good players around here. Don McCuin played for our team—the Belvidere team, I mean—right after the war. He was a left-handed pitcher. He was signed by the Cardinals organization, but when he got down there he found he couldn't play ball in the heat, there in the South. And there was another good left-hander, named Sonny Davis, just about that time. Funny you'd have two so good, who was both the same kind. He played for Stowe. He signed up with the Braves, back in the nineteen-forties. Sonny told me once that he'd played in a game with young Henry Aaron, who was just a beginner, too, at the time, and when Sonny saw Aaron hit some drives in batting practice he suddenly understood that he was never going to make it in major-league baseball."

All three of us laughed. It was almost dark now, and whenever somebody on the ball field made contact (with that heavy, smacking sound that a softball makes against the bat), the arching ball looked like some strange gray night bird suddenly rising out of the treetops.

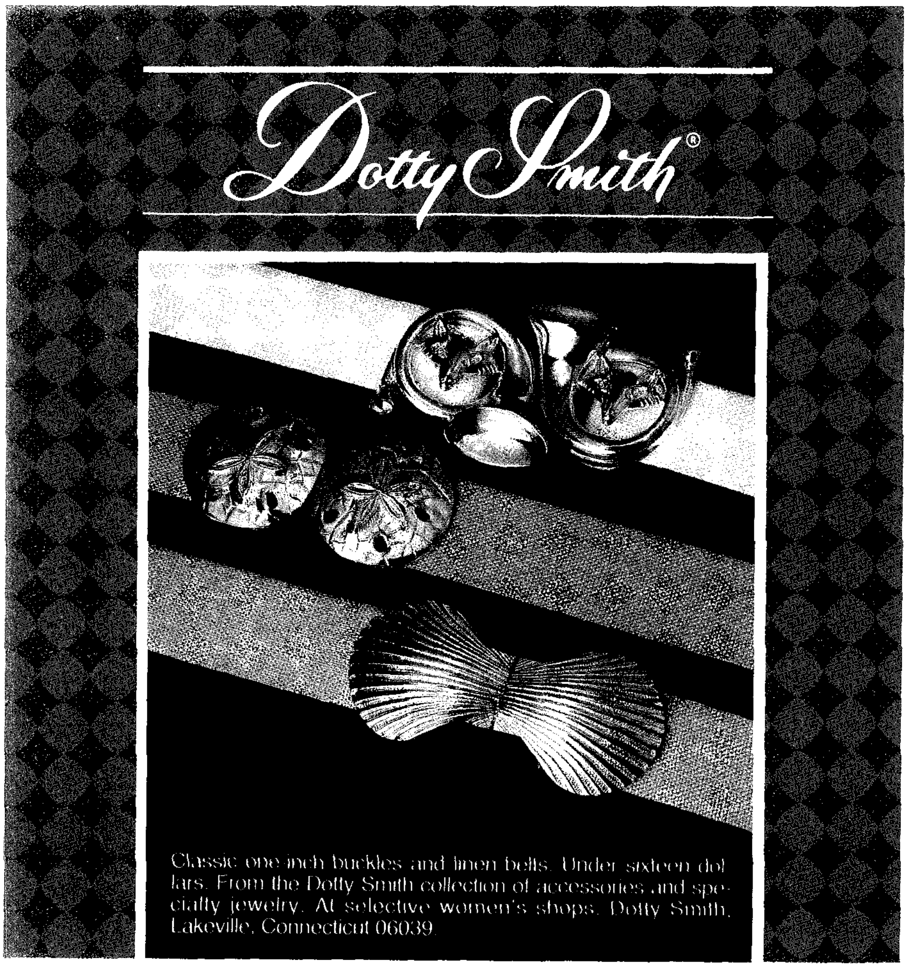
"Leonard McCuin was as good as Don was, from all I hear," Larry



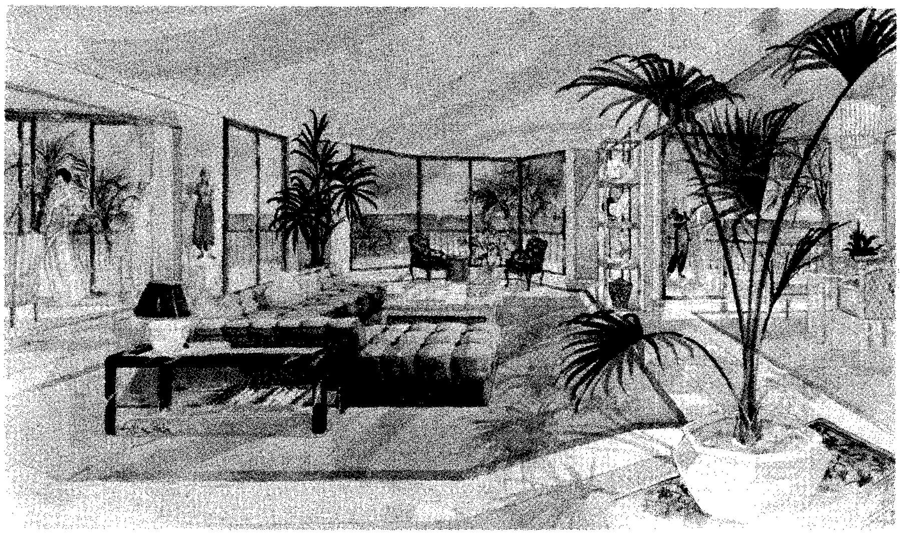
THE PACIFIC.
LAND OF THE VIKINGS.

Sail to paradise this winter with the Vikings. Two lavish and leisurely cruises beckon. On January 13/14 sail for 45 days from San Francisco/Los Angeles throughout the South Seas. From Tahiti and Moorea to Australia and New Zealand, then Samoa, Honolulu and home. Or on February 27/28, begin a 70 or 86-day voyage that circles the whole Pacific, docking in French Polynesia, Down Under and the vast Orient. All aboard the World Class™ Royal Viking Sky, of Norwegian registry and spirit. See your travel agent, or write Royal Viking Line, Dept. K-72, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, CA 94111.

ROYAL VIKING LINE
1982 SOUTH SEAS/CIRCLE PACIFIC CRUISES



Classic one-inch buckles and linen belts. Under sixteen dollars. From the Dotty Smith collection of accessories and specialty jewelry. At selective women's shops. Dotty Smith, Lakeville, Connecticut 06039.



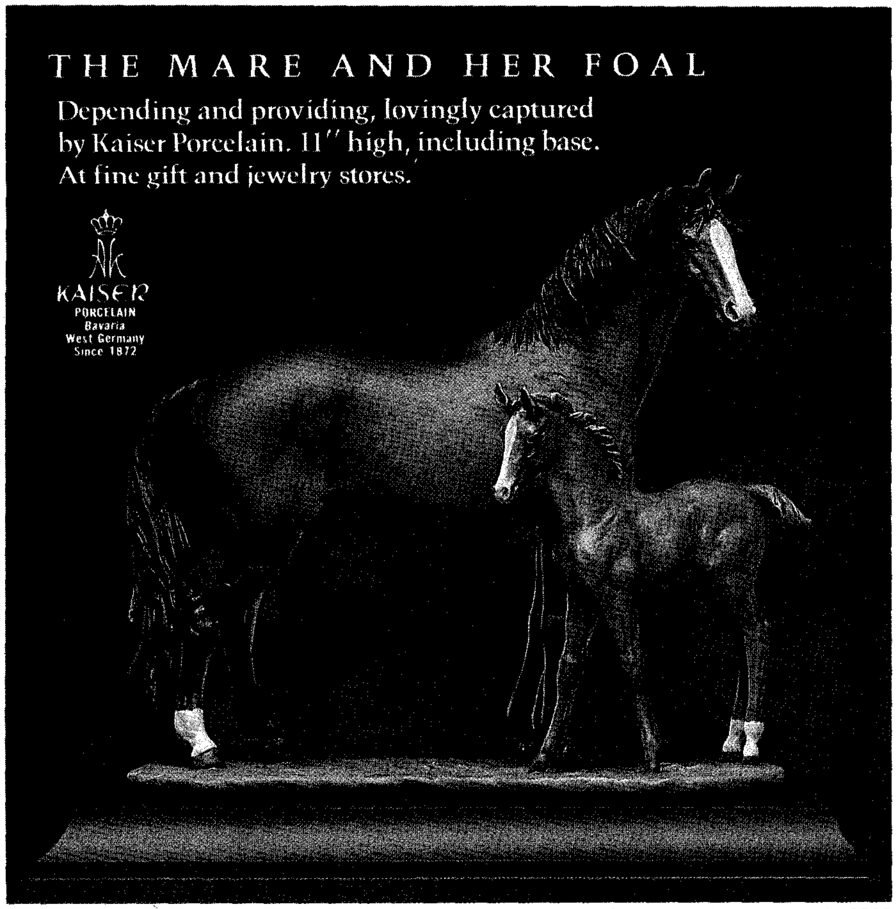
An exclusive hideaway nestled between the ocean and the deep blue sea.

No one will know where you are. Yet anyone would want to be there. This secluded ocean front condominium is located on Jupiter Island in Palm Beach County with a spectacular view of both the Intracoastal Waterway and the Atlantic Ocean. It's for the select few who require the very finest.

Prices from $355,000 to $475,000. The Landfall. Where a pampered lifestyle remains unspoiled.
The Landfall Presentation Centre:
Suite 409, First National Bank Building
1001 U.S. Highway 1
Jupiter, Florida 33458
Telephone: (305) 747-6000

THE LANDFALL

Prices subject to change without notice. This does not constitute an offer in those States in which an offer cannot be made.



THE MARE AND HER FOAL

Depending and providing, lovingly captured by Kaiser Porcelain. 11″ high, including base. At fine gift and jewelry stores.

KAISER PORCELAIN Bavaria West Germany Since 1872

Distributed exclusively by Ebeling & Reuss • 1041 West Valley Road • Box 189 N • Devon, PA 19333
Importers of Fine China, Glassware, and Giftware since 1886.

went on. "He was Don's father. Leonard once played on a team over to Saranac Lake, where Christy Mathewson was his coach. Mathewson was there because he had tuberculosis, you know. I guess he was about dead of it by then. Funny, I always thought Don McCuin had the head for major-league baseball. It was his arm that was at fault. But I liked the way he pitched. I always compared Don to Warren Spahn—a classic left-hander with that high kick. I don't think there was ever a smarter pitcher than Spahn. But I'm not one of those who goes around always saying that the old players were the best. I've been up to Montreal for some games, now that the teams are so close—I almost went *broke* the first summer the Expos was playing!—and I think there's been no better players than some we've seen in our time. You only have to go back a few years to when Aaron and Mays and Clemente were still playing, you know, and you just couldn't come up with a better outfield than that. They say Roberto Clemente was the least appreciated ballplayer of his time. Well, *I* appreciated him."

It was dark now, and the softball game had ended at last. Ron joined us at the picnic table, and some of his friends sat down with us, too, drinking beer and swatting mosquitoes. Little Earl Domina had gone home, waving shyly to us as he walked away into the shadows, and I told Larry how much I'd admired him in the Babe Ruth League game we'd seen.

"He's about half size for his age, but he always puts out," Larry said. "There are others I wished cared as much about it as he does. Size don't have much to do with it in this game."

Roberto Clemente and Leonard McCuin, Don McCuin and Warren Spahn, Sonny Davis and Hank Aaron, Christy Mathewson and Earl Domina—they were all together in baseball for Larry Brown. For him, the game had no fences.

I WAS pleased but in fact not much surprised to find someone like Larry Brown here in a corner of Vermont, for I had already met other friends of Ron's and Linda's who seemed sustained and nourished by a similar passion for baseball. One of them was Paul Farrar, the A's' manager, who normally gives six or seven hours of his day to the team during the season, beginning at four in the afternoon on weekdays, when he gets off work at the I.B.M. plant in Burlington. If there is a home game (there are also practices on some off days) at the University of Vermont's Centennial Field, where the A's play, Farrar is usually the first man to arrive. He carries in the field rakes from his car and then unlocks the concession stand and carries out the dusty bases that have been stored there since the last game. The players begin to drift onto the field while he is raking the base paths or carefully laying down the foul lines and the batter's boxes with a lime cart, and he kids them cheerfully and asks about their bruises. Long before this, while he paused at home to put on his uniform, he has picked up the day's team telephone messages from his wife, Sue. Tinker Jarvis will have to work until past seven tonight, she told him, which means not only that he won't be there in time to play but that his girlfriend, Helen Rigby, probably won't be around to work in the hot-dog stand. Southpaw Joe Gay's arm is coming along, his father called to say, but the doctor still thinks it'll be another week before he'll be ready to pitch. One of the troubles is that Joe has this summer job as a housepainter, which makes it hard for him to give his arm the kind of rest it should have. (Why can't Joe paint *right*-handed for a while, Paul wonders for an instant.) The other team tonight will be perfectly willing to play nine innings, instead of seven, if the A's want to, but which of them will pay the seventy-five bucks that U.V.M. wants as a fee for using the lights? Then, there are the automobile arrangements to be made for the weekend doubleheader over at Saxtons River. . . . Paul thinks about some of this while he pitches batting practice, but then he tries to put it all out of his head when he makes out his lineup in the dugout and begins to concentrate on the game at hand. Who's got to play if we're going to win? Who ought to play because he hasn't got into enough games lately? . . .

Paul grew up in the Bronx and, of course, dreamed of playing in Yankee Stadium someday, as a big-leaguer. Then his family moved to South Burlington, and in time Paul went off to Rensselaer Polytechnic, in Troy, New York, where he played catcher for four years on the varsity team. Then he coached at R.P.I. for two years, as an assistant with the varsity, while he got his graduate degree. He is a senior associate engineer with I.B.M. He is twenty-six years old.

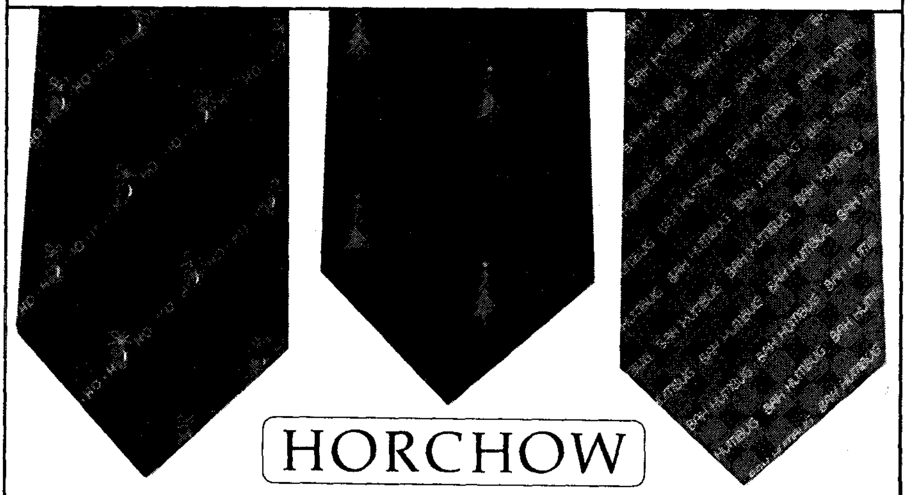
"Ron and I and Tinker Jarvis are

The case of the traveler
who couldn't stand
waiting in airports
for his luggage anymore.
hartmann
We don't cut corners.

Du Pont TEFLON® soil & stain repeller
© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Holiday sentiments cheerfully expressed in three clever Christmas cravats of luxe Italian silk. Each navy tie is 3″ wide, fully lined and an exclusive design. ♣ Ho-Ho-Ho (#6859A) and ♣ Christmas Tree (#6858A) printed in red and green. ♣ Bah Humbug (#1287A) printed, appropriately, in red alone. 16.50 postpaid each, or 15.00 each for two or more (add 5% tax if delivered in Texas). Please indicate both the quantity and the item number.

CHRISTMAS WRAPPING



HORCHOW

To order TOLL-FREE 24 hours daily: Call 800-527-0303 (in Texas, call 800-442-5806).
To order by mail: Check, MasterCard, VISA or American Express accepted. Mail to:
The Horchow Collection, Box 34257, Dept. #40954, Dallas, Texas 75234

the old men on the team," he said to me, "but I think it may be more fun for us than for the others. And managing is—well, it's *involving*. These games don't mean anything, but I play them again in my mind when they're over. The bunt signal we missed. The pitcher I maybe took out one batter too late. I lie in bed and play baseball in my head in the middle of the night."

Herbie Pearo lives in East Alburg, Vermont, on a peninsula jutting into Lake Champlain. He is the manager of the East Alburg Beavers, an amateur slow-pitch softball team that Ron plays for whenever the A's' schedule permits it. Upstairs in his house there, one walks into a narrow room and a narrow loft above it—a baseball museum—stuffed to bursting with baseball uniforms, autographed baseball bats, autographed baseballs, caps, pairs of spikes, old baseball photographs, albums of baseball tickets, baseball programs, bubble-gum baseball cards, everything. Some of the uniform shirts are framed, showing names and numbers on their backs, and these include the shirts of many present and recently past Expos—Andre Dawson, Ellis Valentine, Steve Rogers, Rusty Staub, Warren Cromartie—for Herbie is a terrific Expos fan. He is also a former terrific Mets fan. The centerpiece of his present collection is Tom Seaver's 1967 Mets uniform (1967 was Seaver's first year in the majors), which Herbie values at one thousand dollars. "Not that I'd automatically sell it," he adds. Selling items like these is Herbie Pearo's business—a baseball-souvenir-and-tradables line known as Centerfield Eight Sales. The business is advertised in most standard baseball publications, and the turnover is brisk. Brisk but often painful, because Herbie, one senses quickly, would much rather hold on to his best stuff. He is still writhing over the recent loss of a genuine Rogers Hornsby St. Louis Browns uniform. "I *had* to do it," he says apologetically. "The man made me an offer I couldn't refuse—seven guaranteed All-Stars' uniforms, plus a lot of other things, but still . . ." His voice trails off, and in his face you can almost see the Hornsby uniform still hanging in its old place on the long wall.

Centerfield Eight is one of the hardest stores to walk out of I have ever walked into. I was there for an hour or more, and each time I edged closer to the staircase my eye would fasten on some new wonder or Herbie would draw me back to look at something else. He wasn't trying to sell me anything; he simply wanted to share it all. He was a great curator, and we were at the Louvre. . . . Here is a ball signed by Sadaharu Oh, and a bat signed by the Babe. Here is Pete Rose's very first Reds' shirt—with a rookie's number, 33, on the back. Here is a Reggie Jackson Oakland A's shirt; here is a Roberto Clemente shirt (in the old, sleeveless Pirates' style); and over here is an orange Charlie Finley baseball (Finley once lobbied to have the major leagues shift to orange baseballs); and—oh, yes—upstairs, there in the corner, is a player's battered old locker from Connie Mack Stadium, now long gone, alas. And look *here* (here in a desk drawer): A pair of genuine Phillies World Series tickets from 1962—the year the Phillies folded so horribly and didn't make the Series after all. Here is a genuine scout's contract, signed by Connie Mack himself. This is a photograph of the 1908 Portland Mohawks ("Maine's Premier Amateur Baseball Team"), and here are some 1975 White Sox World Series ducats (another blasted hope), and that's an usher's cap from Anaheim Stadium—a bargain at twenty-five bucks. But oh, *wait!* And he holds up a pair of snowy, still pressed Washington Senator home-uniform shirts on wire hangers, with a "1" on one of them and a "2" on the other—commemorative shirts made for presentation to President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew at the Senators' opening game in 1970. I stare at these particular relics in slow surprise, astounded by the possibility that I have at last come upon an object—*two* objects—in this world that may truly be said to have no meaning whatsoever.

Stunned with memorabilia, I descend the stairs at last (the balusters are bats, each with its own history), and Herbie Pearo's voice follows me down. "I wish you'd seen my Carl Furillo shirt, from the 1957 season," he says. "The real thing. I wish I hadn't sold that. I've been *kicking* myself ever since . . ."

As I have explained, my trip to visit Linda Kittell and Ron Goble was something I had looked forward to for years. It came while the midsummer major-league baseball strike was about two weeks along, but there was no connection between the two events. I was not visiting a semi-pro player because I would have preferred to call on a big-leaguer. I was not out to prove some connection or lack of connection

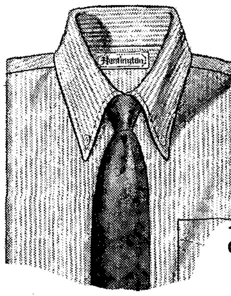
Our Alternative To $25. Button Down Shirts

Huntington

$16.50

100% COMBED COTTON OXFORD BUTTON DOWN

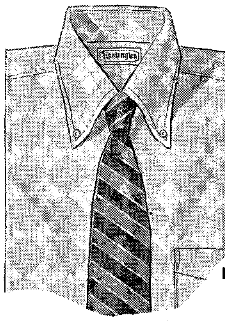
Finest traditional design and tailoring. Seven button front, placket sleeve, left breast pocket, double reinforced side seams and sleeves. Long sleeves or short sleeves. 100% cotton oxford cloth. Blue, white, or yellow. Sizes 14½-17½/32-35.



$17.50

100% COTTON OXFORD TAPE STRIPE

Basic oxford tape stripe. Finest traditional design and tailoring. Blue stripe or burgundy stripe. 100% cotton oxford cloth. Long sleeves. Sizes 14½-17½/32-35.



$18.

COTTON BROADCLOTH END-ON-END

Classic end-on-end chambray broadcloth weave--smooth, light weight, pure cotton. Blue or Pink. Long sleeves. Szes 14½-17½/32-35.

Monogram Available BKS

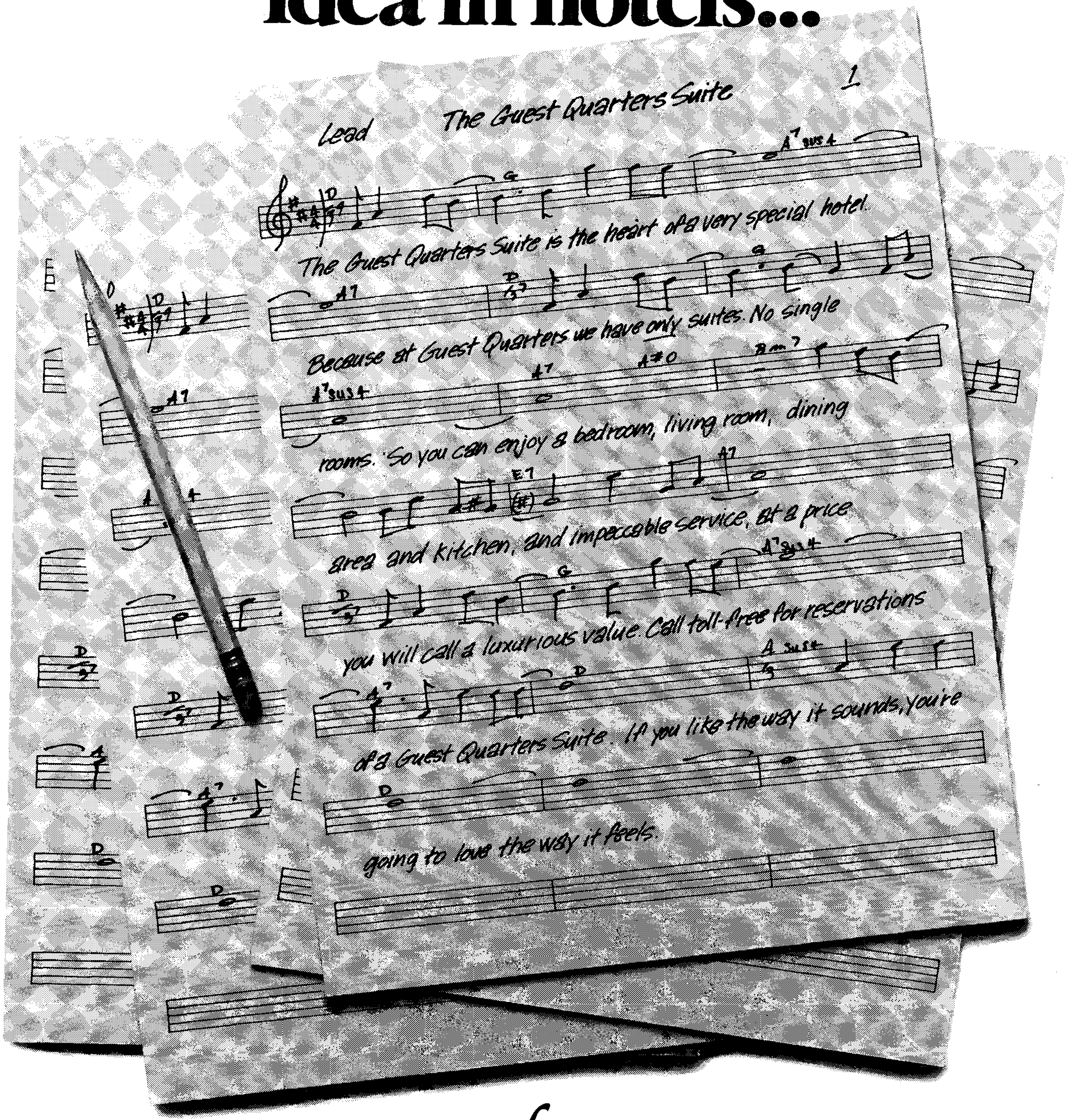
Huntington Clothiers COL

2258 E. MAIN ST. • COLUMBUS, OHIO 43209
Order Toll Free: 800-848-6203/Ohio 614-237-5695

Please send me the following button-down shirts. Add $2.25 for ship. & ins. regardless of quantity. Add $3.00 ea. for monogramming. Ohio res. add 4½% sales tax.

Oxf Lg Sl ___/___ (Neck/Sleeve) ___ (Qty) White ___ (Qty) Blue ___ (Qty) Yellow
Oxf Sh Slv ______ (Neck) ______ (Qty) White ______ (Qty) Blue
Oxf Stripe ___/___ (Neck/Sleeve) ______ (Qty) Blue ______ (Qty) Burg.
End-On-End ___/___ (Neck/Sleeve) ______ (Qty) Pink ______ (Qty) Blue
Monogram (Left Cuff) @ $3.00 ea. ___ ___ ___
☐ Pers. Ck. ☐ Mstr. Chg. ☐ Visa ☐ Am. Exp.
Card No. ______
Exp. Date ______ Mstr. Chg. Bank No. ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______
Zip ______ ☐ Send free catalogue please

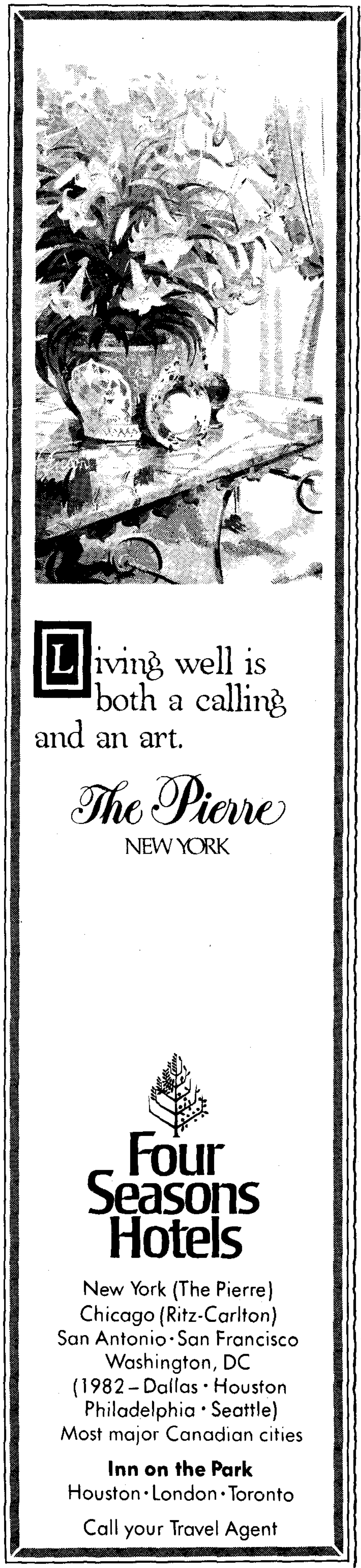
"A beautifully orchestrated idea in hotels..."


Lead The Guest Quarters Suite 1
The Guest Quarters Suite is the heart of a very special hotel.
Because at Guest Quarters we have only suites. No single
rooms. So you can enjoy a bedroom, living room, dining
area and kitchen, and impeccable service, at a price
you will call a luxurious value. Call toll-free for reservations
of a Guest Quarters Suite. If you like the way it sounds, you're
going to love the way it feels.

The GUEST QUARTERS® Suite

Washington, D.C., from $95; Houston, from $106; Greensboro, from $44; Atlanta, from $58; Alexandria, from $65.
Now open: Guest Quarters Perimeter Center, Atlanta, from $85.
For reservation and information call toll-free **800-424-2900.** In Washington, D.C. call **861-6610.**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Living well is both a calling and an art.

The Pierre
NEW YORK

Four Seasons Hotels

New York (The Pierre)
Chicago (Ritz-Carlton)
San Antonio · San Francisco
Washington, DC
(1982 – Dallas · Houston
Philadelphia · Seattle)
Most major Canadian cities

Inn on the Park
Houston · London · Toronto

Call your Travel Agent

between the expensive upper flowerings of the game and its humble underbrush. Everyone in Vermont talked about the strike, but not for long; we wanted it over, because we missed the games and the standings and the news of the sport, but I heard no bitter talk about money and free agency, "spoiled" ballplayers or selfish owners. At the same time, it occurred to me again and again while I was there (it would have been impossible to ignore the comparison or not to think about its ironies) to wonder how many big-league owners and famous players and baseball businessmen (the league presidents, and so forth, and perhaps even some of the writers) had an involvement in the game—a connection that was simply part of life itself—like Ron Goble's and Larry Brown's and Linda Kittell's. Not many, I would think, and yet at the same time it seemed quite likely to me—almost a certainty, in fact—that if I had stopped and visited friends in almost any other county or state corner in the United States I would have found their counterparts there, their friends in baseball.

LATE one afternoon, Linda and Ron and I drove into Burlington for an A's game against the Queen City Royals. We were in their wheezy, ancient red Vega, and Ron kept cocking his head and listening to the engine in a nervous sort of way; a couple of weeks earlier, the car had conked out altogether on the same trip, and he had missed the game and his turn on the mound. He was in uniform tonight, but he wasn't going to play; his next start would be the following night, against the hated Burlington Expos. We were all eating ice-cream cones.

I asked Ron if he could tell me a little more about his summer with the Boise Buckskins, when he had pitched in organized ball for the first time, and everything had gone so badly for him and his teammates.

"In some ways, it wasn't exactly what you'd call a rewarding experience," he said after a moment or two. "Our pitching was downright terrible. We won on opening day, and that was sort of the highlight. Gerry Craft said opening day was God's greatest blessing but the rest of it was our trial. We had those ugly uniforms, and the fans got on us because of the religion thing, and we were always jumping off buses and going right into some park to play. It was good we had a few things going for us, like Danny Thomas. The real battle for me was not to let any of that bother me too much. I was there to prove myself. That summer answered a lot of questions for me that I would have gone on asking myself all my life. I got that albatross off my neck at last. What I discovered was that I'd had a talent at one time for throwing the ball—maybe not a major-league talent, at that. But I found out that although I couldn't throw by then—not really—I was at least a pitcher." He paused and then added his little disclaimer: "Although that may be too much of a complimentary term."

What was it about Danny Thomas, I asked. What had made him so special to them and to the whole team?

"Well, he was tall and he had those good long muscles," Ron said. "You know—he looked like a ballplayer."

"And that fantastic smile," Linda said from the back seat.

"Yes, there was never a better-looking ballplayer, anywhere," Ron said. "And his hitting! I remember once when we were playing against the Emeralds on a road trip, and the whole park was down on us for some reason—everyone yelling and booing and laughing. Because we'd been looking so bad, I guess. And then he hit one. I mean, he *hit* it—it went out over the lights and out of the ballpark, and even before he got to first base there was this absolute hush in the place. It was beautiful. He'd shut them up."

"Plus he wore No. 7," Linda said.

"That's right," Ron said at once. "The same number."

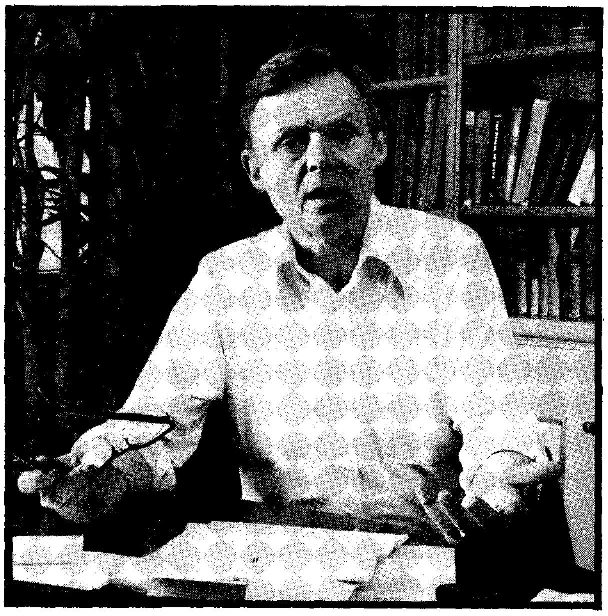
It was a minute before I understood. Mickey Mantle's old number had been 7.

At this moment, the Vega gave a couple of despairing wheezes and slowly glided to halt. We came to rest at meadowside on a singularly unpopulated and unpromising stretch of macadam.

"Damn *carburetor*," Ron said. He popped the hood. "Hammer," he said, swinging his long legs out, and Linda, reaching down between her feet, found a hammer and wordlessly handed it to him, exactly like a good instrument nurse working with a surgeon. This operation entailed some thunderous banging noises from up forward—not a promising prognosis at all, I thought—but when Ron reappeared, red-faced, and restarted the engine, it spluttered and groaned but then caught. A miracle. "Remind me to park facing downhill when we get

Some people say...

"I moved from the suburbs to the city and my auto insurance rates went up. What's going on?"



That's why we want you to know...

People who live in cities usually pay higher auto insurance premiums than people who live in suburban or rural areas.

Why? Because car owners in large urban areas face greater exposure to loss. The concentration of people and autos inevitably results in more accidents. (Traffic experts call it "friction of the system.")

Theft and vandalism occur more frequently. And the costs of hospital and medical care, car repairs, lost wages, and lawsuits—all the things insurance pays for—are generally higher in urban areas.

Insurance companies want rates to be as fair as possible. Experience tells us the best way to do this is to charge policyholders higher or lower premiums according to their exposure to loss.

So, in making auto insurance rates, insurance companies consider the differences in costs by "territories" as an important factor.

We sympathize with those drivers whose place of residence puts them in higher rate categories. But if "territories" were eliminated, people who live in less congested areas and who, therefore, have less exposure to loss would end up subsidizing people who live in large urban areas and who have far greater exposure to loss.

And we don't think that's fair.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

©1981 American Insurance Association

Wayside
It's
A Cut Above!

Take Spring Indoors With Wayside's Cut Daffodil Collection

Bouquets - Flower Arrangements - Gifts
There's nothing quite like fresh grown flowers to add a touch of elegance to your home. This new Wayside Collection offers five named varieties of delightful Daffodils that have been specifically selected for their long-lasting cut flower properties—plus—each and every top sized double and triple nosed bulb is guaranteed to produce and they'll keep on producing year after year. So don't wait, order now so that you too can bring a touch of spring into your home.

Send Coupon To:
Wayside Gardens
802 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

Yes, please send me:
☐ 6 each of 5 varieties for only $30.00.
☐ 12 each of 5 varieties for only $55.00
☐ 18 each of 5 varieties for only $80.00
(Catalog Number 9130)

Name

Address

City

State *Zip*

☐ Check or Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ Am. Exp. ☐ Mstr. Crd.

____/____/____/____

Exp. Date *Bank No.*
Offer Expires November 15, 1981

there," he muttered as we resumed our course.

And so I asked him about his pitching now—pitching for the Burlington A's.

"Well, it's still enjoyable," he said. "The thing about pitching is—it's that it requires your concentration. It requires your entire thought. There aren't many things in life that can bring that to you. And every situation, every day and every inning, is different. You have to work on so many little details. Finding the fluidity of your body. Adjusting for different mounds. Bringing the leg up higher, bringing it over more. You kind of expect standards of yourself, and when they're not there you have to find out what's going wrong, and why. Maybe you're not opening up quickly enough. Maybe you're not following through enough, or maybe you're throwing too much across your body. Some days, you're not snapping your wrist so much. Some days, the seams on the ball aren't so nice. It's always different."

He shook his head, and laughed at himself again. "Actually," he went on, "at some level I'm always pitching in the hope that the curveball—the real old curveball—might come back someday. Geezum, wouldn't that be nice, I think to myself. It doesn't happen, though. It's gone. Now it's different, being a pitcher, and sometimes I think it's almost more fun, because you can't just throw it by them now. You've got to trick 'em, because you've got nothing much to get them out with. So you try to set them up—get them looking away and then throw them inside. Get them backing off, and go down and away. I don't play often enough to have that happen too much—just to be able to think about location like that—but that's what it's all about."

He was right: this is what pitching is all about. I have heard a good many big-league pitchers talk about their craft—hundreds of them, I suppose, including a few of the best of our time—and when they got into it, really got talking pitching, they all sounded almost exactly like Ron Goble. He probably would have denied it if I'd said it, but he was one of them, too—a pitcher.

"I know baseball is important to me," he said after another moment or two. "Playing now is like getting a present, and you don't expect presents."

IN Burlington, Ron swung into a gravelly downhill road leading to Centennial Field, and then stopped the Vega unexpectedly and walked over to a small shed on the left-hand side of the road and took from it a large, triangular wooden sign, hinged at the top like a kitchen stepladder. He and Linda carried it up to East Avenue, which we had just left, and set it up on the sidewalk there. "BASEBALL TODAY," it read. "6:00." We parked facing downhill and went down to the park—an ancient dark-green beauty, with the outfield terminating in a grove of handsome old trees. The roofed stands were steeply tilted, and the cast-iron arm at the end of each row of seats bore a "UVM" stamped into the metal. Swallows dipped in and out of the shadows under the grandstand roof. Linda and Ron pointed out the football stadium that rose beyond the left-field fence, and then drew my attention to the back of the football press box perched on its topmost rim—a good hundred feet up there, I suppose. This was history: history made about two weeks earlier, when Darcy Spear had whacked a home run against the Expos that cleared the top of the press box—a Kingman shot, an all-timer.

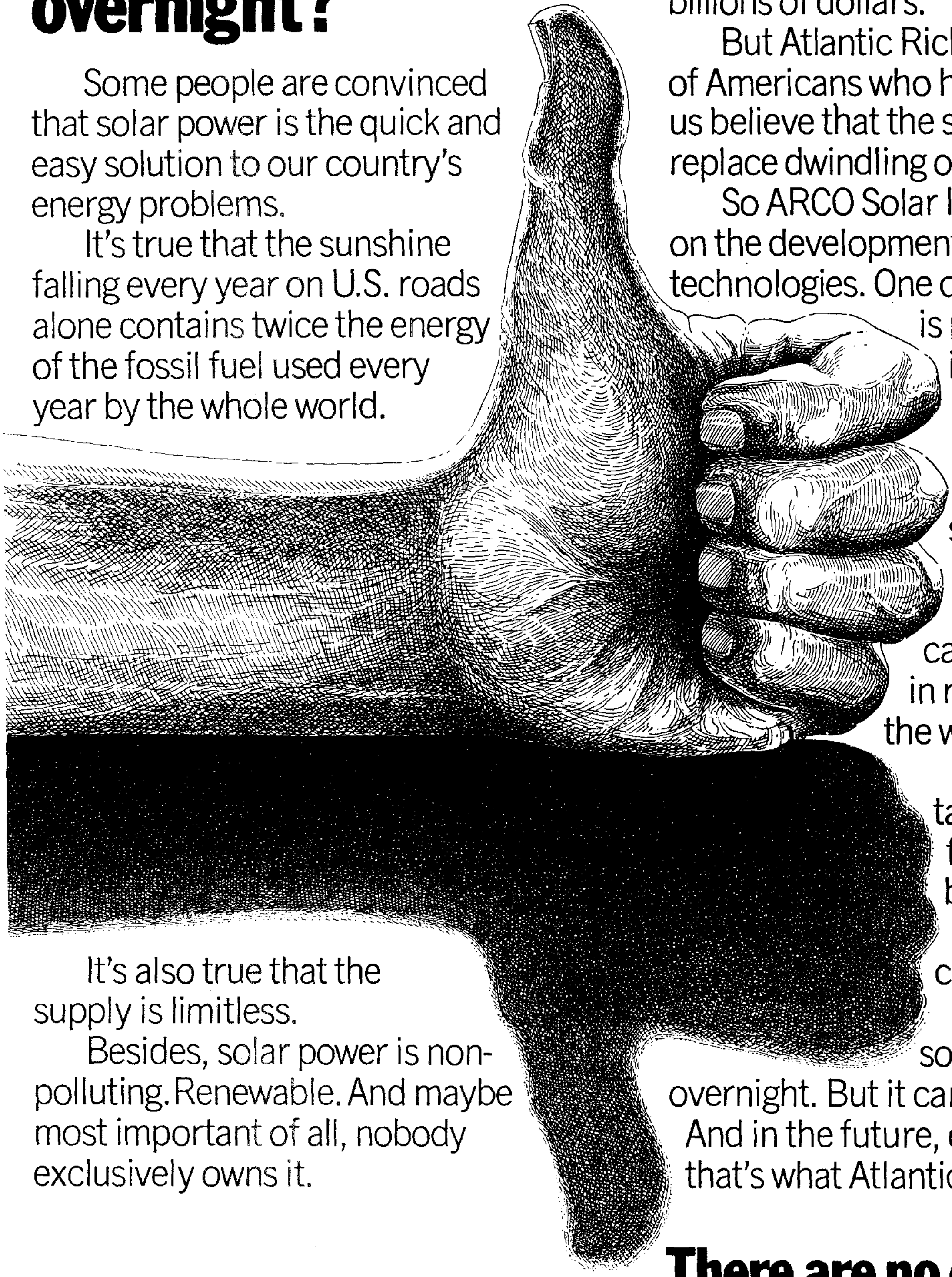
Ron went off to batting practice, and Linda told me she would be selling tickets up at the main automobile gate. It was still a good hour before the game with the Queen City Royals would begin, and I went along. Linda was carrying a big roll of blue tickets and a small envelope of loose change. "Shall we abscond?" I said. She looked into the envelope. "Better wait until a few customers turn up," she said. We leaned on the chain-link fence beside the open gate, listening to the distant crack of bats from the field below, and passed a bottle of warmish beer back and forth. It was a heavy, quiet summer evening.

Linda said she had hardly ever heard Ron talk about his pitching the way he had talked in the car that night. "Basically, I realize I know absolutely nothing about baseball compared to Ron," she said. "But I get tired of the other women around players, who say 'Don't you get tired of him talking about nothing but baseball?' I *hate* that. I think I like the part of Ron that I don't understand. I feel I could get all the knowledge of baseball that he has, and still not understand, because I never played baseball. It's a mystery between us, and I like that. If you know everything about a person, it's sort of a letdown. I just have no idea what he goes through out there on the mound. I

The sun's power may solve our energy problems.
But can it happen overnight?

Some people are convinced that solar power is the quick and easy solution to our country's energy problems.

It's true that the sunshine falling every year on U.S. roads alone contains twice the energy of the fossil fuel used every year by the whole world.



It's also true that the supply is limitless.

Besides, solar power is non-polluting. Renewable. And maybe most important of all, nobody exclusively owns it.

The problem lies in converting sunshine into usable, affordable energy to heat and light our homes and operate our appliances.

At today's rates, if we tried to convert all our oil, gas and nuclear power systems to solar, it would cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

But Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that the sun can one day replace dwindling oil and gas supplies.

So ARCO Solar Industries is working on the development of a number of solar technologies. One of the most promising is photovoltaic electricity, or power from solar "cells."

Today electricity generated from solar cells is powering homes, water pumps and communications repeater sites in remote areas all over the world.

In the not too distant future electricity from solar cells will be available at rates competitive with conventional fuel.

Solar power can't solve our problems overnight. But it can help. A little now. And in the future, quite a lot. At least that's what Atlantic Richfield believes.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

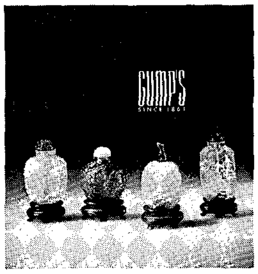
Atlantic Richfield Company

As a guest
of The Lombardy Hotel
you know that it is
quite possible to live
in quiet elegance
in the fashionable heart
of busy, hurrying
New York.

The Lombardy

For our brochure, please telephone
Mrs. Brick ~ 212 753-8600

111 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Just off Park Avenue



Order Now!
1981 Gift Book

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

For the holiday season: Gump's 80-page, full-color gift presentation of 500 items selected from the corners of the world. Orientalia, jewelry, jade, china, silver, crystal, modern gifts, fashions and objets d'art. Reserve your copy NOW for September mailing.

Send $2 for a series of 4 Gift Books

GUMP'S, DEPT. 776, 250 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108
Please send me (   ) Series of 4
Gift Books; $2 each series, enclosed.

Name____________________
Street__________City________
State______________Zip______

get glimpses sometimes, but that's all.

"Ron is truly modest about his talent—you've seen that. I believe all the things about him that he doesn't think or say himself. I believe he could have been a major-league pitcher. I wanted everyone to know about it when he was pitching and was still sick, but he wouldn't let me tell anyone. He didn't want to bother them with it. I think that's sort of heroic. He still doesn't have his fastball back, you know."

The first two or three cars rolled up and stopped for their tickets. "Looks like a nice evening," one man said.

"Yes, it does," Linda said. "Have a nice time, now."

She came back and leaned against the fence again. "I get scared about the day when he can't play ball anymore," she said. "I get teary thinking about it sometimes. He couldn't have planned his life any differently, but sometimes I wish he wouldn't give up on himself so much. There are a lot of other things he could have done. But if he'd planned his life differently I wouldn't be around. There's no one here he can ask, but I get the idea that he knows as much about the technical side of pitching as anyone else. He just learned it himself, I think."

I said I had exactly the same impression.

"Sometimes he asks me to watch a particular thing when he's pitching—whether he's opening his hips, say. But if he asks me about something else afterward—where his foot is coming down, or something like that—then I've totally missed it. I keep wishing his brother George was here, so he could talk baseball with him. There's so much *to* it. To me, baseball is like learning a foreign language. You never learn all the vocabulary, all the endings and idioms. It's what I love about languages."

It came back to me—it was stupid of me not to have remembered it, all this time—that Linda had gone to college right here. The main college buildings were just behind us, over the top of the hill. This was her campus. I asked her what languages she had taken, here at U.V.M.

"The Classics Department got upset with me, because I always wanted to take up more languages, all at the same time," she said, smiling. "I was studying classical Greek, modern Greek, Latin, Russian, and Japanese. I switched majors over and over. I'd do more than anyone expected of me in one thing—like creative writing—and let everything else slide. If I had to do a Milton paper, or something, I'd do it in twenty minutes and hand it in—I *didn't care.* But if I was studying something like rondo alliteration or chiastic alliteration, I'd get so excited I'd forget everything else." She shook her head. "Not *organized.*"

I asked about her own poetry. She had declined to show me her poems.

"I'll never catch up in baseball, but I have my own world," she said. "Ron can read something I've written and he'll say 'That has a nice sound,' or something, but he doesn't see that for once I've got a good slant rhyme in there. And he'll never see things I suddenly notice when I'm reading—that 'chrysanthemum' is such a perfect iambic word, for instance—that so excite me. When we went out to some friends who were having Hayden Carruth for dinner—Ron has read maybe one poem of Carruth's, I'd say—I said to him, 'Remember, you're having dinner with Mickey Mantle.' But maybe I should have said Catfish Hunter, because Ron respects Catfish Hunter in such a special way." She giggled.

More cars were coming in now. A man in one car said, "I'm one of the umpires," and Linda waved him in. He waved back and drove in. His license plate said "UMP."

"I feel a little disappointed in my own career," Linda went on during the next pause. "But it isn't as if you're ever too old to write a good poem. But I don't know many ninety-year-old pitchers—do you? Maybe Ron and I are both wrong to make baseball so important to us. But what the hell, writing a poem isn't so important, either."

I asked what would happen to Ron in the next couple of years.

"If he isn't going to go on playing ball—and he can't for much longer—and if he can't find something that will take up as much of his attention as baseball, I don't know what's going to happen to him," she said. "Maybe he'll get into teaching, or some kind of coaching. He's supposed to teach in a kids' baseball camp later this summer, and then maybe . . ." She shrugged. "He lets things happen. He's that kind of a person. At least he found out he's a professional-level pitcher, but I think he'd feel better if it had got him to the major leagues. And he'll never feel he knows

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO USE A SELF-SERVICE GAS STATION

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY DOING SIMPLE CAR MAINTENANCE YOURSELF.

Gasoline or diesel fuel usually costs less at a self-service station. But too many people think that filling a fuel tank is all there is to self service. You'll do your automobile the most good if you also include a few simple maintenance procedures.

Most self-service pumps have easy-to-follow directions printed right on them. Before you drive into a self-service station, it's helpful to know whether your car takes leaded gas, unleaded gas, or diesel fuel, and also where your fuel tank is located, so that you can pull up to the proper pump and have the fuel tank close at hand. The type of fuel your car requires should be printed on the instrument panel, and the fuel tank location can be found in the owner's manual.

If you don't find instructions on the pump, here's what to do at most stations: 1. Turn off the engine. 2. Remove the fuel cap. 3. Remove the nozzle from the pump and turn the pump lever to "ON." 4. Place the nozzle in your fuel tank and squeeze the trigger. 5. When the trigger clicks off, remove the nozzle from the tank and turn the pump lever to "OFF." 6. Replace your fuel cap.

There are some things, however, that the directions may not tell you. Fuel fumes are highly flammable, so you should never smoke at a service station. Also, fuel caps are easy to forget and lose, so when you remove the cap try to wedge it in between the door to the tank and body of the car, where you're not likely to forget it. All 1981 and most older General Motors cars have fuel caps that twist on and then click when secure.

When you're filling up, try to avoid topping off your tank, since it may overflow. If fuel does spill on your car, you should wash it off as soon as possible, to avoid paint damage.

After you fill your tank, remember to clean your windshield. If you've been driving in bad weather, be sure to wipe off your side mirrors and headlights, too.

A quick-maintenance inspection can help you spot potential trouble. You don't need any expensive tools—just a good quality tire gauge, a rag or paper towel, an oil can spout kept in a plastic bag, and a jug of premixed windshield washer fluid, such as GM Optikleen.

To check your engine oil, pull out the dipstick, wipe it clean, insert it again, then pull it back out. The oil should be between the marks labeled "FULL" and "ADD." If it's below "ADD," add a quart of the oil recommended in your GM owner's manual.

You should also check the coolant level. Most GM cars have a see-through recovery tank. If the level looks low, add coolant to this tank. Never remove the radiator cap when the engine is hot, because pressurized coolant may overflow and burn you.

Periodically check your brake, transmission, and power steering fluid levels. Your owner's manual tells you how. Remember to keep the windshield washer reservoir filled with fluid, too, especially in the winter when you use it most often.

Most GM cars are equipped with maintenance-free batteries. But it's still wise to make sure their cables are on tight and the ends aren't frayed. Look for fraying, cracks, or other signs of wear on belts, too.

Look at tires for signs of wear or worn-out edges which can indicate improper inflation or the need for alignment. Once a month, you should use a tire gauge to check the pressure. In GM cars, the recommended pressure is on the left front door edge or inside the glove compartment. Recommended pressure is for cold tires, so check them before you drive more than a mile.

You'll be putting self-service stations to their best use if you include maintenance checks in your stops for gas. Your GM owner's manual can be an invaluable guide to proper car care. Please use it.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

everything about baseball. Sometimes I'll watch him in the store when we're shopping together, and he'll have a cantaloupe in his hands and he'll be practicing his motion, right there in the store. It's true! And sometimes I'll see him sitting at home in the evening and shaking his head, and I'll ask him why, and he'll say, 'I can't *believe* I threw that pitch.' "

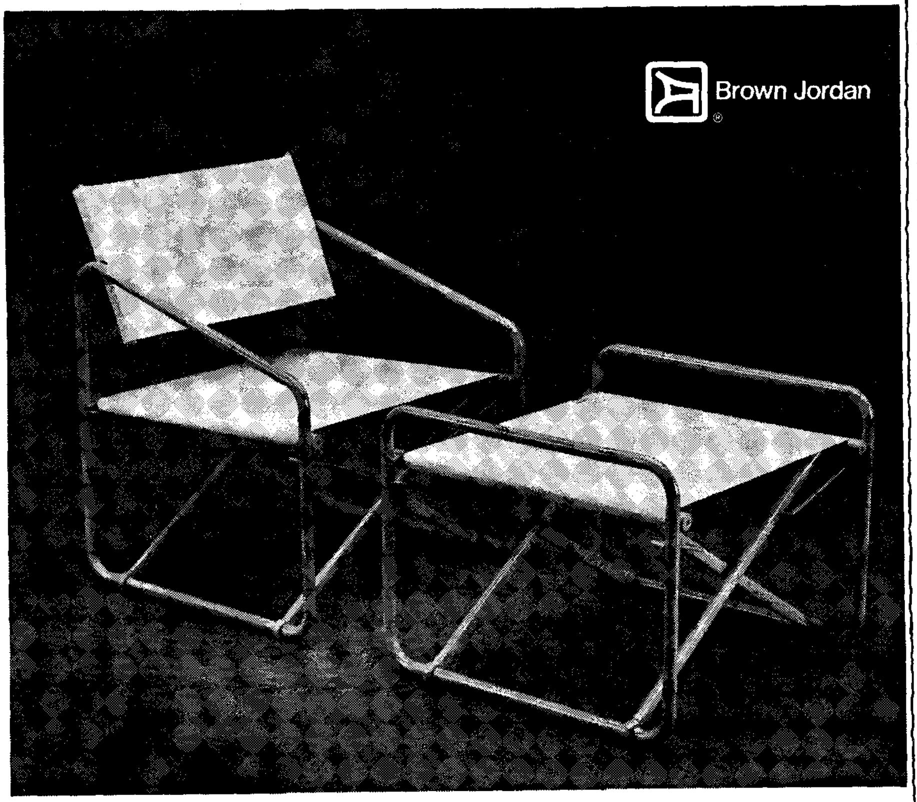
Some cars were rolling up to the gate, and Linda went over to meet them. "I know one thing," she said. "You can't rewrite a pitch."

THE A's had another easy time of it that night. Charlie Corbally pitched and went the distance, and Darcy Spear had three hits and four runs batted in, and the team rolled to a 12–3 win over the Royals. I'd had a hard time finding out the A's place in the standings, because Ron said he couldn't always remember which games counted in the league and which were the informal ones, but he asked Paul, who said the club was now four and four in the league, and something like eight and five for the season over all. None of it mattered much. The next night was what mattered—the game against the Expos.

A lot of people turned out for that one—more than three hundred fans, including Larry Brown, who had brought his wife, Shirley, and one of his daughters, Laureen, and one of his sons, Stephen, and Earl Domina. We all sat together, behind first base. Even before the game began, I could see that the Expos—they wore the same parti-colored red-and-blue-and-white caps that the Montreal players do—were quicker and much more confident than most of the other Northern League players I had seen. They all looked like ballplayers. It was a wonderful game, it turned out, stuffed with close plays and heads-up, opportunistic baseball, and the A's won it, 3–2. Darcy Spear got the big hit once again—a two-run, two-out single in the third. Ron Goble started, but Paul Farrar had said beforehand he wouldn't let him pitch more than four innings; then he would bring in Steve Gallacher to mop up. Both pitchers were tired, and the staff was a little thin just now. Ron retired the first two Expos batters in the first and then gave up a bunt single. He walked the next man. He was falling behind on the count, and I noticed that he didn't seem to have his full, free motion out there. The next batter hit a sure third-out grounder to Greg

a small hotel

PARK HYATT℠
ON WATER TOWER SQUARE, CHICAGO
312 280 2222



Brown Jordan®

Casual elegance. Unmistakably Brown Jordan®

Nomad®... Foldable. Portable. Versatile. The beauty of an original design in handcrafted aluminum. To be admired... and used. For years.

At leading stores and interior designers. Write for a free brochure, or send $3 for a 72-page catalog and the address of your nearest dealer. Brown Jordan, Dept. BZ031, P.O. Box 5688, El Monte, CA 91734.

Wells, but the ball took a bad hop at the last instant and jumped over Wells' glove for a single and an Expos run. Ron walked the next batter, and Paul came out to the mound to settle him down. Ron fell behind on the following batter, too, and eventually walked him, forcing in another run. Linda stared out at the field without expression. The next Expo rammed a hard shot toward third, but Tinker Jarvis made a good play on the ball and threw to second for the force, ending the inning.

In the next inning, Ron gave up two trifling singles through the middle. With two out, the Expos tried a fancy delayed double steal, with the base runner heading toward second intentionally getting himself hung up in the hope that his man from third could score before the out, but Greg Wells made the play perfectly, stopping and wheeling and firing to the plate in time to nail the runner there. Ron also got through the third unscathed, although he surrendered a single and hit a batter with one of his pitches. From time to time, Ron came off the mound between pitches and stared at the ground, his hands on his hips. In the top of the fourth, now defending a 3–2 lead, he walked the lead-off Expos hitter. The next Expos batter, a right-handed hitter, stood in and Ron hit him on the knee with his first pitch, and Paul Farrar came onto the field slowly and took him out of the game. It hadn't been a disastrous outing—with a couple of small breaks, Ron probably could have gone his four innings without giving up a run—but his struggles on the mound in search of his control had been painful to watch, especially for those of us who remembered his easy, elegant dominance over the batters in his previous game, down in Brattleboro. This kind of turnabout is a frightful commonplace for pitchers, as Ron had said himself, the day before in the car: It's always different.

Steve Gallacher came in and got the next Expos man to rap into an instant double play, and then retired the next man on a fly ball, ending the threat. Then Gallacher set down the remaining nine men in succession, fanning four of them—an outstanding pitching performance that nailed down the win. He got a terrific hand when he came off the field, and he deserved it.

After the game, Ron spotted Larry Brown's car just as it was about to leave the parking lot and ran over to

At Christmas Time let the Museum Shop come to you

The Metropolitan Museum Catalogue – on every page, an object to delight the eye and fire the imagination. From every corner of the earth, superb gifts in gold, silver, pewter, brass, silk, glass, porcelain, faithfully reproduced from the originals in the Museum's own collection. Prices range from under $5 to over $1000. Available only by mail from the catalogue, or at the Museum Shop. Send for your catalogue now.

N341

The Metropolitan Museum of Art 255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the new 116-page Christmas Catalogue* plus the special Christmas issues of Books & Prints and Presents for Children. Enclosed is $1.00 to cover mailing costs.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

*Your Christmas catalogue will be mailed September 1st.

If you'd like a booklet describing our distillery tour, drop Ray (or Clay) a line.

VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY and it's likely that one of these gentlemen will show you around.

That's Garland Dusenberry, our weekend guide, standing on your left. Big Yodeler Brannon is the gentleman with the walking stick. And the Rogers twins, Clay and Ray, are seated in between. Behind, you've got Boss Edens, Billy Carpenter and Lamont Weaver. Each of these boys can talk forever about Jack Daniel's. But just a sip, we believe, will tell you a whole lot more.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

say hello. He squatted down beside the driver's side of the car for a good five minutes, talking to Larry about the game. All around the parking lot, you could see the young Expo and A's players standing in their uniforms beside their cars, tossing their spikes and gloves into the back seats, lifting a beer here and there, and laughing with little groups of friends and with their young wives or girlfriends. I was sorry to be leaving. I was staying in Burlington that night, at a motel, so that I could make an early start back to New York the next morning.

Ron and Linda and I went to a bar-restaurant she knew, up a flight of stairs in Burlington. Linda and I ordered drinks and sandwiches. Ron asked for three large glasses of water, and drank them off, one after the other. Then he had a gin rickey and a sandwich, too. He was still in uniform.

"I learned how to drink in here, I think," Linda said, looking around. "A long time ago."

Ron said, "The last time I pitched, I started from the middle of the plate and began to work it out toward the corners. Tonight, it was the other way around. I started on the outside and I never did get it together." He shook his head. "I can't think how long it's been since I hit two batters."

"Well, at least we won," Linda said.

"Yes, at least we won," I said. "You guys ought to keep me around some more."

Ron had stopped listening. He was staring across the room, with a quiet, faraway look on his face. Linda put her hand on his crossed left leg, just above the white part of his cutouts, and watched him with an expression of immense care and affection. He was still in the game.

—Roger Angell

•

Managers of European Sales office, must have: very good knowledge in international trade, export-import, selling and buying new and used aircraft. Must be certified to fly single and multi engine aircraft, instrument rated. Trans Atlantic experience mandatory. Must speak and write English, German, French, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian. Must be able to operate telex, telefax and computer. Salary plus 15 percent of gross, net per sale. Days and hours will vary. Also: Manager of Middle East Sales Office. With above qualifications plus DC3, DC8, DC9, etc. Ratings and very good knowledge of Italian, Arabic and Swahili languages.—*Adv. in the Vero Beach (Fla.) Press-Journal.*

Guys like that are a dime a dozen.

THE THEATRE

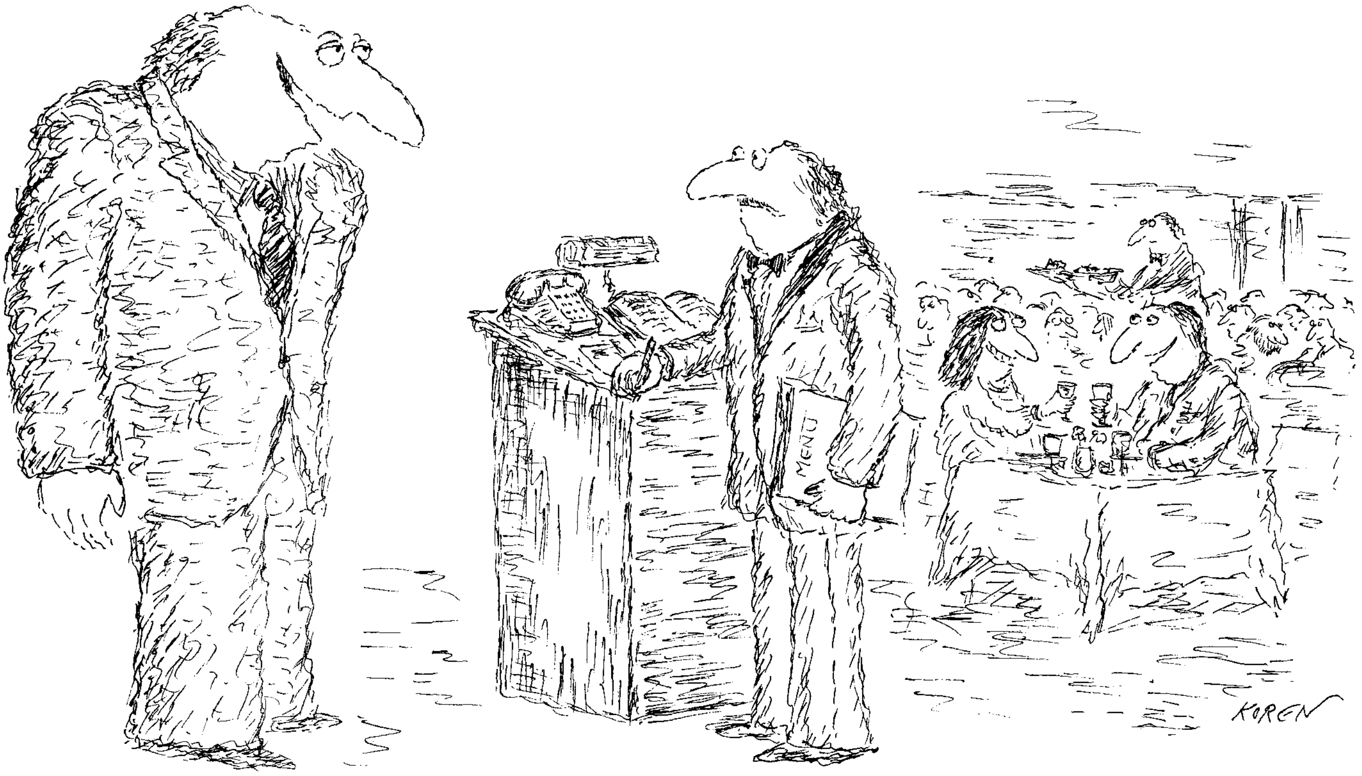
Shadow People

DARKLY, through a scrim of dismally conventional sit-com one-liners, I could discern the notion—the Jamesian donnée—that must have prompted George Furth to believe that he had in "The Supporting Cast" the basis for a worthwhile comedy. (The play opened at the Biltmore last Thursday evening, in what might be called the dead of summer.) A pretty woman no longer in her first youth, living in luxury in a beach house at Malibu, is the wife of a highly successful writer; she is reputed to be responsible for much of his success, but she modestly, smilingly rejects the compliment. Nevertheless, she is not altogether without ego; it has occurred to her to write a novel, in the course of which she asks whether the people who live in the shadow of the celebrated and who work hard to further their celebrity are not perhaps the true heroes of our hyped-up culture. She has used as characters in her novel a number of friends who are in situations similar to hers; now the novel is about to be published, and she has summoned the friends to Malibu for a merry lunch, preparatory to handing them the novel for their scrutiny. She has reason to believe that they will not be wholly enchanted by her depiction of them, and the action of the play turns out to consist largely of their shouts of outrage and accusations of betrayal. As the time draws near for the final curtain, indignation suddenly and implausibly vanishes without a trace, because the novel is expected to be a big hit and the shadow people perceive that they will themselves emerge at last into the welcome light of fame.

Furth might have contrived to make a satisfactory short story out of this material—James certainly could have done so with his left hand—but he has failed to create a play. Bickering and bawling are insufficient forms of plotting, even when they are given voice by such attractive performers as Jack Gilford, Betty Garrett, Hope Lange, and Joyce Van Patten. The only other member of the cast is Sandy Dennis, and I cannot bring myself to call her performance attractive; in the role of the neurotic, hard-drinking wife of a congressman, she amounts to little more than a grisly apparition—a Malibu Lady Macbeth, with hints here and there of the samurai fierceness of Toshiro Mifune. The set of "The Supporting Cast," which is plainly capable of being lived in, if not acted in, is by William Ritman, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, and the direction is by Gene Saks, who has devoted much of his talent to the working out of a series of sight gags in which people constantly bump into a sliding glass door that they believe to be open when it is shut.

"The Supporting Cast" is the sort of failed comedy that invariably prompts theatregoers to burst out in genuine distress, "But why on earth do so many distinguished actors waste their time on such trash?" The answer is, of course, that all actors, whether distinguished or not, would rather act than do anything else on earth, and on being offered a script to read they practice an anesthesia of the intellect in which foolish hopes breed like maggots. Handy proof of this contention can be found in last week's *Variety*, in the department headed "Casting News." There one learns that there are a number of parts available in a new play called "Einstein and the Polar Bear." One of them is described as follows: "Male, 60s, understudy, victim of a stroke, physically and mentally broken." And do you know what? I'm prepared to wager a goodly sum that hundreds of actors are already lined up outside the producer's door pleading to be given a chance to play this once-in-a-lifetime role.

—BRENDAN GILL

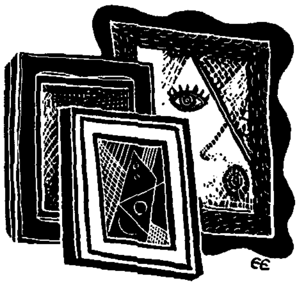


"I'm a party of one."

THE ART WORLD

The Antic Muse

A FORMER Long Island City public school reborn as an "alternative space" for art and artists, P.S. 1, recently put on a show of humorous art by eight young artists. The New Museum, on lower Fifth Avenue, has scheduled for next fall an exhibition called "Not Just for Laughs," which will consist of what the curator calls "extremely funny works in various media that use paradox, exaggeration, outrage, incongruity, surprise, subversion, and/or false logic as basic formal means." A new trend? It is the fashion in certain circles, of course, to treat the whole spectacle of contemporary art as a vulgar comedy, but I doubt whether even the holders of that view expect to laugh out loud in an art gallery—as I did last season, for example, at Sharron Quasius's very large sewn and stuffed canvas replicas of famous tableaux, such as "The Raft of the Medusa," "The Rape of the Sabines," and "Custer's Last Stand," at O.K. Harris. I was also much diverted by Robert Arneson's ceramic portraits, at Allan Frumkin, one of which showed Pablo Picasso scratching his back in a gesture exactly matching that of a formerly enigmatic figure in "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," and by a show of Polaroid photographs by William Wegman, at Holly Solomon's, in which Wegman's talented weimaraner was caught in a variety of risible costumes and poses with a female model. The season's real boffola, though, was Sam Wiener's "Splendors of the Sohites," at O.K. Harris last September. A sly parody of blockbuster museum loan shows, right down to the attached gift shop, "Splendors" featured archeological fragments of a supposedly vanished SoHo civilization—"funerary objects" that strangely resembled abandoned hubcaps, heavily patinaed beer-can tabs labelled "hermaphrodite symbols," and other marvels.



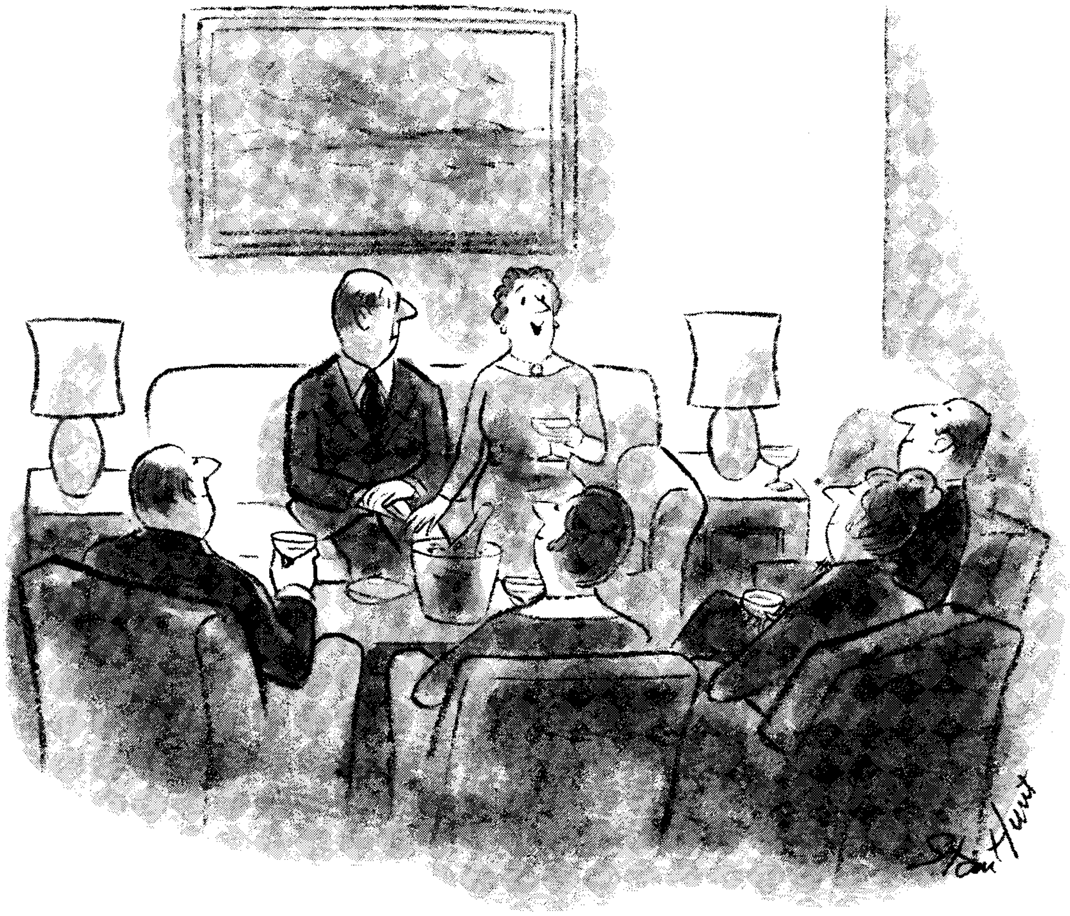
Until fairly recently, comedy has been a very minor tributary of the mainstream of art. The priapic paintings on Greek pots, the fanciful beasts that enliven the margins of medieval manuscripts, the grotesqueries of Bosch and Bruegel, the satiric wit of Rowlandson, Hogarth, and Daumier are acceptable to art history, to be sure, but in a peripheral way; there has been no real counterpart of the comic tradition in literature that allows Molière and Mark Twain into the pantheon with Racine and Melville. Serious art could not be humorous, and vice versa. Along with many other aesthetic assumptions, this sober view began to break down early in our century. Picasso, Miró, Klee, and Max Ernst tapped veins of humor and wit without descending to "minor" aesthetic levels: Picasso's "Baboon and Young" sculpture, with two child's toy automobiles for a head, is among his best-known works, while Klee's birdlike, semi-abstract "Twittering Machine" is one of the prizes of the Museum of Modern Art. It was Marcel Duchamp, however, who quietly undermined the whole notion of serious art and its humorless hierarchies. Duchamp's humor was subtle and blasphemous. He had come of age as an artist a few years before the First World War, at a time when art was an intensely serious matter to most of his colleagues (his brothers included). For reasons that are still endlessly debated, Duchamp recoiled from this attitude. Art, he decided, was "a habit-forming drug," pleasant enough in its way but not nearly so important a thing as daily life. The religion of art, he said, was "not even as good as God." Duchamp's absolute iconoclasm led to his invention of the "ready-made"—a factory-made object, such as a bottle-drying rack or a snow shovel, removed from its utilitarian function and metamorphosed, by the mere act of his signing it, into a work of art. For nearly half a century, Duchamp's message was largely ignored or misunderstood—ignored in Europe, where until ten years ago he was considered a minor artist who had gone to live in New York, and misunderstood here, where in recent years his acolytes have attempted to prove, on the basis of his meagre and extremely bizarre oeuvre, that he was the most important artist who has ever lived. It is almost never recalled that Duchamp referred to his "Large Glass"—the "masterpiece" on which he worked, off and on, for eleven years and then left unfinished—as "a hilarious picture." Not many people got the joke.

A few did, though, and they went on to invent Pop Art. Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Rosenquist, and the other Pop artists may not have been thinking of Duchamp when they began using commercial objects and advertising images as subject matter, but they were certainly acting in his spirit. Rauschenberg and Johns, whose influence on the Pops was more immediate, had absorbed certain things from Duchamp—notably the desire to make works that were not reflections of their own personal feelings—but neither of them really went along with Duchamp's iconoclasm. Rauschenberg and Johns still believed that art was a serious matter. Pop Art infuriated people at first, because its perpetrators appeared to be totally unserious. They were making fun of art—not only of Abstract Expressionism, with its cult of the heroically suffering self, but of all art, past and future. How else could you interpret a painting that was an almost verbatim blow-up of a Mickey Mouse comic strip, or a stuffed hamburger seven feet across? These things were in the art galleries, and people were laughing, and other people were buying them, and that, the die-easies said, was it—the end of art.

Art has survived, it seems. More surprisingly, the leading Pop artists turned out to be every bit as serious as the Abstract Expressionists. Oldenburg evoked many laughs in the sixties with his drawings of proposed colossal monuments—a giant Teddy bear for the north end of Central Park, a vast toilet float for the Thames in London, a towering clothespin as a "Late Submission to the Chicago Tribune Architectural Competition of 1922"—but in the seventies some of these actually got built. (A forty-five-foot-tall "Clothespin" stands in Philadelphia's Centre Square.) "Yes, my work is humorous, but you get over that," said Oldenburg, who now devotes most of his time to monumental public commissions. Rosenquist, without abandoning his style of juxtaposed images in large scale, has become an artist whose work is now seen to have a connection to late Surrealism. Warhol, whom the spirit of comedy never touched, was always more interested in notoriety than in art, and there he has succeeded beyond all expectations. The only one of the original Pop group who still evokes the antic muse more or less full time is Lichtenstein. Although Lichtenstein is not generally thought of as an artist with followers, I suspect that his enormous success, critical as well as financial, has not been lost on the younger generation. With Lichtenstein, it could be said that humor has finally broken through into the upper brackets of serious art.

The currently touring retrospective exhibition of Lichtenstein's work of the last decade, organized by Jack Cowart, the curator of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art at the St. Louis Museum, should solidify Lichtenstein's standing as the most prolific, consistent, and intelligent artist to emerge from the Pop movement. (The exhibition comes to the Whitney Museum in September.) To this observer, who has followed his career with interest and some perplexity, it is a surprisingly beautiful show. I had never before thought Lichtenstein's work beautiful. The drastic oversimplifications of his well-known style—unmodulated standard colors, heavy black outlines, and the use of enlarged benday dots and striping to simulate the mechanical processes of printing—had seemed to work against the sort of pleasure that one feels, for instance, in looking at a Matisse. Lichtenstein's basic style has not changed much in the work of the last decade. The pictures and the metal sculptures are executed in the same cool, uningratiating, impersonal manner. But the over-all effect is decorative in the best sense: there is an inner harmony that gives pleasure. Lichtenstein has enlarged his palette somewhat. Although he depends mostly on the same unvarying blue, red, yellow, and green that he settled on in the early sixties, he has added subtler hues, which he uses sparingly but to excellent effect—blue-greens and pale blues, several shades of gray, peach, silver, rose. He is a clever manipulator of color. Instead of modulating his basic primaries and secondaries, he achieves the color balance he wants by adjustments in scale or by placement; the limitations he chooses to impose make his effects more intense. I am inclined to think, though, that the beauty of this show has a lot to do with the eye of the beholder. When Pop Art first broke on the scene, in 1962, all we could really see of it was the subject matter. Lichtenstein's subjects were in many ways more shocking than either Oldenburg's or Warhol's—war comics and love comics and blowups of the most banal advertising images. Lichtenstein used a great many different images—more than anyone else—but gradually we got used to them, to their crudeness and their cold, commercial look, and began to be able to see what else was going on. A decade of critical exegesis has made the point that Lichtenstein, with his clear, flat color areas and carefully organized pictorial space, has more in common with his contemporaries Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella—abstract painters—than with Oldenburg and Warhol. This helps to explain why his work now looks beautiful. But to turn Lichtenstein into a formalist artist is to blind ourselves in another way. His work, after all, is not abstract. The subject matter may have become acceptable, but it is still there, in a very large way, and it is still humorous, and therefore subversive, and therefore a problem.

"When I get an idea for a picture, it's usually funny," Lichtenstein told me recently. Not necessarily comical, he went on to say—it could be funny in the sense of odd, of something not usually associated with art. In the current retrospective, for example, there are some paintings from a series he did of business offices—paintings that mimic the advertisements for chairs and desks which one sees in the back pages of newspapers. The pictures are not "funny," but the idea of doing them was certainly odd. The idea, it seems to me, is distinctly reminiscent of Duchamp's readymades. Lichtenstein simply took the machine-made, utilitarian object at a further remove (its printed reproduction) and converted it into "art." The Duchampian irony was compounded in the sixties when Duchamp's readymades were recreated in multiple sets (the originals



"Oh, well, we were all young once—except, of course, Beresford."

had almost all been lost or destroyed) and sold for high prices to collectors. Lichtenstein's paintings of office furniture sell for much higher prices than those today, but the irony goes unnoticed. Is it possible that we are missing half the fun?

In the early seventies, Lichtenstein, whose work usually runs in series, did a number of paintings of mirrors. The paintings are as close as he has come to abstractions. What we see is white canvas interspersed with patches of dots in graduated scale, areas of solid color or black, and occasional curved lines. These mirrors reflect nothing but light and shade—not the light and shade that obsessed the Impressionists and generations of earlier artists but light and shade as shown in cheap commercial ads. He also did a series of "Entablatures," paintings based on the geometric stonework designs under the cornices of buildings on Wall Street and elsewhere; among other things, the Entablatures can be viewed as early Greek Revival Minimal Art. Another series recalls the meticulously painted trompe-l'oeil pictures of the nineteenth-century American artists William Harnett and J. F. Peto; they are imitations of imitations, right down to the fly on the wall, which in Lichtenstein's version will never be mistaken for a real one.

In the sixties, Lichtenstein had "done" Picasso, Mondrian, and Monet, sometimes in direct imitations of specific works but more often by simply appropriating salient characteristics of the master and applying them to paintings à la Lichtenstein, with benday-dot shading and striping. Lichtenstein's versions of Cubism, Purism, Futurism, Surrealism, and Expressionism, all done in the seventies, make up a large part of the St. Louis retrospective. His method, as before, is oversimplification—boiling down the original to the point where it can be "reproduced" in his commercial-printer's style. Often this results in a dazzlingly clear restatement of a complex visual idea—an image that is in some ways stronger than the original, although totally lacking in subtlety or nuance, and a lot truer to the original than most of the color reproductions that we get in art books. What are we to make of such an odd procedure? Lichtenstein's Cubism is not exactly a parody, but something funny is going on all the same. Observe, ladies and gentlemen, how the Lichtenstein art machine can save you work: Under-

©American Express Company, 1978

"When was the last time you had Reindeer with lingonberries?"

"In 1789."

The 1789 Restaurant, in historic Georgetown, serving superb French cuisine. 1226 36th St., N.W., 965-1789.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

COMING SOON, THE BEAUTIFUL

Lord & Taylor

1981 CHRISTMAS BOOK–RESERVE YOUR COPY TODAY

Not to be missed, our annual celebration of gifts, fashion, decorations and every amenity for holiday entertaining, selected just for you from every corner of the world. Send 3.00 for your copy now.

Mail Order Department
Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018

Please send me the Lord & Taylor Christmas Catalogue. Enclosed is 3.00

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State______ Zip______

☐ Please include an application for a Lord & Taylor Charge Account.

stand Cubism in one easy lesson! See how the Futurists tried (and failed) to capture motion on canvas! Penetrate the mysteries of Surrealism without inconveniencing your subconscious! Lichtenstein presents recent art history as a readymade. It is quite conceivable that he will go on to do the same for earlier periods, all the way back to the Old Stone Age.

Much of the art of any period is "about" other art, insofar as it is about anything. Not since Duchamp, though, has an artist treated the subject of art with such sweeping irreverence. At an early point in his career, Lichtenstein looked around and saw that "almost all of the landscape, all of our environment, seems to be made up partially of the desire to sell products." In the sixties, he painted the products and the idiotic, hard-sell ads behind them. In the seventies, when art became a high-priced commodity promoted by hard-sell techniques, he painted that, too. The joke is there, but the joke is not all that's there. Lichtenstein's most recent series of paintings makes new use of the famous "brushstroke" with which he satirized the spontaneity and emotionalism of Abstract Expressionism in the mid-sixties. The earlier pictures showed one or more large, dripping brushstrokes that filled the frame—simulated brushstrokes, laboriously painted in slow stages. The new paintings are still-lifes—simple and uncluttered images—whose contours are formed by the thick, flowing line of the simulated brushstroke. These are lovely paintings. The pleasure they give is warmer, less cerebral, and more intense than any I have found before in this artist's work. It is as though, after gently kidding Matisse on numerous occasions, Lichtenstein had decided to step into his shoes for a moment. The humor here is very close to high comedy—a grace that touches the emotions. —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

NOSTALGIA NOTES FROM ALL OVER

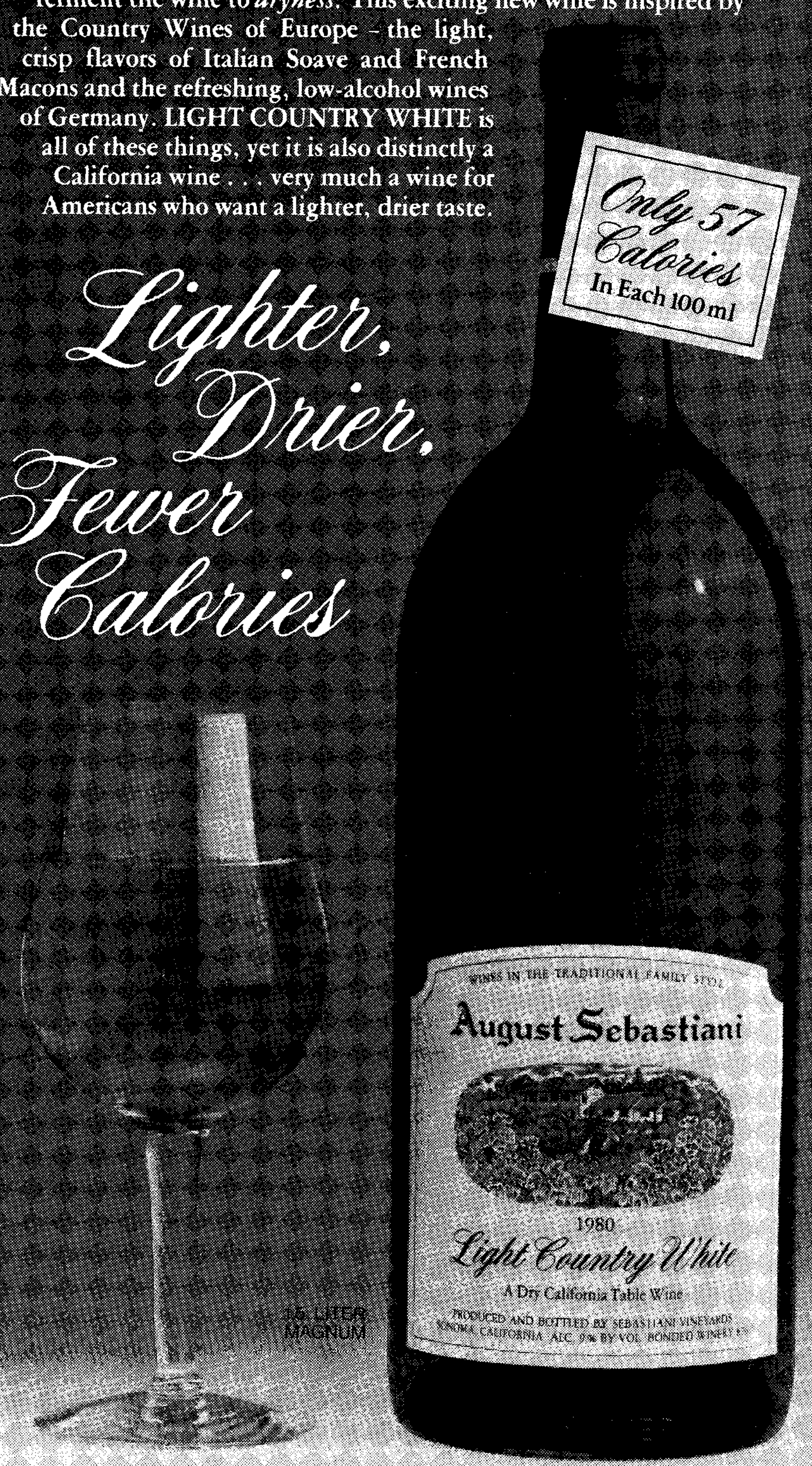
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Help commemorate the 69th anniversary of the Titanic disaster by reliving the event with some of the survivors. Dance to music of the era and eat a dinner like the one that was served aboard the ill-fated ship the night she sank. Also, screenings of the three films that depict the disaster: "Atlantic," a German film made in 1929; "Titanic," and "A Night to Remember." Saturday. Dinner served at 6 and 8 p.m., with music and film screenings to follow. Variety Arts Center.

"Inspired by the Country Wines of Europe."

LIGHT COUNTRY WHITE pays tribute to the innovative wine-making tradition of AUGUST SEBASTIANI. To produce this low-alcohol wine, we select grapes with ideal sugar / acid balance. Because sugar, as well as alcohol, contains calories, we then ferment the wine to *dryness*. This exciting new wine is inspired by the Country Wines of Europe - the light, crisp flavors of Italian Soave and French Macons and the refreshing, low-alcohol wines of Germany. LIGHT COUNTRY WHITE is all of these things, yet it is also distinctly a California wine . . . very much a wine for Americans who want a lighter, drier taste.

Lighter, Drier, Fewer Calories



Light Country White

©1981 SEBASTIANI VINEYARDS — A FAMILY WINERY IN THE SONOMA VALLEY

LETTER FROM ROME

THE climate of erratic public violence that culminated, on the afternoon of May 13th, in the shooting of Pope John Paul II is still one that most Italians are not used to. Despite more than a decade of terrorist killing, kidnapping, and kneecap smashing, a rising crime rate, and periodic confrontations in the streets between different bands of armed political extremists, the first reaction of many people here to the attack on the Pope was incredulity. A typical one was that of a middle-aged man who heard the news as he lounged outside a bar on the Via della Croce, near the Piazza di Spagna. "What's happening here? Has everyone gone crazy? They're even going after the Pope now!" he shouted. Like most other Romans, he immediately looked about for electronic confirmation of the event, and joined a group of silent listeners gathered around the open doors of a parked Fiat sedan in which the driver had turned the radio up to full volume.

For the next couple of hours, the whole city seemed to be holding its breath as the confused, often contradictory accounts of the attempted assassination and the Pope's medical condition were disseminated by radio and television. In front of St. Peter's, the remnants of the large crowd that had gathered for the pontiff's regular Wednesday-afternoon audience—a few of its members had actually witnessed the shooting—lingered, some of them prayerfully, to listen to the Vatican loudspeakers, which continued to broadcast. In two of the city's largest squares, the Piazza Navona and the Piazza del Popolo, political rallies prompted by a forthcoming national referendum were hastily suspended, but many of the participants chose to remain there rather than return to the privacy of their homes. It was as if at that moment much of Rome preferred to remain outside, where people could quietly discuss the unbelievable event and would not have to face alone the implications of an act that had seemed to most Italians not merely incredible but unthinkable. The dominant sounds of the moment, apart from the amplified voices of the broadcasters, were the bleatings of police sirens and, overhead, the whirring of helicopter blades. Only the authorities made noise; the familiar, argumentative voices of the Romans in their streets were, for once, stilled by the enormity of an ugly historical event.

Around dinnertime, when it became clear that Pope John Paul would probably survive his wounds, people began at last to go home. By then, it had also become generally known that the attacker was almost certainly a Turkish terrorist—a foreigner, in other words, unacquainted with the laws of a humane and civilized society. "Yesterday's infamous assassination attempt was not, therefore, nurtured by the Italian climate," commented an editorial on the front page of Rome's daily *Il Messaggero* the following morning. The writer also observed that the act had nothing in common with the life of the nation or with its institutions but was partially a result of Italy's geographical position, making it a crossroads between East and West. The same day, on the front page of *L'Unità*, the official organ of Italy's Communist Party, an unsigned comment deplored "the extrinsic barbarity" that had thrust itself into prominence at a particularly delicate moment for the survival of Italian democracy. And a day later, in the highly regarded *Corriere Della Sera*, of Milan, a writer named G. Barbiellini Amidei lauded the Italian people as a whole for having behaved "without hysteria, without fear, and without hatred when confronted by such an incredible piece of news." Signor Amidei also pointed out that this response to an attack on "the most popular, most loved, and most discussed" man in Italy came not only at a time when the country was being asked to vote on a number of difficult issues, including an abortion law on which the Pope himself had taken a highly controversial public stand, but also during a period when the nation was riddled with scandal and people were being forced to witness "the long parade of the corrupt, the corrupters, the schemers, the Pharisees, and Pontius Pilates." The Italians, the author concluded, had once again risen above the inadequacy of their social and political circumstances and the squalor of their historical misfortunes to reëstablish in the world's eyes their essential humanity and faith in the common good.

Such sentiments not only were fairly typical of the reactions to the shooting itself but expressed very clearly the need of most Italians to believe that they still live in a country free of the sort of irrational acts of violence that afflict less ancient societies, especially ours. "Whenever I go to America, I feel I am in a movie about the Wild West," a Milanese businessman once informed me. "At any moment, someone will step around the corner of a building with a gun in his hand." In Italy, violence has traditionally been much more predictable. Terrorists strike at traditional targets—politicians, judges, policemen, journalists. Riots in the streets often involve groups of fanatics, and, in any case, can be easily bypassed, since most political demonstrations are announced in the press a day or two in advance or take place as a result of some well-known public event, like an election rally or a strike; people simply avoid the parts of town where agitations are most likely to occur. Violent crimes are committed for logical reasons, primarily a need for money, or in the course of gang wars between criminal bands competing for territory and markets. Spontaneous violence occurs over questions of passion and sexual desire. The reluctance of most foreign visitors, especially Americans and Japanese, to wander about the streets except in large groups convoyed by paid guides has always struck the Italians as peculiar, for, even late at night, the parts of town that tourists favor, such as Rome's *cèntro storico*, have always been quite safe. The main sources of trouble there have traditionally been the *scippatori*, youths mounted on motor scooters whose specialty is purse snatching, and the pickpockets who work the buses and the more crowded luxury shopping areas. "A couple of years ago, we began closing down all our lunatic asylums and sending the inmates home to their families," a lawyer friend of mine told me recently, "but no one has since climbed the Tower of Pisa or the Colosseum to shoot people for the fun of it."

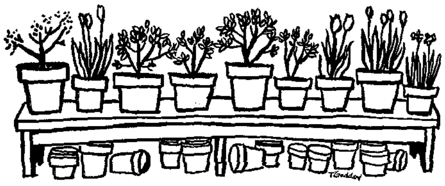
The assassination attempt in St. Peter's Square, however, has forced many people here to confront the unpleasant reality that a lot has changed over the past few years. While it is still true that the individual act of violence remains enough of a rarity to make the newspapers whenever it does occur, and often merits a headline or two, the fact is that it no longer surprises most people. But the unpredictability of such events, though not exactly a new factor, is one that few citizens had become aware of. The pictures on television and in the press of the expressionless features of the Pope's assailant, his blank eyes and sealed lips, so similar to the faces of Italy's own terrorists and younger criminal elements, have had an enlightening effect. They have brought home to many Italians the alarming possibility that their society, with its new industrial slums and its swarms of rootless, discontented young people, many of them unemployed and some heavily involved in the use of drugs (according to the most recent statistics of our Drug Enforcement Administration, Italy ranks second in Europe only to Yugoslavia in its heroin traffic), has begun to spawn the sort of unmotivated savagery that has become common elsewhere.

At about five o'clock on the afternoon of June 8th, for example, seven young toughs armed with heavy chains and clubs boarded a crowded public bus in the Montesacro area (a middle-class residential district), methodically smashed most of the windows, and, as the terrified passengers watched, beat up the driver when he attempted to stop them, then calmly got off and dispersed, some on foot, the rest on motorcycles. The act, characterized by a reporter as a "clockwork orange," was seemingly unmotivated.

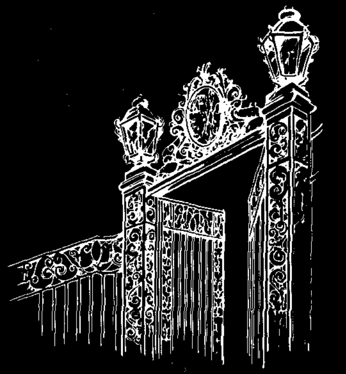
In commenting on the attack on the Pope, Indro Montanelli, a distinguished conservative journalist and the editor of Milan's *Il Giornale Nuovo*, observed, "Even if it becomes verified that we are dealing with a maniac, his madness has had plenty of fertilizer, and we must reflect upon that fact and upon who put it there."

FOR the past several months, the nation has been in a ferment of political unrest unprecedented since the early years of the republic, following the Second World War. The attempt on the Pope's life took place, in fact, only four days before the Italians were to vote in a national referendum on five propositions, all of them crucial to the structure of the society and two of them attempting to repeal the country's fairly liberal abortion law, passed only three years ago. The whole question of abortion has, of course, always been an explosive issue in this Roman Catholic society, and all the more so in recent months as Pope John Paul repeatedly declared himself publicly opposed to abortion for almost any reason and repeatedly threw the weight of the Church behind the effort, sponsored by Italy's Right to Life Movement, to enact a much more restrictive abortion law. The present one went into effect on May 22, 1978, and provides for free abortions in public clinics and hospitals for women over the age of eighteen who have been impregnated against their will, who are carrying a malformed or brain-damaged fetus, or who can prove that their family, economic, and/or social circumstances make it undesirable for them to give birth.

For many people here, the outspokenness of "Papa Wojtyla," as the Pope is often referred to in the press, on this and other issues of concern to his church has revived uncomfortable memories. It has been pointed out, for instance, that not since the early postwar years—the late nineteen-forties and early fifties—when the struggle for political power between Italy's large and powerful Communist Party and the Christian Democrats was a day-to-day issue, has the doctrinaire Catholic point of view intruded so strongly into the temporal concerns of the state. "But the comparison is deceptive," an observer named Luigi Accattoli commented on May 9th, in a special supplement on the Vatican published by Rome's independent daily *La Repubblica*. "Neither the Church nor the society is the same, nor is it the same Curia or the same Christian Democratic Party, and the Pope is neither an Italian nor a Christian Democrat." The point that this writer and others have been making is, in essence, that this dynamic, foreign-born pontiff, at the head of roughly eight thousand Catholic lay organizations, has been mobilizing his church as a social force. This is an extremely touchy issue in a nation with a very long history of friction between church and state and of uncomfortable political accommodations too often sustained in past centuries by the reliance of papal governments on the support of foreign bayonets. Most Italians, even in a city with a strong anticlerical tradition, like Rome, recognize that the Pope has every right to make his views known on such questions as the abortion issue, which certainly falls within the purview of the Church's spiritual concerns, but what has disturbed many is the political aggressiveness he and his bishops have displayed in propagating their views. In Italy as a whole, it has made him a respected figure, as the fearless head of his church and a spokesman for the deepest concerns of the human conscience, but not an overwhelmingly popular one.



THE vote of May 17th and 18th was the fourth occasion since the end of the war on which Italians have been asked to declare themselves for or against statutes of great national import. The legal requirement is that the instrument of the popular referendum be put to use when it has been requested on a petition signed by half a million or more voters or by a minimum of five regional councils. The recent referendum was initiated and four of its five propositions were ardently espoused by one of the country's smallest and most liberal political parties—the Radicals, who command only a few seats in the Chamber of Deputies, the country's main legislative body. Almost powerless in the Parliament, the Radicals have maintained all along that issues like abor-



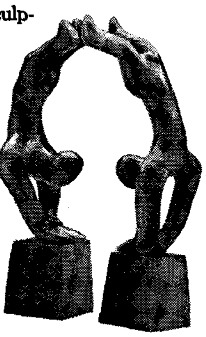
The Ultimate

Hernando Courtright

Beverly Wilshire Hotel
IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES

Wilshire Boulevard at Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
(213) 275-4282

Preferred Hotels Worldwide
HRI The Leading Hotels of the World



Shop The Boston Museum of Fine Arts by mail.

The original pottery sculptures of these graceful acrobats were created during the Han Dynasty in China (206 B.C.-221 A.D.). Our reproductions are brass with a rich antique bronze finish (height 4¼")–just two of the many beautifully crafted reproductions from our new 32-page color gift catalogue, available September 1.

☐ Please send The Chinese Acrobat(s). Enclosed is $35 for one, plus $2.50 shipping and handling. (Or $68 for the pair, plus $3.00 shipping and handling.)
☐ I'd like the Museum catalogue and all others through June, 1984. Enclosed is $1.00.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City________State________Zip Code______

Mail to:
The Boston Museum of Fine Arts Shop
Dept. NY-18
P.O. Box 1044
Boston, MA 02120

tion—in fact, all questions of life and death—are too controversial to be successfully dealt with in an elected legislative assembly, where they are likely to be shelved in committee or mired in interminable political wrangling. On the assumption that the people are usually ahead of their legislators, the Radicals have used the referendum as a means of advancing the social causes embraced by their political tenets. In this case, they promoted a new abortion law of their own, among whose provisions was one enabling a female of any age to demand a free abortion for any reason whatever during the first ninety days of her pregnancy. They also sponsored a tougher gun-control law, the abolition of life imprisonment (Italy has no death penalty), and the repeal of the so-called Cossiga Law, a controversial anti-terrorist statute, whose provisions include giving the police the right to arrest people on suspicion and giving the government the right to keep them in "preventive custody" for as much as eleven years.

Most knowledgeable political observers and various pre-electoral polls gave the Radical proposals very little chance of passage, and the Party came under attack, even by supporters of the proposals, for having, in effect, opened a political Pandora's box. The one proposition on the ballot that was given a strong chance of being enacted into law was the only one not sponsored by the Radicals—the anti-abortion measure put forward by the Right to Life Movement. This was hardly the time, many people felt, for the country to be diverted from such serious problems as inflation and unemployment to pursue the quixotic social aims, no matter how well intentioned, of a tiny minority. Furthermore, the referendum device had already backfired, in that it had brought the Pope himself divisively to center stage in a drama that should have remained a purely secular one but threatened to become a crusade. The polls indicated that the turnout of voters would, in Italian terms, be relatively low (somewhere between sixty and seventy per cent), and it was widely assumed that the attempted assassination of Papa Wojtyla, by making him into a martyr and doing much to restore his personal popularity, would help the one initiative most likely to cause lingering bitterness and hardship for many. "The road of the referendum doesn't pay" was the headline over an essay in the weekly *Panorama* of May 18th, while the votes were still being counted, and two weeks earlier another commentator, in the *Corriere Della Sera*, had proposed a "referendum to abolish referendums."

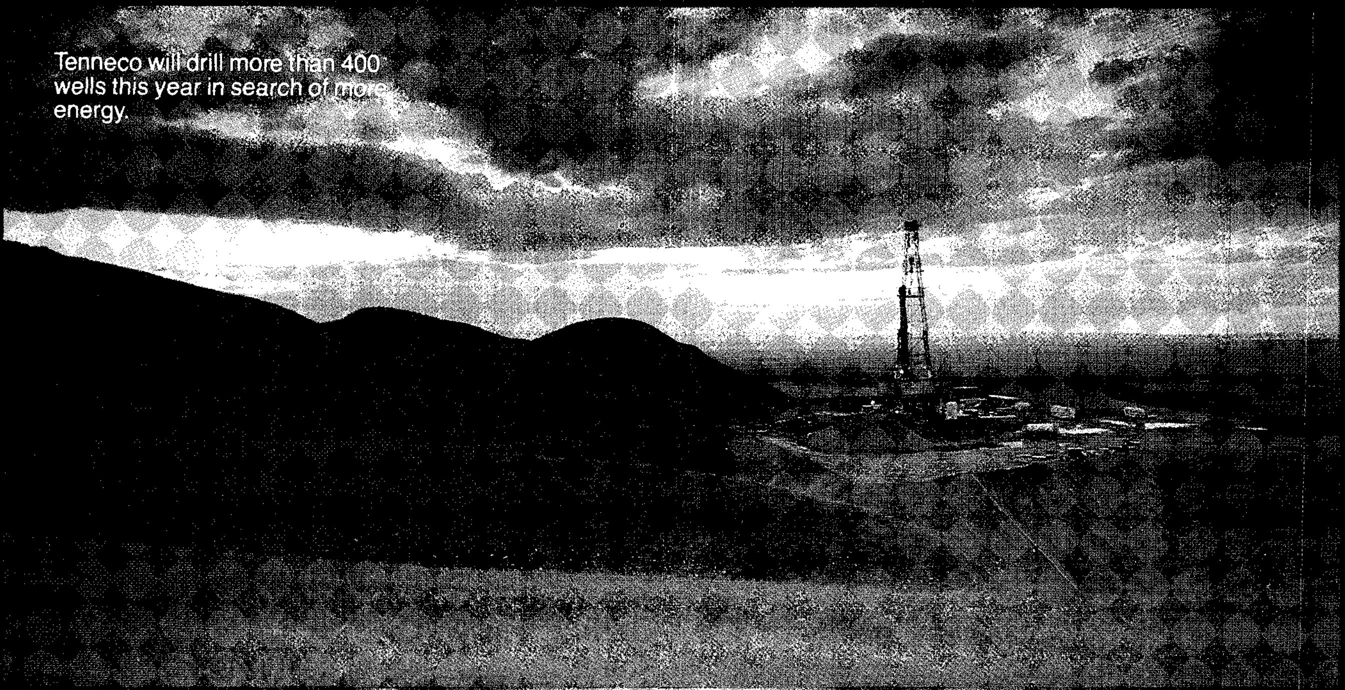
Contrary to all predictions, however, the Italians turned out to be far from apathetic about the matters involved. Over eighty per cent of the voters showed up at the polls to register their convictions. The four proposals sponsored by the Radicals were overwhelmingly repudiated, by as much as four to one, and, to everyone's surprise, so was the tighter abortion proposal backed by the Right to Life Movement. In the latter case, the vote was closer, but the outcome was still a fairly devastating rejection of the ecclesiastical stand on the question. It had been expected, for instance, that the measure might carry in the south, where the Church is strongest, and which remains a traditionally more conservative part of the country, but nothing of the sort happened. In only one of the country's twenty regions was the Right to Life point of view endorsed, and the present law was sustained by an astonishingly wide margin of two to one—an outcome that led one veteran editorialist to comment that "the Italians have once again proved themselves superior to their political class."

On the Monday night following the close of the polls, when it had become clear that the Right to Life measure would be rejected, crowds of jubilant young Romans descended into their streets and piazzas to celebrate. The thousands of leftist voters who had been following the referendum results outside the Communist Party headquarters on Via delle Botteghe Oscure, where loudspeakers periodically trumpeted the latest figures, began to move en masse, after ten o'clock, toward the nearby Piazza Navona, where they chanted slogans and staged joyful spontaneous mini-parades up and down past Bernini's famous fountains until the early morning. A few blocks away, in the Piazza del Pantheon, the Unione Donne Italiane, the leading feminist organization, had mounted a small portable television set on a café table, around which groups of women gathered to cheer their cause. Once their victory seemed assured, some of the younger women, their arms around each other, began to sing, and others marched and danced, to accordion music and the beat of tambourines

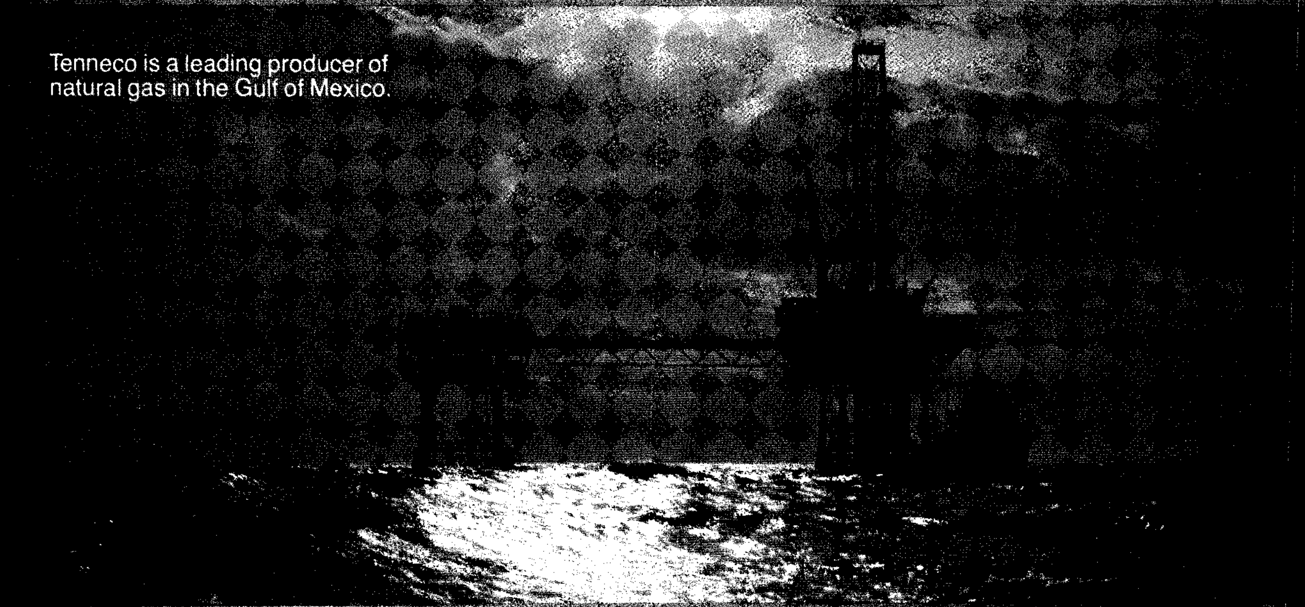
Smirnoff de Czar Vodka, 82.6 proof, distilled from grain, © 1981, Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. (Division of Heublein, Inc.), Hartford, CT. Made in U.S.A.

A masterwork in the tradition of another century. Born of superior ingredients, in quantities limited by its very nature. Smirnoff de Czar. Special reserve vodka deserving of a most calculated consumption. Well-chilled, or over ice.

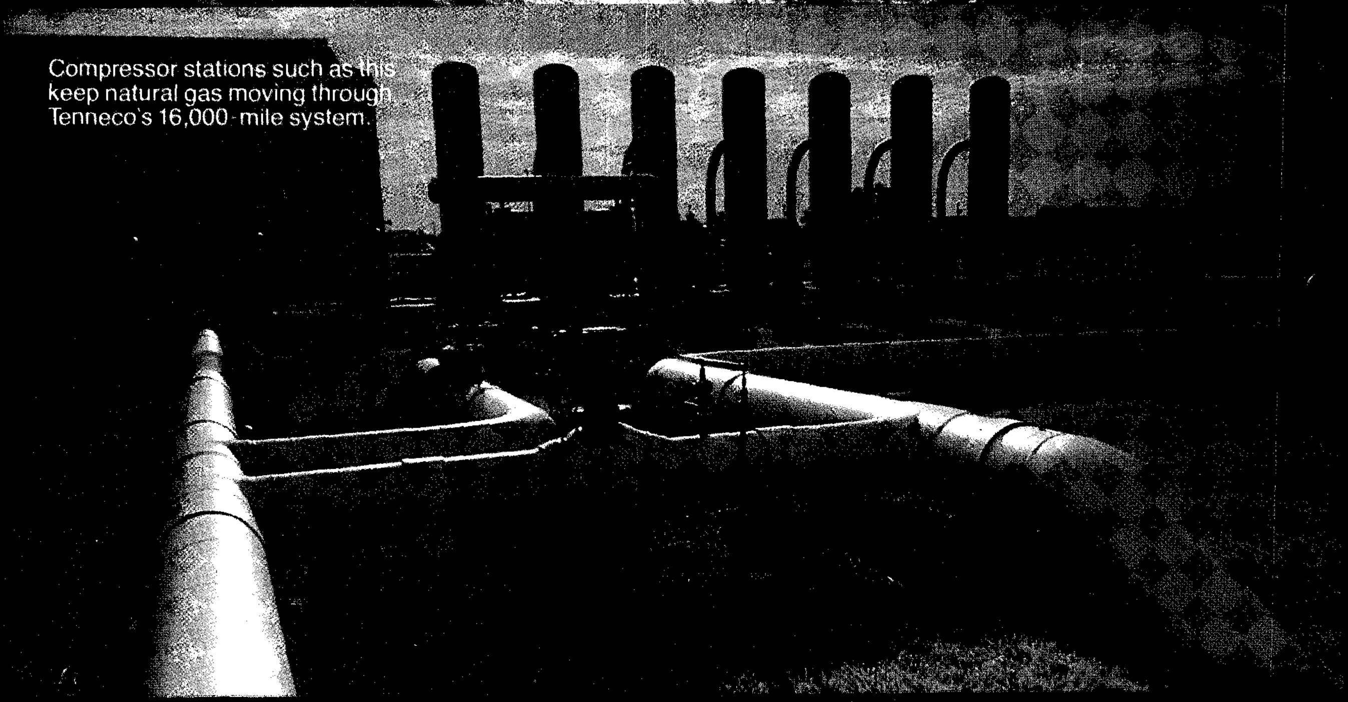
Smirnoff de Czar®



Tenneco will drill more than 400 wells this year in search of more energy.



Tenneco is a leading producer of natural gas in the Gulf of Mexico.



Compressor stations such as this keep natural gas moving through Tenneco's 16,000-mile system.

TENNECO®

Another Tenneco Venture:

Keeping natural gas on America's front burner.

We drill more than 400 wells a year, produce over 1 billion cubic feet a day, and deliver over 5 billion cubic feet a day.

Every day, millions of customers of the utilities we serve in 25 states turn on the gas. Making sure the gas is there is one of Tenneco's major responsibilities.

This takes a lot of effort and money. In 1981 we will invest $1.7 billion in energy projects—almost $5 million a day—mostly for drilling. This will include a record number of wildcat wells on the 7.7 million acres of undeveloped leases we hold in the United States.

Since 1944, when we completed the first long-distance natural gas pipeline from the Southwest to the East, we have become a major transporter and producer of natural gas. Now we produce over one billion cubic feet a day. In fact, two-thirds of our energy production is in the form of this clean, versatile fuel. We're maintaining our high production levels and, in each of the last three years, we've replenished our reserves.

And, as a pipeliner with a 16,000-mile system, Tenneco delivers over five billion cubic feet of natural gas a day. To keep this volume of gas flowing, we have contracted for more supplies in each of the last two years than we delivered to our customers.

With the supply situation improving and government deregulation in the offing, natural gas will play a key role in meeting the nation's energy needs far into the future. So will Tenneco.

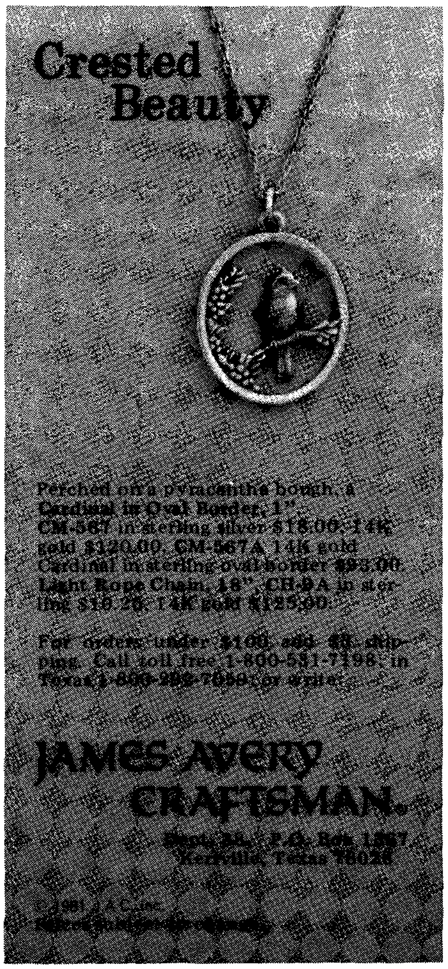
Although energy provides more than three-fourths of Tenneco's income, we continue to supply other basic needs, like food, construction and farm equipment, chemicals, ships, automotive components, packaging, and insurance.

That's Tenneco today: growing in energy . . . and more.

For more information about Tenneco, write Dept. NY-3, Tenneco Inc., P.O. Box 2511, Houston, TX 77001.

TENNECO OIL ⬭ TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION ⬭ JI CASE ⬭ TENNECO AUTOMOTIVE ⬭
TENNECO CHEMICALS ⬭ NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING ⬭ PACKAGING CORP OF AMERICA ⬭ TENNECO WEST

Tenneco



Perched on a pyracantha bough, a
Cardinal in Oval Border, 1".
CM-567 in sterling silver $18.00, 14K
gold $120.00. CM-567A 14K gold
Cardinal in sterling oval border $93.00.
Light Rope Chain, 18", CH-9A in ster-
ling $10.25, 14K gold $125.00.

For orders under $100. add $3. ship-
ping. Call toll free 1-800-531-7198, in
Texas 1-800-292-7050, or write:

JAMES AVERY
CRAFTSMAN.
Dept. 26, P.O. Box 1367
Kerrville, Texas 78028

© 1981 J.A.C. Inc.
[illegible]

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L.L.Bean
Fall 1981

**FREE
Fall
Catalog**

Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children; camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment. For 69 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Our clothing and footwear is rugged enough to withstand active outdoor use, yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Many items are of our own manufacture. All are guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory.

SEND FREE CATALOG

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________ Zip__________

**L. L. Bean, Inc.
845 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033**

and drums, under raised banners proclaiming the slogans of their movement. An estimated twenty thousand women remained packed together in the piazza a good part of the night. At last, they began to disperse, leaving behind strips of banners, torn posters, crumpled newspapers, bits of garbage—all the tattered remnants of the spoils of a victory that few people had imagined would be so sweeping.

NO sooner had the public furors over the Pope and the referendum begun to die down than the country was suddenly shaken by what the press has come to refer to as "the P2 affair," or simply "P2"—a scandal that has so far toppled a government and brought about a political crisis, the ultimate effect of which nobody can yet predict, and which seems likely to occupy the headlines for many months. In its dimensions and implications, it has also established itself solidly as by far the biggest of the series of postwar revelations of public and private vice which have almost monotonously succeeded each other over the decades since the advent of *il boom*—Italy's headlong rush, beginning in the early nineteen-fifties, to embrace an American-style laissez-faire capitalism. The P2 scandal, instead of being limited, like its predecessors, to the activities of any single group of adventurers, profiteers, or corrupt statesmen, appears to include representatives from almost every major category of public life—politicians, diplomats, ministers, bankers, policemen, businessmen, the military, and the press. As it has been reported daily in the news media, it also hints broadly at a superplot to debauch the nation's democratic institutions and promote a right-wing coup. As such, whatever the final outcome in the courts of all the matters being raised, it has already definitively entrenched itself in the popular consciousness as a confirmation of the existence of the sort of huge conspiracy that many Italians suspect controls the actions of the rich and powerful. To the citizens of a country like Italy, which has survived, in one form or another, more than two thousand years of history, with the vicissitudes of war and foreign dominance, events are hardly ever accepted at face value, and, as the late novelist Ignazio Silone once pointed out, the advent of democracy was interpreted by many people here as providing a chance at last for less exalted Italians to share in the intrigue.

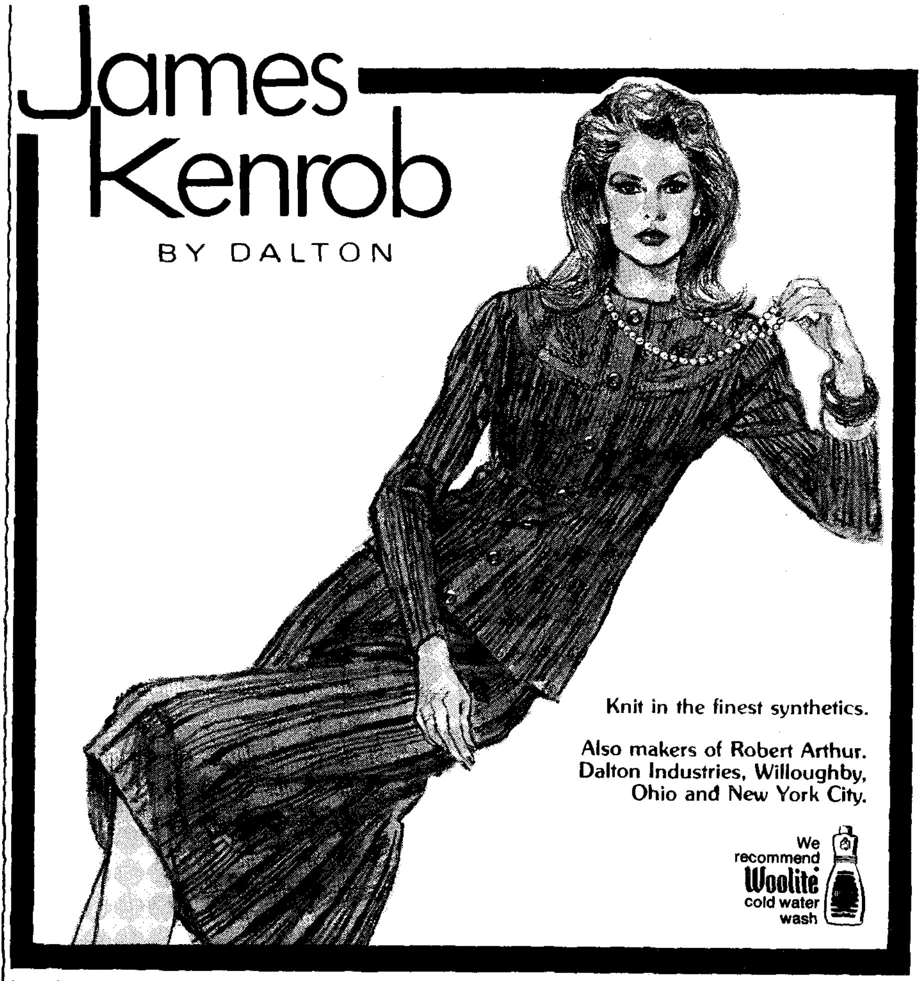
The immediate origins of the P2 scandal go back to the summer of 1979, when Michele Sindona, a Sicilian-born financier, temporarily disappeared after being identified as the principal in an American bank scandal. He has resurfaced since and is now serving a long jail sentence in a United States prison. Sindona, whose Franklin National Bank, on Long Island, foundered in 1974, and who is currently wanted in Italy for all sorts of peculiar financial maneuverings, had tried to persuade everyone that he had not skipped bail in America but had been the victim of a kidnapping. Police authorities, including the F.B.I., were not fooled, however, and were able eventually to reconstruct his movements. Under the alias of Joseph Buonamico, he had gone from New York to Vienna, then on to Athens, where he was met by several old friends and colleagues, including Dr. Giuseppe Miceli Crimi, a physician in whose villa outside Palermo the fugitive apparently hid for several weeks. During that time, Dr. Crimi evidently shuttled back and forth between Palermo and the Tuscan town of Arezzo, where he was a frequent visitor at Villa Vanda, the luxurious country residence of a clothing manufacturer named Licio Gelli.

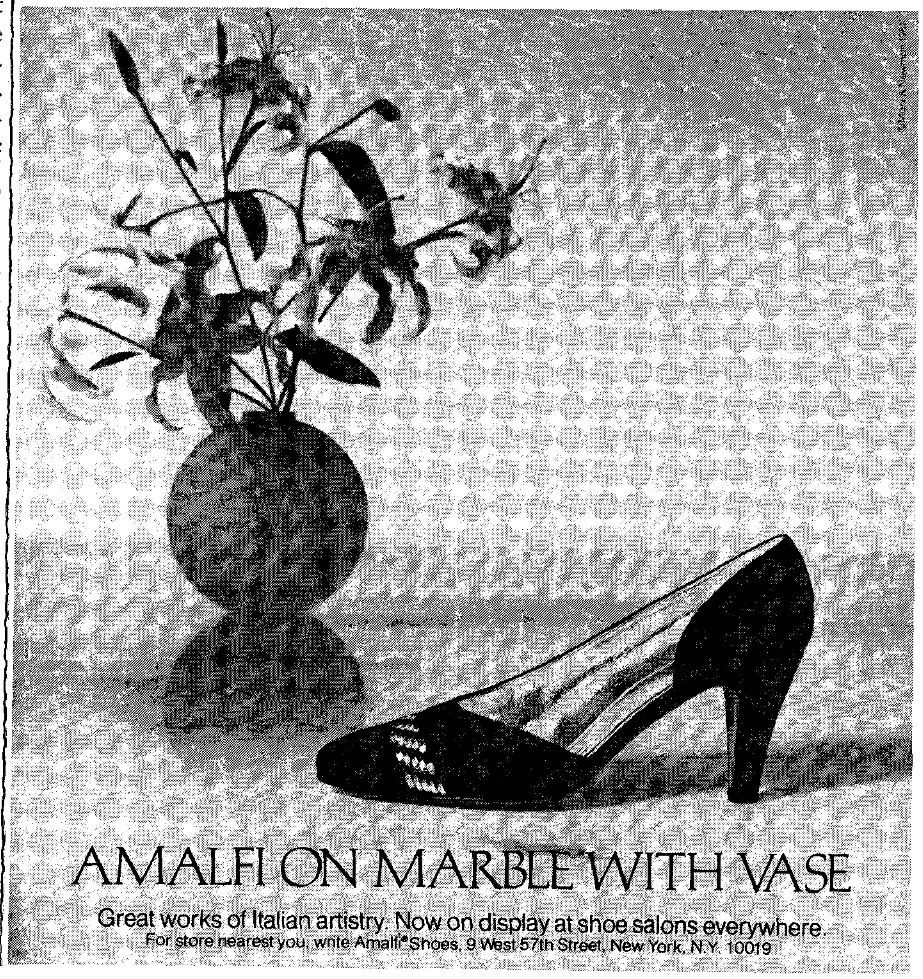
Late last winter, armed with search warrants issued by two Milanese magistrates, the police raided Villa Vanda while following up leads in the Sindona case. They confiscated a filing cabinet containing not only a long list of names of prominent citizens who were allegedly members of a Masonic lodge called Propaganda Due, or Loggia P2, but more than thirty large envelopes bulging with notes, letters, diaries, copies of official documents, and police intelligence reports dating back to the early nineteen-sixties—all of which, apparently, were supposed to have been destroyed in 1974. In addition to Sindona's name on the list of members of P2, the impounded papers include, it seems, information and observations concerning every major questionable public and private financial speculation and subsequent government investigation in the past decade, and also jottings and sometimes cryptic comments on unsolved crimes, such as the murders of a journalist named Mino Pecorelli, who was suspected of having exploited an oil scandal in March of 1979, and Giorgio Ambrosoli, one of the investigating lawyers in the Sindona affair, who was gunned down in the summer of

1979 in the street outside his apartment house. The implication of the findings in Gelli's files immediately dwarfed the Sindona investigation. It summoned forth the spectre of a vast secret organization, a sort of underground government, pulling strings and maneuvering for money and power behind the false front of a presumably ceremonial and charitable organization, and headed by the mysterious, Cagliostro-like figure of Gelli, a man armed with enough secret ammunition to secure for himself and his friends not only prestige, power, and money but perhaps even the overthrow of the state.

On March 19th, the Milanese magistrates dispatched a complete dossier on the matter to Prime Minister Arnaldo Forlani, the Christian Democrat who was the head of the government, and at the same time they indicated that the very existence of the lodge was possibly a violation of a law passed in 1947 which prohibited Italian citizens from belonging to secret organizations. The latter contention was a ticklish one, since there have been Freemasons in Italy since 1733 and, during the Risorgimento, a number of Italian patriots, including Giuseppe Mazzini and Giuseppe Garibaldi, belonged to Masonic lodges. At the moment, it is estimated, there are thirty thousand Masons in Italy, belonging to about five hundred chapters, which are linked to a generally respected worldwide brotherhood of several million members. Nevertheless, the contention of the magistrates, which was immediately and wholeheartedly accepted at face value by the press, was that the Loggia P2 was merely a cover for the nefarious activities of the lodge's Venerable Grand Master, Gelli, and his followers; and the outcry for immediate publication of the names in Gelli's documents became a veritable day-to-day crusade on the front pages of most Italian newspapers.

Despite a flood of news leaks and the wildest sort of speculation by reporters on the trail of a tremendous story, Forlani procrastinated. Finally, on May 21st, he released an official list of the names of nine hundred and fifty-three people supposed to be members of Propaganda Due. No sooner had he done so than it became clear that his government was in trouble. Among the presumed "*Piduisti*," or "P2ers," many of them Christian Democrats, were three Cabinet ministers, fifty-four high-ranking civil servants, about

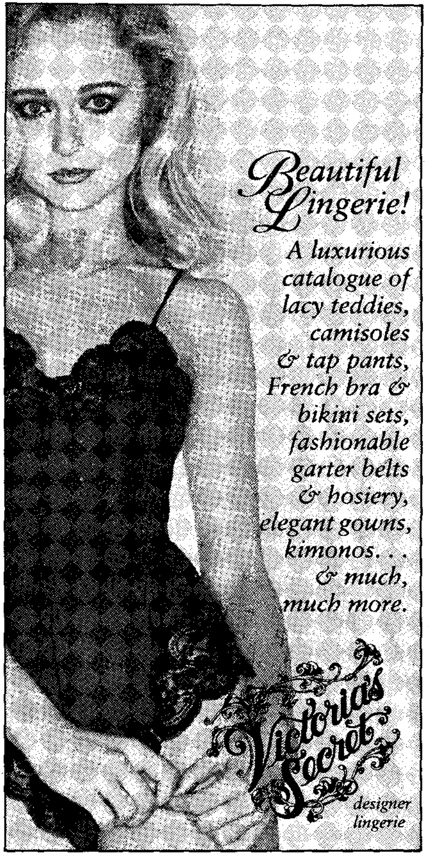

James Kenrob
BY DALTON
Knit in the finest synthetics.
Also makers of Robert Arthur.
Dalton Industries, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.
We recommend Woolite cold water wash


AMALFI ON MARBLE WITH VASE
Great works of Italian artistry. Now on display at shoe salons everywhere.
For store nearest you, write Amalfi® Shoes, 9 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

twenty Members of Parliament, and scores of military and police officers, public administrators, jurists, bankers, financiers, journalists, industrialists, and other influential citizens. Not only were Sindona and several of his cronies listed but also people linked to most of the major financial scandals of the past few years. The day before Forlani released his list, a banker named Roberto Calvi and six of his associates had been arrested for allegedly transferring huge sums of money out of the country illegally. The Calvi interests had just concluded a financial accord to take over a controlling share of Rizzoli, Italy's largest publishing house, which also controls the nation's most respected and influential newspaper, the *Corriere Della Sera*. Calvi's name and the names of Rizzoli's top corporate officers and several of the *Corriere's* staff, including the paper's editor-in-chief, also cropped up on the P2 registry. Also taken into custody was a lodge member named Colonel Antonio Viezzer, a retired secret-service officer accused of espionage and possible involvement in the murder of the journalist Pecorelli. Forlani's timing seemed calculated to put his government in the worst possible light, but he had no choice: By the time he released his list, the more important names on it had already become known. Even so, the official confirmation of what had until then been largely speculation and supposition shocked even the most cynical observers of the political scene: The initial, devastating impression was that for years key members of the Christian Democratic Party had been not only heavily involved in profitable, highly questionable financial dealings but linked in compromising friendships with right-wing figures whose possible long-range aim was a political takeover of the country.

At the center of this enormous conspiratorial web was the improbable figure of Gelli, a sixty-two-year-old provincial businessman, who has remained in hiding, most likely somewhere in South America, ever since the scandal broke. In the few pictures available of him, he looks like a plump, gray-haired accountant or small-town businessman. With a weak chin, hair parted neatly on one side, horn-rimmed glasses, and the worried expression of a conventioneer who has forgotten to put on his name tag, he seems an unlikely candidate for the role of diabolical maestro which has been assigned him by the press. Gelli, an ex-mattress salesman and petty industrialist, spent much of his time in South America, acquired Argentine citizenship, and maneuvered his way obscurely up from one small business success to another. In 1962 or thereabouts, he became a Freemason, presumably to help advance his business career with useful contacts. He also, it turns out, made no secret of his right-wing political sympathies, having reportedly confided to friends and acquaintances that Italy needed a stronger, more authoritarian form of government. Indro Montanelli remembers having met Gelli once, a few years ago, in Rome's Excelsior Hotel, where the Venerable Grand Master stayed whenever he was in the city. Gelli had summoned the journalist, who was then on the staff of the *Corriere Della Sera*, ostensibly to discuss the already complicated financial affairs of the *Corriere* but actually to propose what the journalist called "an amazing project" to revitalize the whole country's publishing industry through low-interest bank loans and tax incentives that he himself could assure, since, he claimed, he had access to all the capital he needed and had at least six government ministers at his beck and call. The crudeness of the man's style was matched, in the journalist's view, only by the preposterousness of his claims. "The idea that ministers, Members of Parliament, generals, admirals, ambassadors, prefects, magistrates, professional people, entrepreneurs, journalists—all well-known figures—could have taken a character like Gelli seriously and consented to be his errand boys dismays me," the writer commented a few weeks ago, concluding that they were all guilty, if not of an actual crime, at least of folly and recklessness.

This point of view, however, has found few adherents; the spectre of the conspiracy threatens to overwhelm everyone involved. Despite prompt, often outraged denials from many of the accused "*Piduisti*" that they were members of the lodge and the insistence of some that they had never even met Licio Gelli, the uproar in the press, and then within the governing coalition itself, persisted. Signor Forlani promised a thorough investigation and housecleaning (one of his Cabinet members, Adolfo Sarti, the Minister of Justice, resigned, but admitted no wrongdoing), but his efforts to patch things up, essentially by reshuffling his ministerial portfolios, failed when it became clear that the minority parties in his coalition would not go along.


Beautiful Lingerie!
A luxurious catalogue of lacy teddies, camisoles & tap pants, French bra & bikini sets, fashionable garter belts & hosiery, elegant gowns, kimonos. . . & much, much more.
Victoria's Secret
designer lingerie
Send $3 for catalogue to Dept. NY-08
Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131
Boutiques: San Francisco, Palo Alto & Cupertino, CA

Belgian Shoes

RING BAG
$250.00

BROCHURE AVAILABLE
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Mini Foulard Cotton Overdress

Practical, popular, our 100% cotton print to cheer up your winter. Tiny standup collar, placket opening, deepset full sleeves, shirred shoulder yoke. Super side pockets, self sash. Choose wine, blue or brick ground. Gently machine wash.
Sizes S-M-L . $41.95 ppd.
Size XL . . . . . . $44.95 ppd.
Write for new color catalog

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N817
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington Mass. 01230

On May 26th, five days after releasing the list of names, Forlani resigned. His government was the fortieth to fall since the founding of the postwar republic.

Although the Christian Democrats are still the country's largest political entity, with about thirty-eight per cent of the votes in Parliament, the Party is not strong enough to rule on its own. For many years now, it has managed to remain in power by forming governing alliances with several of the smaller, so-called lay parties of the center, ranging from the Socialists, on the left, to the Republicans and the Liberals, on the right. These coalitions are fragile structures, partly because they depend entirely on the often chancy support of minorities with widely divergent political philosophies and programs, and also because the Christian Democrats are themselves divided into several disparate wings, each with its own leader, which contend for power inside the Party structure. United in opposition only to the Communists—Italy's second-largest political party, with about thirty per cent of the seats—and the neo-Fascists of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, as well as a handful of extremist splinter groups, the alliances rarely survive more than a year in office, and often not more than a few months. The result has been a long series of governments vulnerable to pressure from almost any quarter and unable to deal effectively with the nation's manifold social and economic problems—most notably, industrial stagnation, labor unrest, and an inflation rate of more than twenty per cent.

The fall of Forlani's government, however, has not greatly altered the country's life. Italians are used to the fall of governments and the subsequent spectacle of politicians jockeying for privilege and power as one leader after another struggles to put together some sort of makeshift vehicle capable of lurching along for another few months. Now, a new coalition has come into being, headed by a politician who is not a Christian Democrat—the Republican Giovanni Spadolini. But the choice of a Republican, unprecedented since the inception of the republic, in 1946, became almost inevitable when the majority party proved to have been so devastatingly compromised, and the choice has failed to arouse much public enthusiasm. In the long run, the Socialists, the country's third-largest force, with just over ten per cent of the seats in Parliament,

Give the high fashions that come in one-size-fits-all.
A Sheaffer pen is always a most fitting present because it always fits perfectly. Anyone. Any wardrobe. Any occasion. From $10.
SHEAFFER®
SHEAFFER EATON TEXTRON
Sheaffer Eaton Division of Textron Inc.

Quick! Name the best hotel in New Orleans.

(The Pontchartrain Hotel)

Preferred Hotels ASSOCIATION

Possibly the last of the great private collections.

See your travel agent or call 800-323-7500. In Illinois call 800-942-7400. In Canada call 800-661-1262. In Alaska & Hawaii call 800-323-1707.

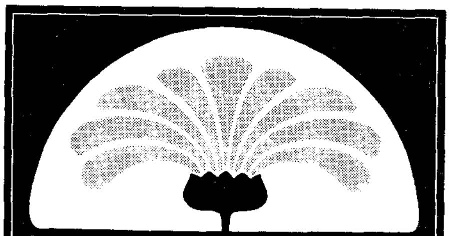
The Aschaffenburgs' home has seventy-five bedrooms and a great kitchen.

The Pontchartrain Hotel

2031 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, LA 70140
(504) 524-0581

Albert Aschaffenburg, President

Toll free number 1 800 323 7500
Member: Preferred Hotels Association



Antique/Contemporary

PAPERWEIGHTS

Send for our informative 128 page full-color "Price Guide & Catalogue of Collectors' Paperweights," 1981 bound edition. $6.

L.H. SELMAN LTD.

761 Chestnut St. Suite #30 Santa Cruz, CA 95060

THE WINE HELPER.

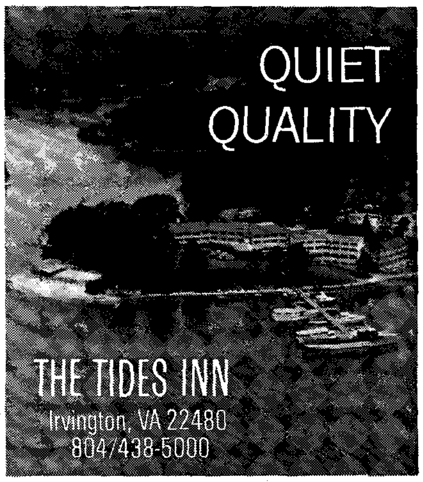
Chances are, when you enter a wine store or face a sommelier in a restaurant, YOU'RE the one at a disadvantage.

That's just plain wrong!!! *Wines of the World* is America's most trusted newsletter on wine. It's ruthlessly honest and geared to you, the consumer, for your benefit, NOT the trade, like most others.

12 fascinating issues, $19. V & MC.
Send to:
Wines of the World
664 N.E. 76th Street
Miami, FL 33138
Name
Address
City/State/Zip
Money Back Guarantee

our classic
FLOUR SACK
DISH TOWEL . . .
a huge 30" x 36", this is the towel that grandma loved ...
it's plain white and a solid piece of work.
Six for $12.50
We pay the shipping . . . Just send *check or credit card number and* expiration date to . . .
(California residents add 6% sales tax)

m. & S. BLOOM
COOKWARE
2405 Larkspur Landing Circle
Larkspur, California 94939
(415) 461-1640



seem likely to benefit most from the present crisis, for many disgusted Christian Democrats will presumably turn away from their own party sooner or later, but so far no one seems eager to call for a national election, and in the meantime what goes on is constant wrangling. In fact, it sometimes seems to a number of people here that the most salient feature of public life on the Peninsula is the cacophony of discordant voices that arises over every public issue and seems able to politicize even the most unlikely events.

WHILE the political negotiations continued, accompanied by familiar sounds of hairsplitting and backbiting, the death of a six-year-old boy suddenly monopolized the attention of the nation. Sometime late in the afternoon of June 10th, Alfredo Rampi, the son of an employee at Rome's water and power company, fell into the deep, narrow shaft of an abandoned artesian well near his family's small country house outside Frascati, in the Alban Hills, south of the city. For nearly four days, a small army of engineers, firemen, carabinieri, doctors, speleologists and spelunkers, along with other volunteers, struggled to extricate him, while the country watched the entire drama on its television screens and listened to it over the radio (on broadcasts including the little boy's anguished pleas and cries for help) and read about it in the newspapers. An enormous crowd of curiosity seekers, estimated at about fifteen thousand, swarmed over the area, getting in the way of rescue attempts, offering unsolicited advice, eventually hurling abuse at the authorities in charge as the rescue attempts failed. The popular eighty-four-year-old President of the Republic, Sandro Pertini, joined the onlookers on the second day and stayed on, offering encouragement and comfort to the child's parents and being photographed with his arms around them. (The Presidency in Italy is a largely honorary and ceremonial office, usually conferred on some elder statesman with his active political career safely behind him.) By the early morning of Sunday, June 14th, however, it was all over. A volunteer who was lowered into the hole had at last managed to reach the boy several times but was unable to extricate him; on a final descent, he had found him lifeless.

To many, the death of little Alfredo Rampi seemed a kind of judgment on the way the nation mismanages its affairs. A number of editorialists pointed out that all the technological marvels and complicated machinery in which modern man has put his trust were unable to save a single small child trapped in a well. Others criticized the rescue efforts as typical of the chaotic inefficiency of the official organs of the state, which had once again overwhelmed the courage of individuals and made a mockery of Italy's self-proclaimed genius for improvisation. There were immediate calls for judicial investigations, criminal prosecutions, parliamentary inquiries, and political and legislative reforms, and there were also exhortations to the citizens to look into themselves for answers to the afflictions weighing on the nation as a whole.

In the ensuing uproar, no one seems to have paid much attention to the boy's mother, a courageous, soft-spoken woman, who refused to blame anyone for the failure to save her son and thanked all those who had tried. A writer named Luca Goldoni spoke for many when he pleaded in the *Corriere*, on the morning of June 14th, for a little silence. "If some errors were made," he wrote in a brief, moving statement, "they were amply compensated for by the inhuman courage and inhuman resistance to exhaustion and all too human pity of the many who tried to save Alfredo. Let the Solons keep quiet, please. Let them not damage this last thing left to us: the desire to weep—this very beautiful desire to weep at a time we thought the tears had dried in our eyes."

EVERY year, as the hot weather settles in, and the Romans become invisible for four hours at midday behind the closed shutters and doors of their stone buildings or stream out of the city, on weekends and holidays, toward the nearby beaches, Rome itself begins to resemble more and more the huge, empty open-air museum that many foreign tourists imagine it to be. Nor is the impression entirely illusory. Quite apart from the hundreds of churches, museums, and galleries open to visitors, and the famous monuments and forums, every street and piazza in the *cèntro storico* becomes more visible, more accessible not only to the guided tours, with their hordes of confused and panting sightseers but also to casual strollers with a desire simply to walk at random through the cornucopia of wonders that is the ancient city. "I've lived here, off and on, all my life," an aunt of mine who is a native Roman once confided to me, "and I still see things around every corner that astonish me."

Finally, after years of neglect, the municipal administration has begun to pay some attention to this open-air aspect of life here, which is crucial both to the survival of the city economically, since Rome's second-largest industry is tourism, and to the spiritual well-being of the citizenry. Last year, the national government voted a special appropriation of a hundred and eighty billion lire (about a hundred and forty-four million dollars) to restore and safeguard the many monuments being severely damaged by industrial and automobile pollution, and already there is some evidence that the money is being well spent. Quite a few of the obelisks, ancient arches, palazzi, and famous statues that had temporarily disappeared behind scaffolding and protective screens have reëmerged, cleaned up and restored, to delight the eye. A campaign, so far only marginally successful, is being waged against an explosion of graffiti which defaces the walls of public buildings, and some attention is also being paid to cleaning up mounds of trash that used to be allowed to gather in the fountains and about even the most celebrated of the city's treasures; the Fontana di Trevi, for instance, had become a sea of floating debris, and the delicately fluted marble columns of the Temple of the Vestal Virgins had been surrounded by soft-drink cans, bottles, papers, and even sacks of garbage.

Equally important is a belated effort by the authorities to defend Rome's great squares from the human pollution that in the past decade has been converting the city into what one of its previous mayors described as the capital of a Levantine civilization. For years, it was impossible much of the time to enjoy such sights as the Piazza Navona, the Pantheon, the Spanish Steps, and the Colosseum itself because of the swarms of souvenir salesmen, pushcart peddlers, and hustlers of all sorts who made of these areas bazaars that also attracted political agitators, gangs of restless youths, and *scippatori* and other petty criminals. Not all these elements have been banished, by any means, but it has become possible again to stroll through the Piazza Navona, for instance, and enjoy the spectacle of Bernini's fountains, cleaned up at last, without having to thread one's way through crowds of questionable hangers-on.

Then, in early June the city also began to evict some of the citizens who for years have been living or maintaining apartments, studios, offices, and storage space inside the Mura Aureliane, the roughly eight miles of ancient fortified wall, thickly turreted, that encircles the *cèntro storico*. Originally granted or leased out by the municipality many years ago as artists' studios, these picturesquely situated quarters have in some cases, thanks to the inattention of the civic authorities, been occupied for decades by people paying only a token rent and making whatever use they pleased of the space allotted to them. What will eventually be done with all this liberated space has not yet been decided, but there is talk of mounting special shows and permanent exhibits designed to restore the Mura at least to their original status as one of Rome's great public monuments. Among other promising initiatives is the forthcoming installation of gas lamps, designed in fin-de-siècle style, on the Trinità dei Monti and the Spanish Steps—a project aimed at restoring a nineteenth-century atmosphere to the Piazza di Spagna as a whole.

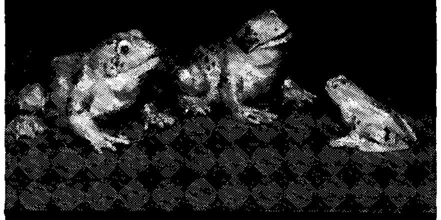
The most controversial and hotly contested of the city's new archeological programs is a proposal made earlier this year to close the Via dei Fori Imperiali permanently to traffic and eventually to excavate beneath it. The avenue, a broad thoroughfare built by Mussolini in 1932, runs from Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum, bisecting the main Roman forums, and undoubtedly contains beneath its paving stones a great wealth of historically interesting material, including remnants of the forums of Caesar, Augustus, and Nerva. Since February, the avenue has been closed to traffic on Sundays and holidays, and has become a mall that is used by cyclists and rollerskaters as well as by pedestrians—a state of affairs proving, according to some Romans, that most citizens would welcome its permanent closure. Supporters of the new measure, including the city's left-wing politicians and a group of seventy-one self-proclaimed intellectuals and experts, point out that the project would bring to light ruins buried under the dust of centuries and create a huge archeo-

ONLY THREE HOTELS IN AMERICA HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY BOTH THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE WORLD AND PREFERRED HOTELS.

WE'RE ONE.

THE COLONNADE.
BOSTON'S EUROPEAN GRAND HOTEL.

For instant reservations,
call 800-223-1230 or 800-323-7500.



THE FROG FAMILY $83.
Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

INDIA
Seven to twenty four day programs to contrasting regions.
Itineraries made to order for sophisticated and repeat travellers.
In depth exploration of the art and archaeological centers of Bhutan, Nepal, Burma and Thailand.
For information call or write:
JOURNEYWORLD
155 East 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Tel: (212) 752-8308

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Pure Pima Cotton Lisle Hosiery
Individually Sized, 6 Pairs $30

Our finest, pure pima cotton lisle hosiery in the classic 2x2 rib knit, over-the-calf length. Exceptionally soft and absorbent. 2% nylon at toe and heel for extra resilience. Machine washable. Brown, navy, black, tan, white or grey. Individually sized: 10½, 11, 11½, 12, 13, 14. Also anklet, 6 prs., $27. ☐ Please send catalogue.

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt. Kirk, Ltd. A1H171
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Over-calf(75017A):Size __ Col. ____ Qty. __
Anklet(75044A):Size __ Col. ____ Qty. __
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card # ____ Expir. ____
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____

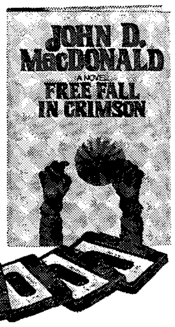
BOOKS ON TAPE

Drive, Work, Relax with Best Sellers on Cassettes

Over 400 titles. Phone or Write for Free Catalog.

$6.50 and up Rental Charge
Money-Back Guarantee

Mail Order Delivery & Return.
VISA, MasterCard.



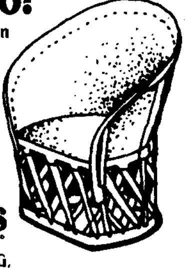
711 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Toll Free (800) 854-4099. In Calif. (800) 432-3050.

Books on Tape, Inc., Dept. N
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660
Name ____
Street ____
City, State, Zip ____

"Equipales" from Mexico!

Split cedar and tanned pigskin furniture, hand made in ancient tradition. Complete selection, light weight, durable. Shop our Santa Fe store or mail order. Shown: Butaca chair, seat ht. 17". $72.50 freight collect.



Artesanos Imports Co
222 Galisteo, P.O. Drawer G,
Dept. N, Santa Fe, NM 87501
MC/V accepted.

logical park—a unique panorama of an entire civilization—in the very heart of Rome.

Attractive as this prospect may be, opponents have pointed out that Rome, unlike Pompeii, is not a city of the dead. The Via dei Fori Imperiali is a major traffic artery, used not only by private automobiles but by an estimated hundred thousand people going to work and back by bus. And, according to some critics, there is no guarantee that the proposed excavations would unearth any real marvels. Furthermore, the money available for such an enterprise would have to come from the same hundred and eighty billion lire that was appropriated only a year ago. A local critic named Domenico Bartoli recently pointed out, "The sum must be spent not to launch risky enterprises but to conserve, restore, and protect Rome's ancient monuments."

Whatever the final outcome of this debate, the administration's summer plans have certainly been designed to enhance the outdoor spectacle that is Rome. Beginning a month ago, a series of concerts has been held within the graceful symmetry of the Piazza del Campidoglio, designed by Michelangelo, in a city-sponsored Estate Romana—a now annual summer-long festival of music, theatre, dance, art, and cinema, much of it free, mostly in the streets and piazzas of the *cèntro*. Also on hand this year were the now famous so-called Bronzes of Riace, two magnificent life-sized ancient Greek statues fished out of the sea nine years ago off the Calabrian coast and soon to be permanently ensconced in the Archeological Museum of Reggio Calabria. At the request of President Pertini, the statues, on their way to Reggio from Florence, where they had been restored and also exhibited to the public, were put on display gratis for two weeks inside the Quirinal Palace, the official residence of Italy's heads of state. Eighteen thousand people showed up on the first day, June 29th, to enjoy the sight. At a total cost of about a billion and a half lire (a million two hundred thousand dollars), partly from private contributions, the organizers of the Estate clearly set out to please not only the hundreds of thousands of foreign tourists who swarm through the capital in the hot months but the Romans themselves, who have been asked for once to be not just spectators but participants in a celebration of their city's longevity.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE ®
22 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

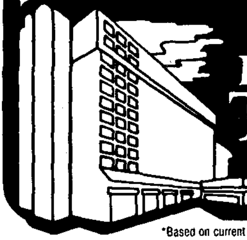
Old-time Riverboat Playing Cards

Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: **$8.50.** Postage included.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to the above address. In continental U.S. of A. call 1-800-251-8600. Tennessee residents call 615-759-7184.

LONDON for LESS
Under $50 per person*

One of London's largest, most modern hotels with bath, shower and color tv in every room. central Kensington location with all of London's attractions within easy reach. Plus a variety of restaurants, cocktail lounges and shops all under the same roof.
Call 800-223-6537 N.Y. State 800-631-7917
N.Y.C. 557-1110.



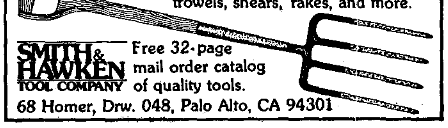
THE LONDON TARA HOTEL

*Based on current conversion rates. Per person, per night, double occupancy. Rate effective until Oct. 31, 1981.

Discover the rare, simple, village character of
Mary's
212·741·3387
42 Bedford Street Greenwich Village NYC
Open 7 Days — Noon to Midnight
Italian Cuisine — Abruzzi Specialties

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.



SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

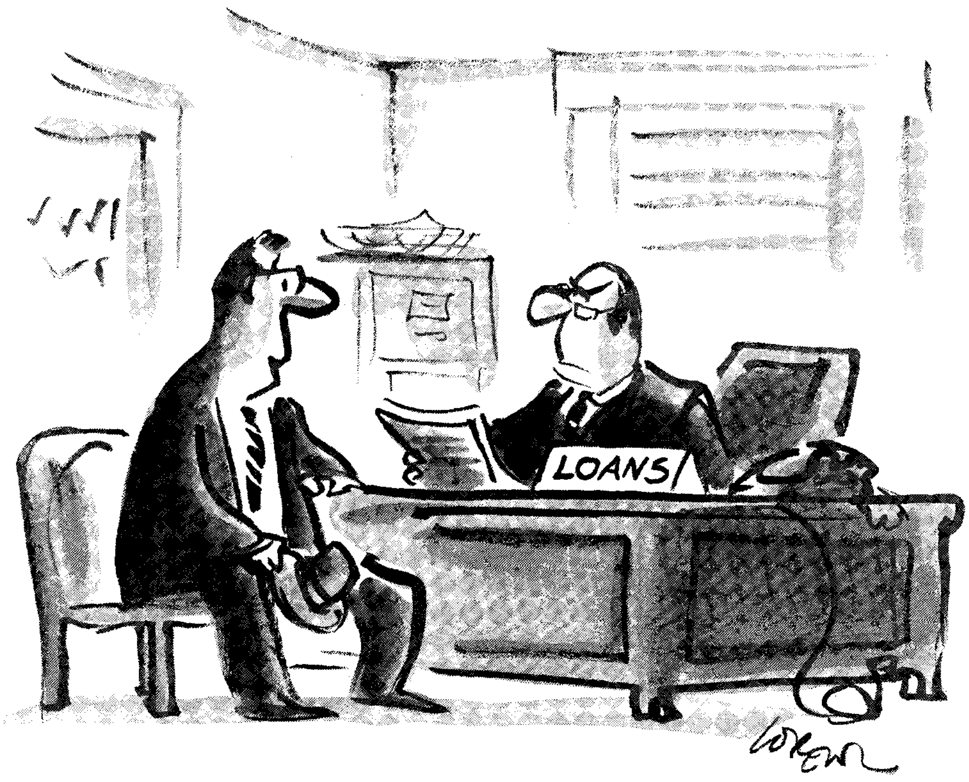
MUSICAL EVENTS

Gospel of Peace

PHILIP GLASS'S opera "Satyagraha," commissioned by the city of Rotterdam, had its first performances there and in Amsterdam last September, and its first American performances, last month and this, in Artpark, Lewiston, in upstate New York. The subtitle of the piece is "M. K. Gandhi in South Africa 1893-1914," and the title means something like "the firmness of truth." In Gandhi's words, "truth (*satya*) implies love, and firmness (*agraha*) engenders and therefore serves as a synonym for force." The term was coined to describe the principles of the movement by which Gandhi, first in South Africa and then in India, sought to better the lot of his countrymen. Satyagraha is linked to ideas of passive resistance and civil disobedience. Gandhi distinguished it from the former: "While in passive resistance there is a scope for the use of arms when a suitable occasion arrives, in Satyagraha physical force is forbidden even in the most favourable circumstances. . . . In passive resistance there is always present an idea of harassing the other party . . . while in Satyagraha there is not the remotest idea of injuring the opponent."

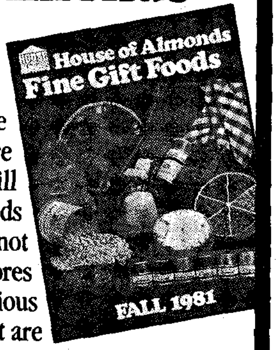
This subject matter was chosen by Glass; the libretto is by Constance DeJong; and their opera has an interesting and important plot. There are three acts, each lasting about fifty minutes. The first scene—like that of a Venetian *dramma per musica* in the days when opera was young—is allegorical: the confrontation at the start of the Bhagavad-Gita. The army of Prince Arjuna is ranged against that of his adversary Duryodhana. Arjuna, seeing friends and kinsmen in both camps, hesitates to embark on carnage. The Lord Krishna reassures him: "Recognize this war as prescribed by duty. . . . Give up this vile faintheartedness. Stand up, chastiser of your foes!" The princes on their high chariots are resplendent in colorful kathakali costumes. As light gathers, the opposed armies are revealed as Indian and European, and between them Gandhi is present, in pure, shining white. The scene is related to Gandhi's own decision on a night in 1893 when, a young barrister on his way to Pretoria, thrown off a train for not travelling as a non-white should, he shivered at Maritzburg station and decided not to flee to India but to stay and work for his people. All the text of the opera is taken from the Bhagavad-Gita, which Gandhi described as "an infallible guide of conduct" and "my dictionary of daily reference," and it is sung in the original Sanskrit. Scene 2, a tranquil interlude, is set on an ashram, or coöperative farm, that he founded. In Scene 3, the Indians take a vow before God to resist the Black Act, which required them to carry at all times fingerprinted certificates of registration. Act II, also in three scenes, has a similar pattern, with heightened action. In the first scene, Gandhi, landing in Durban after six months abroad, is attacked by a white mob and rescued by the wife of the superintendent of police, who literally takes him under her umbrella. In Scene 2, the coöperatively owned press that prints *Indian Opinion*, the newspaper Gandhi founded, turns out the first issues. In Scene 3, satyagraha has its baptism of fire when the Indians, tricked into voluntary registration by an unfulfilled promise, cast their cards into a caldron of flame. Act III is a single, slow, ritualistic representation of the satyagrahis' Newcastle March, in 1913, which led at length to the passing of the Indian Relief Bill. Gandhi returned to India, to pursue there his vision of a free, united, peaceful nation. In South Africa, "firmness of truth" had achieved its end—for a while. The last words of the opera are "Whenever the law of righteousness withers away and lawlessness arises, then do I generate myself on earth . . . thrusting the evil back and setting virtue on her seat again." Above the stage at the back, the three acts are presided over by, in turn, figures of Tolstoy, Tagore, and Martin Luther King, Jr.—three advocates of nonviolence. The final image is of Gandhi looking to King.

"Satyagraha," then, is a political opera as "Fidelio," David Blake's "Toussaint," and John Eaton's "Danton and Robespierre" are political—*faits historiques* reënacted in song, interesting and stirring in themselves and inviting thought about their significance for audiences of today. They do not preach, but they present: this is what happened; trace the moral for yourselves. "Satyagraha" is a grave, formal, lyrical, and beautiful work. The events of the twenty-one years are presented as if they formed a day in history: the opera opens in an antelucan glimmer and moves through midday brightness and afternoon splendor on to dusk and, at last, a starry night, in which, one by one, the



"Frankly, when I took out the loan I sincerely believed we'd all be blown to hell before it came due."

FREE
Catalog from
House
of Almonds



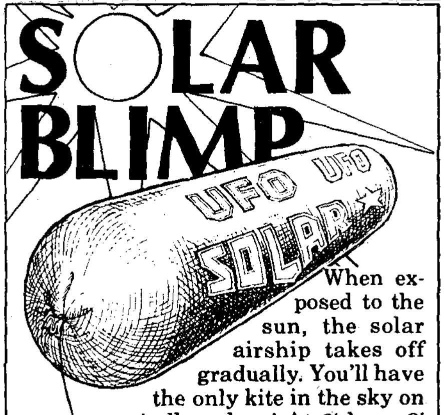
This year give gifts the entire family will enjoy. Almonds of a quality not found in stores and delicious foods that are taste sensations. For yourself. For your friends.

HOUSE OF ALMONDS
5600 Norris Road, Dept. YEZ-6
Bakersfield, CA 93389

Please rush my FREE 1981 House of Almonds Gift Food Catalog.

NAME
ADDRESS APT
CITY
STATE ZIP

SOLAR BLIMP



When exposed to the sun, the solar airship takes off gradually. You'll have the only kite in the sky on windless days! At 6′ long, 2′ in diameter, it takes one person to fly it, one to tell the gathered crowd where to buy it!
2 for $14.00 ppd (plus 8% sales tax in N.Y.) to:

penny whistle toys
Dept. A, 1281 madison ave.
new york, n.y. 10028 (212)369-3868

ROYAL
HOTEL
COPENHAGEN

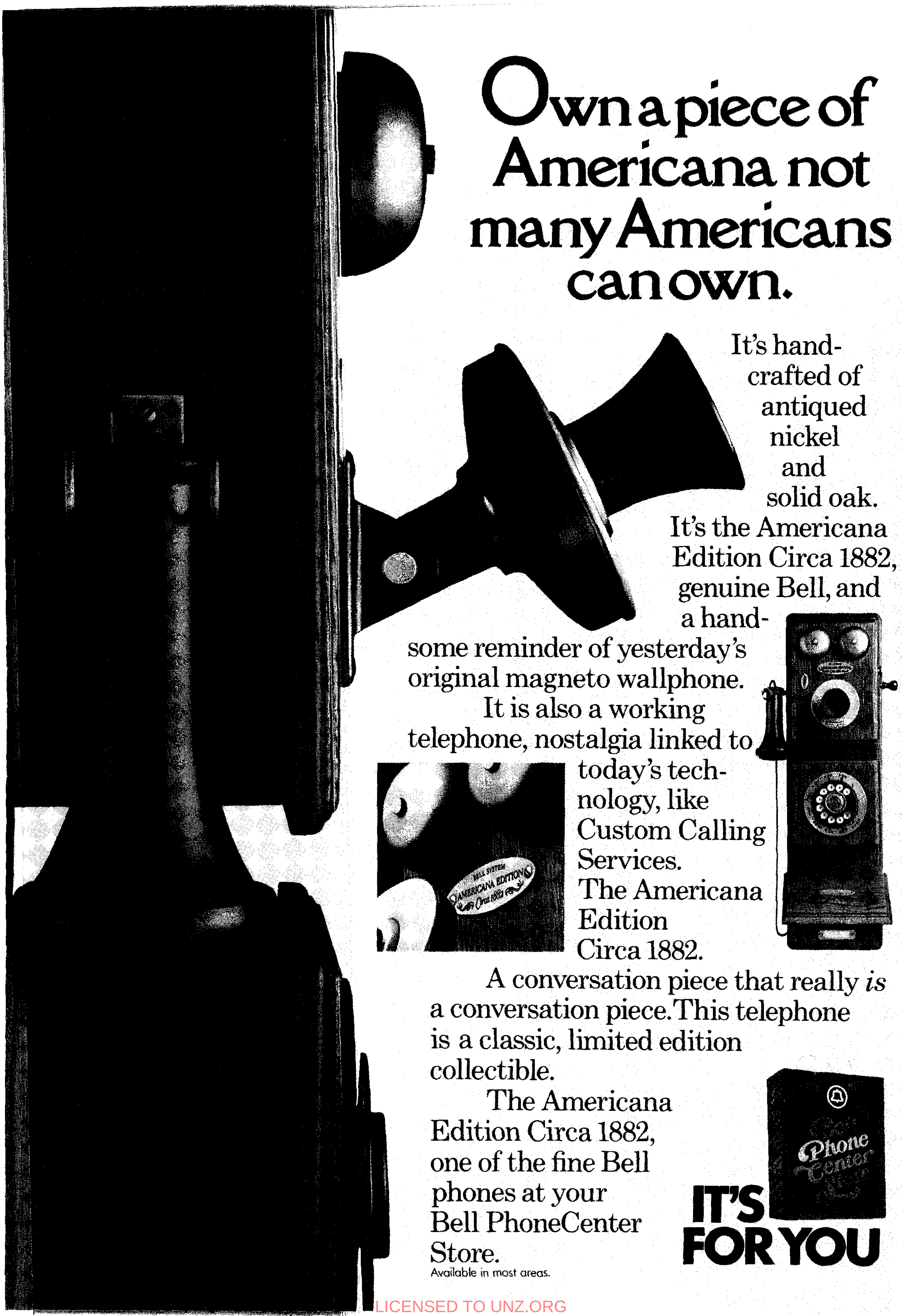
"The personal touch that means so much"

For information and reservations please contact: SAS Sales Offices or Steigenberger Reservations
tollfree: (800) 223-5652
or Robert Warner Inc., New York
(212) 687-5750
or directly:
AN SAS HOTEL A. Kappenberger man. dir.

satyagrahis are arrested and dragged off while Gandhi's gentle, insistent song of firmness sings on. The settings, designed by Robert Israel and lit by Richard Riddell, are not rich agglomerations, like Robert Wilson's for his "Deafman Glance," or stark and geometrical, like Wilson's for his and Glass's opera, "Einstein on the Beach," but spare, distinguished, exquisitely composed tableaux of light, form, and color. The nearest sights to them I have seen were "magic pictures" by Wieland Wagner: the second act of his 1956 Bayreuth "Meistersinger," where in a dense blue dusk the white elder flowers glowed and the outlines of Nuremberg housefronts were lightly traced; the Elysian Fields—white-robed figures in slow procession—in his Munich production of Gluck's "Orfeo." Did Appia influence Mr. Israel's strong, simple structures, early Corot his delicate tonal effects of distance, and kathakali the points of jewelled Oriental brilliance? I am not sure whence he took his inspiration, but his stage pictures are among the most distinguished the lyric theatre has produced in recent years. One specific influence is recorded. In an essay on the opera, Miss DeJong declares that the big skies and broad meadows of Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia—where composer, librettist, and designer met in the summer of 1978 to discuss their ideas—played a part in giving shape to their spectacle.

"Satyagraha" is based on a historical narrative. It is hardly at all an exploration of individual characters: the roles of Gandhi's wife, his secretary, and three fellow-workers are as one-dimensional—though vivid within that dimension—as those in an old morality play. Above all, the opera is a ritual celebration of a way of thinking and a way of acting. Last week, I suggested that John Adams, another composer sometimes called a "minimalist," had in his "Harmonium" moved on from constructing music that "expresses nothing but itself" to music that is linked to real life outside the concert hall. In "Satyagraha," Glass has done so, too. His "Einstein" was a collaboration with Wilson, and his "Dance" a collaboration with Lucinda Childs, but the scores for those pieces can lead independent and hermetic existences. Heard without the "visuals," they create self-sufficient worlds of their own. But no one could listen to the "Satyagraha" score without realizing that the music is about more than its sounds, structures, figurations, and procedures. Glass has not simply embraced conventional opera. By leaving the text in Sanskrit, a language followed by few, he has renounced a chief part of opera's expressive means. (Many opera companies achieve the same effect, of course, by performing in tongues that most of the audience, and on occasion some of the singers, do not command.) Following a drama in an unknown language without a line-for-line crib is always interesting. One discovers just how communicative pure timbre and inflection, declamation united to glance and gesture but devoid of verbal sense, can be. I have been deeply moved by and, in a limited way, have "followed" *no* on a temple stage, kathakali round a blazing fire, and ta'azieh in a village street packed with a sobbing or shouting throng. I count them among my most exciting dramatic adventures. (Authentic surroundings played a part; in a formal Western theatre, under electric lights, much of the magic is lost.) But there's a difference. Most of the audiences *were* following the words; the texts of those dramas were not meant not to be understood. Glass's use of Sanskrit in "Satyagraha" is perhaps closer to Peter Brook's use of orghast, a language the poet Ted Hughes invented, in "Orghast," a drama (or opera, or ceremony, or rite) Brook created in Persepolis ten years ago. No one understood orghast at first, or was meant to. Gradually, some of the vocabulary, at least, revealed itself, for the language had Romance and Nordic roots: *palom* was "dove," *lugh* "light," and *glittalugh* "star." But learning the language in that way was not the point—precisely not the point. Brook's intention was that the audience should respond directly, spontaneously, to the sounds uttered—sounds that would carry an emotional and dramatic charge even though listeners did not grasp their precise sense. He strove for a new "openness," an intuitive, direct kind of communication, in some ways closer to that of music than to that of speech. Similarly, Glass eschewed intelligible words and deliberately sought eloquence on another level. I understood far less of the Sanskrit than I did of orghast—well, none of it, in fact. But the libretto is published in English translation, and I read that before the performance.

Other elements are more conventionally operatic. In earlier scores, Glass used voices as lines in the gen-


BELL SYSTEM
AMERICANA EDITION
Circa 1882
Bell Phone Center Store
IT'S FOR YOU

Own a piece of Americana not many Americans can own.

It's hand-crafted of antiqued nickel and solid oak. It's the Americana Edition Circa 1882, genuine Bell, and a handsome reminder of yesterday's original magneto wallphone.

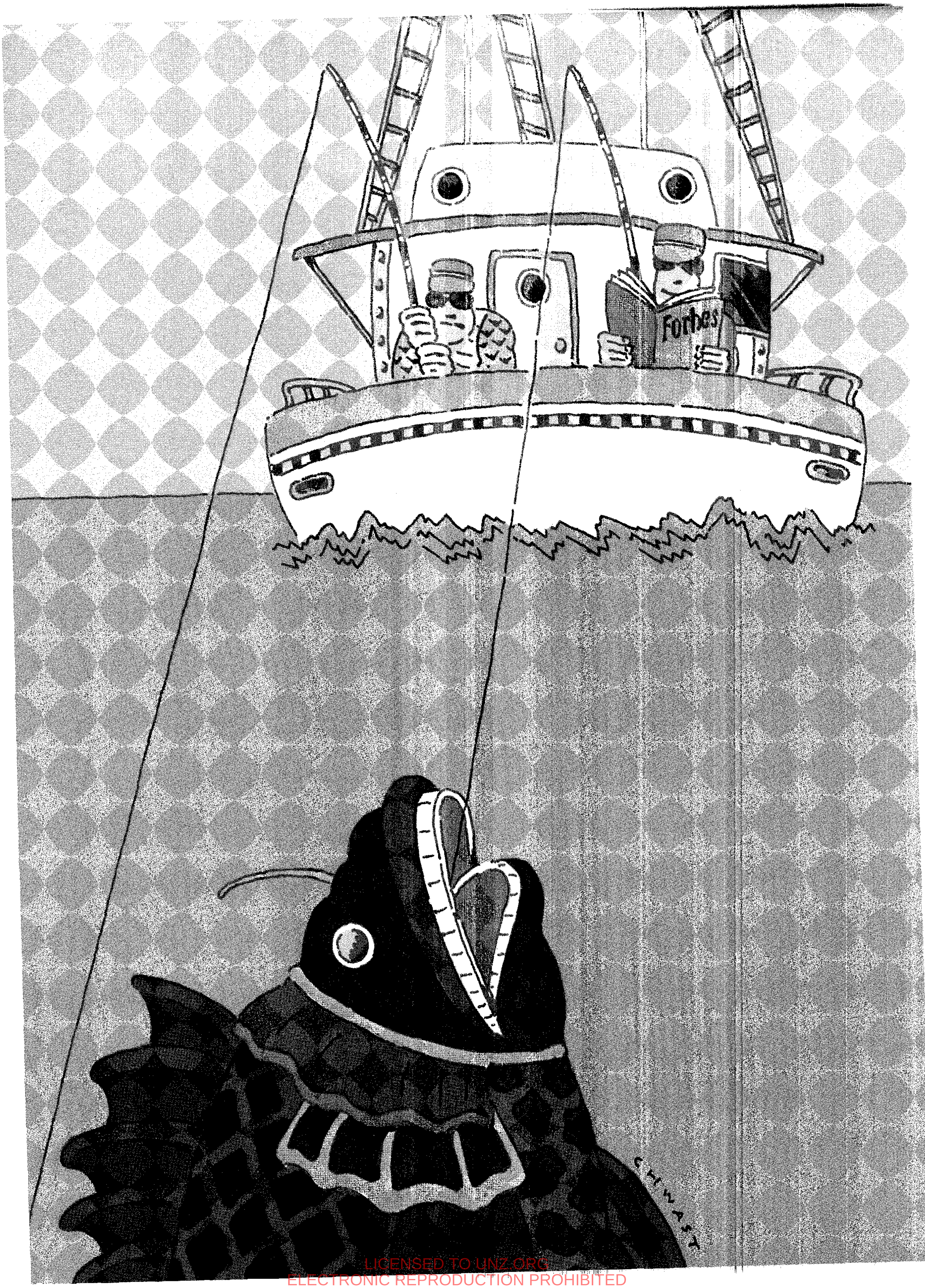
It is also a working telephone, nostalgia linked to today's technology, like Custom Calling Services. The Americana Edition Circa 1882.

A conversation piece that really *is* a conversation piece. This telephone is a classic, limited edition collectible.

The Americana Edition Circa 1882, one of the fine Bell phones at your Bell PhoneCenter Store.

Available in most areas.

IT'S FOR YOU


Forbes
CHWAST

Forbes lands you the big ones.

Features

Insurance: Where Are The Profits? Universal life insurance looks great for the customer, maybe not for the insurance companies. **31**

Oil Companies: Who Needs Enemies? Some of big oil's best friends live on Wall Street. So what The Street is saying now is a double shock. **32**

Companies: Toronto-Dominion Bank Aggressive Canadians make for good business—and unsettling thoughts. **34**

Investments: The Great Computer Scam You don't need a new game to attract the suckers; just wrap an old one in the trappings of high technology. **35**

International Affairs: Poorest Of The Poor These are not "less-developed" countries, they are least-developed. **37**

Companies: NL Industries
Getting the lead out of National Lead. **40**

Companies: Square D Co. Over and over again, Mitch Kartalia has proven the wisdom of his long-term strategy. **42**

Housing: The Final Whistle? Carilyn and John Redman are raffling off their house. Ingenious? Sure, but also more than a little ominous. **46**

Housing: The Bluebird Of Happiness It's a second mortgage, to hear the bankers tell it. But a house is to live in, not to leverage. **47**

The Up-And-Comers: Emerson Radio Remember that famous old name? Its current owner is Steve Lane's cost-conscious little company. **52**

Companies: Cleveland Wrecking Co. Construction means destruction, which is just the way Bill Fenning likes it. **58**

Companies: Denny's Inc.
When in doubt, don't panic. . . . .

Companies: Kellogg Co. To keep on gro
autocrat of the breakfast table may have to sett
profits from something else. . . . .

Economics: Louis Kelso And The
Theory A man who upsets both Right *and*
bad. . . . .

Taxing Matters: The Bounty Hunte
government program, the Targeted Jobs
well-meaning idea that didn't work.
Johnson comes in. . . . .

Forbes
CAN CANADA GET ITS ACT TOGETHER?
Ottawa
Trudeau

Landing a big one is as much knowing where not to cast your line as it is knowing where to cast it. And in either case, Forbes can help.

In the cover story of its July 20th issue, "One Nation Divisible," Forbes tells you that billions of U.S. dollars in Canada are threatened by the civil war now raging between the provinces and Trudeau.

"What's the message in all this for Americans? For corporations sitting now with significant Canadian assets, there seems little to gain in asking Washington for beggar-thy-neighbor retaliation. Investors, meanwhile, should head for the north woods armed with a good knowledge of the political landscape. Canada these days is a risky environment—but that may only enhance the rewards for those shrewd enough to position themselves well. Remember all those contrarians who doubled their money on Dome Petroleum."

No fish story

We're proud to report that in the past decade Forbes had the largest advertising growth of any magazine: up 144% in pages. And 393% in revenues. And in a year when advertising gains are hard to come by, we're already up over last year, and well on our way to another record year.

Why does Forbes regularly land more and more advertising? Because of articles like "One Nation Divisible." Articles that tell you no fish stories and have built Forbes a reputation for hard-hitting, no-nonsense reporting. How else to explain the ORC studies which show that, although more business leaders would *prefer* Fortune to write about them than Forbes,* more of these same executives *read* Forbes regularly than Fortune.**

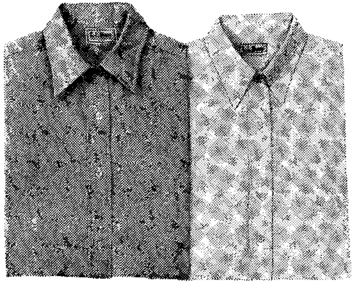
Clearly, if you want your advertising to land the big ones, Forbes is the place to be seen. And that's no line.

*ORC Executive Caravan Study—4/79-4/80.
**ORC Executive Caravan Study—7/78-1/81.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®

Forbes Magazine 60 Fifth Ave N Y NY 10011

L.L.Bean®



Women's Oxford Cloth Shirt $14.00

A traditional favorite. Now comes in a durable press "reverse" blend of 40% polyester and 60% cotton for longer wear with no pilling. Machine washable. Man-tailored with tuck-in tails and two-button cuffs. Colors: Oxford Blue. White. Maize. Pink. Vanilla. Sizes 6-20. Available in plain collar or button down model.

— — — — — 100% Guarantee — — — — —

Please Ship Postage Paid

________4321W Wm's Plain Collar Oxford Cloth Shirt, $14.00, Size__________ Color________________

________7393W Wm's Button Down Oxford Cloth Shirt, $14.00, Size__________ Color________________

☐ Check Enc. ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX

Card Number Exp. Date______

☐ **SEND FREE CATALOG**

Name________________________

Address________________________

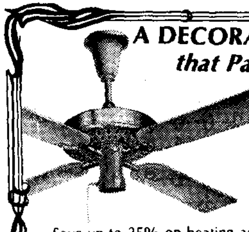
City ______________ State______Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
846 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

incomparable

Fantana
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE • BERMUDA
See your travel agent or
DAVID B. MITCHELL, 777 Third Ave., N.Y. 10017 (212) 371-1323
San Francisco (415) 546-1311 Los Angeles (213) 625-0911
Same Mgmt.: SUGARBUSH INN, Warren, Vt. (802) 583-2301

A DECORATING CLASSIC
that Pays for Itself



Save up to 25% on heating and cooling costs while enjoying the quiet efficiency of a Hunter ceiling fan, standard of excellence all over the world.
52" fan . . . $279; 36" fan . . . $199
Send 50¢ for color brochure

The Ceiling Fan Gallery
14 Indian Neck Lane, Peconic, N.Y. 11958

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

eral texture, as instruments of his ensemble, but in "Satyagraha" (as Schoenberg once remarked when explaining his system of distinguishing main from subsidiary voices) "the human voice is always *Hauptstimme*." In the pit is not a typical Glass ensemble—such as the "Einstein" quintet of two electric organs and three wind players doubling on flutes, saxophones, and clarinets, all heavily amplified—but an orchestra of conventional strings and woodwinds, with electric-organ continuo. No brasses or percussion. No amplification. The Artpark players came from the Buffalo Philharmonic. The Artpark Opera Chorus, of thirty-one, sang precisely and fervently. "Satyagraha" is an unusual opera readily performable by usual opera companies. The Stuttgart Opera stages it in October. The Artpark production comes to the Brooklyn Academy of Music in November.

And the music? In timbres and in timing, it departs from Glass's earlier scores, but it is constructed in his familiar manner. For those unfamiliar with that manner, let me attempt a description: moto-perpetuo figuration; slow-moving diatonic harmony; chord progressions many times iterated; brief repeated figures, fragments of melody often scalic, rather than any long "tunes." For a start, imagine the first prelude of Bach's "Forty-eight" played in strict tempo with each measure repeated and a further repeat sign at every fourth bar; add in some extra sixteenth notes here and there, to vary the metre but not the pace of the sixteenths. The opera begins with fourteen statements of the chord sequence F minor, E-flat, D-flat, C, traced in arpeggio figuration in even eighth notes. But the number of eighths in each measure varies from five to six to seven to nine. There follow sixteen measures built over F-minor scales, rising and falling, the leading note alternately E-flat and E-natural, with sustained notes above to limn the initial chord sequence. That sequence then returns nine times in measures of eight, nine, then eight even eighth notes, with the chords after the first no longer in root position (the bass rises four steps instead of falling four), and with two-voice mirror arpeggiation. Then the initial, simpler version is heard seventeen times. The next four statements of the progression have rising scales—F minor, E-flat, D-flat, C—in the bass and sustained harmonies above. The next twelve statements have three-voice arpeggiation. And so on. Enough has been said, perhaps, to suggest why the style is dubbed "minimal": the whole of the long scene is built on a hundred and forty-three repetitions of that four-chord progression. But the working is far from simplistic. One would have to say a great deal more to describe the variety, the interest, the fascination of what happens within the sequence—the changes of metre (placed on an unwavering pulse of eighth notes), texture, and timbre, the carefully spaced and carefully placed vocal entries. Each of the two hundred-odd bars of the second scene consists of the chords D minor, G major with an F-natural, A minor. The third scene is built on an eight-bar ground bass whose first four bars are C, B-flat; C, B-flat; C, B-flat; C, B-flat. There is a coda made from fifty alternations of F and E-flat chords. But the varied figuration, the timing, the scoring, the metre of the coda are brilliantly controlled. The sense of a mass vow solemnly sworn and reaffirmed is vividly conveyed.

The counts above are taken, of course, from the score. A listener stirred by an opera does not consciously count to a hundred and forty-three (or even to twelve). There were passages in "Satyagraha," however, when I did find myself, I confess, "counting"—working out how the music was made rather than simply responding to it. Glass sometimes uses a wheels-within-wheels simile to describe his methods and their relation to Indian music: "Cycles of repeating rhythms going on at the same time, like little wheels turning inside big wheels and all the revolutions are different and at a certain time they come out together." There were episodes in "Satyagraha" where one became conscious of the wheels going round, of a mechanical *Fortspinnung* ill-matched to the humane subject matter. Another objection—it applies to much minimal music—might be: a surfeit of consonance, not enough opposition. The grinding seconds of the white mob at the start of Act II—their chorus recalls the peasants' mocking chorus at the start of "Der Freischütz"—provide just about the only crunchy moments of the evening. Musically and dramatically, this is the only presentation of the violence satyagraha encountered; the final scene is presented in dreamlike slow motion.

The longest melody is that of Gandhi's aria-finale: a white-note scalic rise, in even quarters, from E to E, with the last note sustained. It was sung thirty times over. (Counting here was easy, since the aria falls into five strophes vocally identical, though differently accompanied and harmonized—once with bothering parallel octaves.) It reflects, as I said above, Gandhi's gently insistent, unalterable resolve; but by the fourth strophe I felt the point had been made. Generally, however, I trust Glass's sense of timing. And in "Satyagraha" the dramatic narrative and the practicalities of the opera house have trimmed and tempered the long, long expositions and developments deployed in such a score as his "Music with Changing Parts." The opera has been likened to "Parsifal" in its slow, ritual tone. Musically, in its exploration of varied movement over ground basses it is perhaps closer to the more formal episodes in Monteverdi.

The performance—staging by Hans Nieuwenhuis, based on David Pountney's at the Holland première—seemed to me as good as can be. Douglas Perry's singing, as Gandhi, was clear, powerful, lyrical, sweetly in tune, moving; he sounded like Lohengrin. Claudia Cummings, as Miss Schlesen, Gandhi's secretary, was radiant and pure. Everyone sounded good. Glass's smooth, diatonic vocal writing plainly brings out the best in voices. Christopher Keene's conducting was secure and committed. The performance moved unfalteringly.

This was my first visit to Artpark. The name may be trendy, but the place is exhilarating: a state park beside the gorge of the Niagara River (the Falls once fell there, before their gradual move seven miles upstream), laid out, by Hardy, Holzman & Pfeiffer Associates, in a way that disposes the visitor toward enjoyment and makes his spirits rise. The theatre, designed by Vollmer Associates, is a fine building—a modern and larger Bayreuth, seating twenty-three hundred, with acoustics that, like Bayreuth's, seem to amplify and enhance singers' voices against an orchestra sound clear and full yet always in balance. Why has Artpark not become the home of an annual East Coast "Ring"?

—ANDREW PORTER

•

"It's not easy to find a home for eight 240 pound Newfoundland puppies. But the Daily News Classified Ads did it!"
—*Adv. in the Beloit* (*Wis.*) *Daily News.*

And you ought to be ashamed.

$45
($5 shpg./hdlg.)

Item #T-107

Solid Mahogany

The sum and substance of fine furniture's enduring classics have been skillfully crafted into a revival of this classic Raffles Table. Solid Mahogany. 20" high, 12" x 18" top. Check or major credit cards accepted; include expiration date. Call Toll Free 1-800-535-6876 (in Louisiana call 504-891-4415).

The Bombay Company

Stores: New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth, and Williamsburg, Va.

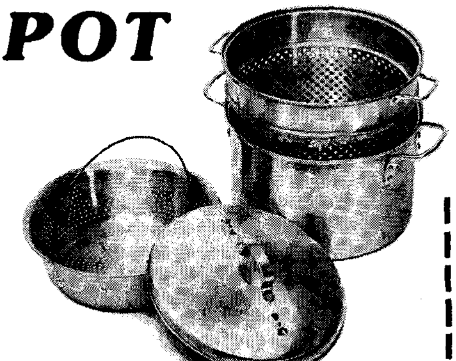
Please send me the current Bombay Company brochure.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

Department 19
P.O. Box 53323 New Orleans, Louisiana 70153



THE EVERYTHING POT

For charge orders CALL NOW TOLL FREE 800-431-2207 (In NY call 914-628-3747)

8-Qt capacity, 10" in diameter. Made in the USA by Leyse Aluminum.

A tremendous value at only $24.95. Please add $2.00 for shipping.

The pot that does it all!
Our COOKER/STEAMER comes with two inserts. One's for steaming vegetables, rice, shellfish, puddings, etc. The second is perforated and fills the full depth of the pot so you can cook then drain. Great for blanching vegetables, cooking spaghetti, soup stocks, etc. Vented cover prevents overboil.

The Wooden Spoon® Inc.
Dept. 458, Rt. 6
Mahopac, NY 10541

Please rush me:
_____ EVERYTHING POT(S) @ $24.95 + $2.00 shipping.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Enclosed is my check/money order.

☐ Please charge my ☐ American Express, ☐ VISA, ☐ Master Charge account. Enclosed is my account number and expiration date. NY residents add sales tax

IN SAN FRANCISCO
Majestic room. Brilliant kitchen.
Celebrated cellar.
FRENCH · ROOM
FOUR SEASONS CLIFT · GEARY AT TAYLOR
415 · 775-4700

If You Love Words,

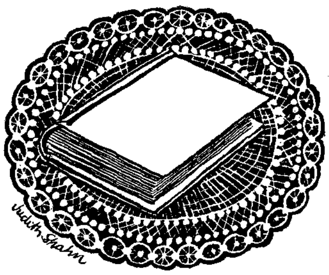
you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668LU ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

BOOKS

Ladies' Day

THERE were sovereign shades present at Marguerite Yourcenar's solemn induction into the French Academy, on January 22nd of this year. Mme. de Staël, first lady of European letters, had been banished not only from all official honors but from France itself by Napoleon, who deemed her a liberal busybody and virago. George Sand had, at times, worn men's clothes but had not succeeded in breaking the bounds that a woman's condition imposed even on genius. Colette had been recognized as one of the virtuoso craftsmen of her century, as an artist quintessentially French, in the mundane lyrical vein of Watteau and of La Fontaine. The Academy remained closed to her. Above all, on that January afternoon, the glittering throng *sous la Coupole*—"under the Dome," which is the phrase synonymous with Academic membership—must have sensed the aura of Marie Curie, a Nobel twice over, but a woman denied, with crass officiousness, the mere chance of posing her candidacy to the fraternity of the forty "Immortals."



Yet now, after three hundred and forty-six celibate years, the Académie Française was welcoming into its august precincts a woman born in Belgium, and one who had only very recently, and with urgent view to the occasion, reacquired her French nationality after decades spent in virtual isolation on an island off the Maine coast. The weight of history lay awesome and divisive in the hushed air of the ornate rotunda. The Academicians sat close-packed in their green-and-gold plumage. Only M. Ionesco sported a white turtleneck. One eminent Catholic Immortal, known for his fierce opposition to Mme. Yourcenar's election, had been heard to mutter on his entrance into the crowded chamber that this appalling turn of events could only stem from God's will but in this case the wishes of the Deity were theologically incomprehensible. M. Jean d'Ormesson was seen to beam. He had championed the lady.

By Academic ordinance, the new member eulogizes his—now her—predecessor, thus taking up his particular *fauteuil*, or armchair, in a chain of commemorative felicitations which goes back to the first incumbent of that chair in Richelieu's Academy of 1635. The shade to be honored was that of Roger Caillois, scion of Surrealism, essayist, editor, introducer of Borges into French culture, world traveller, and gatherer of mythologies. Academician Yourcenar dispensed rather curtly with the customary encomia on her predecessor's life and works. She turned swiftly to the theme of myth, to the Orphic and magical secrecies of the arts of writing. She spoke of the minerals and rare geological formations that the departed M. Caillois had come upon in his peregrinations. She spoke of alchemical mysteries alive in earth and stone.

How had this revolutionary event come to pass? A certain malaise about the exclusion of women from the mandarin pinnacles of official French culture could be felt even before the war. Mme. Curie's gentle ghost came to haunt her pupils and successors. A small number of women followed Marie Curie either into the Académie Nationale de Médecine or into the institutes of science, which are satellites of and, often, antechambers to the Académie Française itself. The Collège de France, the great central forum of French public learning and teaching, opened its doors to Jacqueline De Romilly, doyenne of classical scholars. And there was, of course, Simone de Beauvoir, uncrowned queen of postwar French literature, existentialist doctrine, and feminism. Here, surely, was the logical presence to make amends for the long snub. Simone de Beauvoir's enthronement would appease Mme. de Staël's shadow and that of the other great ladies of the spirit. Instead, the choice fell upon Mme. Yourcenar, a novelist, essayist, translator with a wholly private persona and relatively slim output.

Had the palm in fact been offered to Mme. de Beauvoir, and had she turned it down in undying loyalty to Sartre, who had scorned the Nobel? Rumors to this effect were thick on the ground. What seemed evident was the fact that Mme. Yourcenar's elevation had been strongly backed by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, regally present at the ceremony in the chair reserved for the French head of state, who is, ex officio, Protector of the Immortals. Giscard's delight was visible. He is known to be a great admirer of Yourcenar's prose style and austerely elegant personal manner. He and other luminaries in the high bureaucracy of French culture may have sensed, shrewdly, that the first woman to win election to the Academy would have to be someone remote and untouched by the erosive wash of metropolitan gossip. She would, moreover, almost certainly have to be a woman of a rather Minerva-like femininity and exterritorial to common domesticity. A key role was that of M. Alain Peyrefitte, who is himself an Academician and served as Giscard's senior legal officer. It was he who resolved expeditiously the little matter of Mme. Yourcenar's lapse from French citizenship, such citizenship being an absolute prerequisite to candidacy and election. It may well have been he, together with M. d'Ormesson, who acted as ambassador between the Quai de Conti, site of the gilded cupola, and that far-off sanctuary in the New England seas. Mme. Yourcenar's Academic reception turned out, as it happens, to be almost the last festive moment in the already condemned Giscard regime.

But, whatever the motives and maneuvers—and historians may never unravel them reliably—the high deed was done. Sooner or later, other women will descend the narrow little steps to the podium at which Academicians pronounce their ritual oration. Marguerite Duras, novelist and filmmaker, waits in the wings. So does Simone Veil, the brilliant, ambitious president of the European Parliament. Françoise Mallet-Joris is a novelist of great power. The literary claims of Zoé Oldenbourg are, arguably, stronger than Yourcenar's. And there is De Romilly at the height of her learning.

The titles to renown of Mme. Yourcenar (the name is an anagram of her actual family name) rest squarely on one work: "Memoirs of Hadrian"

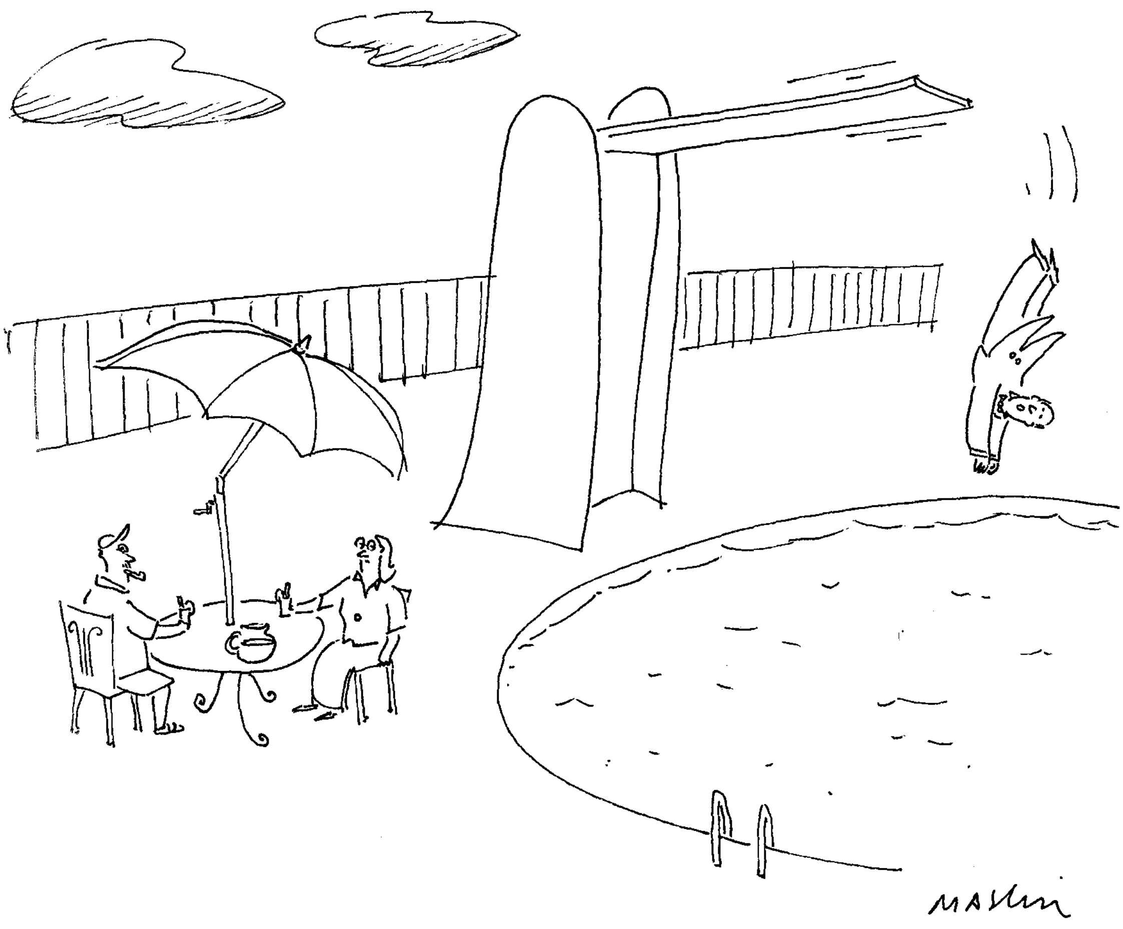
(1951). Almost at once, this fictive autobiography was hailed as a classic. Written in a marmoreal yet introspective prose, it probes the ambiguous relations of supreme imperial power and private *tristesse*. The Emperor Hadrian is both a stoic and a passionate, vulnerable lover. He is a memorialist whose incisive style and wary tolerance belong to a Roman, to a pagan world at the edge of its long twilight. Hadrian's view of the golden boy whom he loves, of the subtle treasons and coarsenings of sensibility around and within himself, on the other hand, comes after Proust. The entire composition is exquisitely poised.

Rereading it, one compares it, inevitably, with its two manifest precursors: Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" (a work whose subterranean afterlife is far more active than literary historians have observed) and "I, Claudius," of Robert Graves. Such recall is not altogether to Yourcenar's advantage. A good deal of the polish of the "Memoirs of Hadrian" is already in Pater, but Pater's philosophical intelligence is of a more unsettling order. And there is in Graves's reconstruction a robustness, a narrative pulse, that the Hadrian book's muted self-scrutiny does not really match. Nonetheless, it retains an undoubted distinction and may one day be heard as having struck a crucial note in the postwar mood of the West.

As her valediction to Caillois made clear, Mme. Yourcenar is fascinated by minerals, rare metals, and the fantasies of medieval and Renaissance alchemists. She sees in the firelit darkness of the alchemist's den, in the perilous heresies of his occult speculations a manifold symbol of art and the artist. He, too, is a marginal being, a maker whose talents for creation, out of dross, out of apparent nothingness, dangerously mime and therefore challenge the creative primacy of nature and the Deity. Like Jung, whose metaphors of the collective unconscious, whose teachings on *imago* and *anima*, have clearly influenced her, Yourcenar locates in alchemy the underlying paradigm and hidden poetry of modern science. In their teasing, surrealist purity and "craziness," the paradoxes of Zeno, the pre-Socratic philosopher, continue to busy modern logic. Zeno is the name Mme. Yourcenar gives to the alchemist-physician who is at the center of "The Abyss" (1968). (The French title, a technical designation of the alchemist's work "in and of blackness," of the nocturnal operations that are to precede the birth of gold, is more telling.) The evocations of the novelist's native Flanders, between Middle Ages and Renaissance, are skillful. The narrative is shapely. But this is not major work.

The reservation applies even more strongly to Mme. Yourcenar's other publications. These include novellas, essays, a sizable but textually amateurish and fitfully translated anthology of classical Greek verse, a recent, faintly bizarre monograph on Yukio Mishima, the late Japanese master of violence and pose. It is on "Hadrian" that the case rests. It is in his eminent glow that the new Academician took her historic seat.

Only the resonance of this occasion will explain the translation and publication now of "Feux," a brief set of cameos written in 1935. "Fires" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95) belongs emphatically to a spell of "neoclassical modernity" in French literature. It looks to the antique parables of André Gide, it aims at offsetting the ironic allegories on ancient myths in the plays of Giraudoux, it echoes Valéry's Hellenistic poetry and, above all, the fashionable, even parodistic treatments of Oedipus, Electra, Orpheus by Cocteau. Anthropology and Freudian psychoanalysis had given to Greek mythology a new spice. Broken by the First World War, aware of the coming of a second, France saw itself as a source and sanctuary of Attic values soon to be prey to the barbarians. Abroad, T. S. Eliot was invoking the Aeschylean Furies, and Eugene O'Neill the House of Atreus. Maurice Druon, a fellow-Academician, recalls that there was at the time hardly a young playwright, novelist, or essayist not at work on some version of the Antigone theme. Steeped in Pindar, already acquainted, one would guess, with the melancholy postclassicism of Cavafy and other modern Greek lyri-



"Will there be anything else, sir?"

cists, Marguerite Yourcenar, then thirty-two, set down her variants on Achilles and Phaedra, on Antigone and Sappho. The dedication "To Hermes" is, of itself, a period piece.

There are everywhere in the little garland touches of nineteen-thirties montage: tanks roll through Antigone's Thebes; helmets are like hair dryers (pure Cocteau, this). Pregnant maxims and lapidary aphorisms are incised on every mannered page. Boy and woman "hated each other like lovers." It is God's great boon that "He saved me from happiness." "Slanders had ripened under the sun of Hate." Eyes are "farsighted in sorrow." Phaedra "gets drunk on the impossible, the heady basis of all mixtures of misfortunes." In French, with its Latinity and rhetoric of cadenced abstractions, such tags are more or less acceptable. But they do not wear well, especially in translation. Mme. Yourcenar's preface alludes dismissively to the "purely biographical residues" that deeper analysis might reveal in this little book. There is in fact no need to probe. What present life remains in this miniature springs from certain summonses to Eros. Phaedo recounts Socrates' last caress: "His slightly trembling hands were wandering on the nape of my neck as though in a valley alive with spring: guessing that eternity is only a series of instants, each one unique, he felt the silky blond form of eternal life flee under his fingers." "Sappho's dresses hang like women who have killed themselves," and "she hears cymbals clashing as though fever hit them in her heart." But such vivacities are only occasional amid the honeyed flow of a scholastic display.

Is there some wild and hidden opus in Mme. Yourcenar's sea-battered cottage? Or will she now expend her prestige on the sort of bland, sibylline interviews and pronouncements that have appeared since her election? It would, surely, be a pity if the Académie Française had chosen too academically. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COMFORT OF STRANGERS, by Ian McEwan (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). A tiny little fiction about Colin and Mary, a young English couple, who come to what appears to be Venice and fall lethargically into the hands of a native sadist and his masochist Canadian wife. Mary, one of whose problems is that "her feelings were simply unavailable to her," at one point examines her sleeping lover's face: "It was exquisitely made, with an ingenious disregard for the usual proportions." Much the same can be said of this (Mr. McEwan's second) trendy novel: it is exquisitely made and is written with an ingenious disregard for the usual proportions of human emotions and human behavior.

GENERAL

LOST IN AMERICA, by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer, with paintings and drawings by Raphael Soyer (Doubleday; $17.95). "At the onset of the nineteen-thirties, my disillusionment with myself reached a stage in which I had lost all hope." With these wryly self-mocking words Mr. Singer begins his third volume of memoirs, which takes him from Warsaw to New York by way of Paris, and then on a harrowing (illegal) train trip to Toronto to gain the permanent visa that will prevent his deportation to Nazi-occupied Poland. Many of the features of Mr. Singer's adventures as an up-and-coming writer will be familiar to readers of his novels and short stories: he shares lodgings with ghosts and dybbuks (and blames them for his chronic writer's block); girlfriends materialize wherever he alights; and old acquaintances bring him up to date on their marital troubles over coffee and rice pudding in kosher cafeterias. The author survives one crisis after another—often saved by a check or a document that arrives in the nick of time—but he refuses to rejoice in his reprieves. Toward the end, as he fumbles with hors d'oeuvres at a Greenwich Village cocktail party, he feels almost as miserable as he was on shipboard in mid-Atlantic, but we see that he has come, in just a few months, a very long way.

THE DOUBLE-EDGED HELIX, by Liebe F. Cavalieri (Columbia; $14.95). Mr. Cavalieri is a professor of biochemistry at the Cornell University Medical College and a Member of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. He is deeply troubled by what he sees as a lack of social responsibility in many of his scientific colleagues. He feels that the doctrine of scientific knowledge for its own sake has limits, and that scientists must define those limits

Park's FREE 1981 Fall Flower Catalog!
PARK FEATURES IMPORTED HOLLAND BULBS

Plant This Fall For A Flower-Filled Spring!

For a full selection of spring flowering bulbs, perennials, house plants, and much, much more—you can't beat Park!

Name ________
Address ________
City ________
State ________ Zip ________

Send Coupon To:
Geo. W. PARK SEED Co., Inc.
468 Cokesbury Road
Greenwood, South Carolina 29647

HER FIRST NOVEL
Mary Robison's

About the madcap Cleveland family, whom you once met in The New Yorker. "It will be one of the best funny books of 1981, and it's serious!"—Margaret Manning, Boston Globe. $10.95. Knopf

Very Literate T-Shirts

The Black Cat
C. Bronte
Dickens
Kipling
Henry James
Poe
Rimbaud
Mishima
Beethoven
Kerouac
V. Woolf
Chaucer
Emerson
Thomas Hardy
Milton
Moby Dick

Shakespeare
Kafka
Plato
Faulkner
S. Holmes
Bach
Rasputin
Wilde
Van Gogh
E. Dickinson
Nabokov
Brecht
Henry Miller
Twain
Steinbeck
over 100 others

Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-Shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10, 4/$36. Sweatshirt: (grey) $16, 2/$28. Apron: $11, 2/$20. Tote: $12, 2/$22. Shipping: 75 cents each. Foreign remit $US. Illustrated brochure: 75 cents.

Historical Products, Box 220XC Cambridge, MA 02238

voluntarily, to prevent their being imposed from the outside. The examples of social irresponsibility which Mr. Cavalieri gives are disturbing, but the book would have been improved if he, as a scientist working in two of the better biomedical facilities in the world, had explained how he has made use in his own work of the approach he hopes to induce in others.

The Jefferson Scandals, by Virginius Dabney (Dodd, Mead; $8.95). A well-known journalist and historian analyzes the sources of the allegation that one of Thomas Jefferson's slaves, Sally Hemings, was his mistress and the mother of several children by him. The story was first published, in 1802, by a disgruntled newspaperman and pamphleteer named James Callender, who had earlier specialized in defaming members of the Federalist Party, and had turned against Jefferson after the Republican victory in the election of 1800, when the new President failed to reward him with a postmastership. Scholarly historians have not believed the tale, but two recently published volumes—a biography, "Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History," by the late Fawn Brodie, and a novel, "Sally Hemings," by Barbara Chase-Riboud—have disseminated Callender's canard more widely than its originator could ever have dreamed possible. Courteously but firmly, Mr. Dabney goes over the verifiable facts. There is little to support the notion that Jefferson was the father of Sally's children; one of his nephews is a more likely parent. Mr. Dabney is concerned with vindicating Jefferson's honor, but his brief, sensible, and readable work is really devoted to vindicating something like a rational historical method.

The Book of the Piano, edited by Dominic Gill (Cornell/Phaidon; $48.50). A jumbo pictures-and-text tribute to the instrument and its repertory. The volume includes fourteen chapters, by eleven authors; a discography; a bibliography; and a descriptive chronology of noted pianists. There are chapters explaining how the piano has evolved as a mechanism and so has permitted the evolution of piano music to its present ubiquity. All the contributors are good, clear writers as well as informative specialists, and have much to suggest to amateur pianists. However, the nonpareil

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name ____________________
Address ____________________ Apt.
City ____________ State ____________ Zip
☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.
☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ____________________
Signature ____________________
4331

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46
To ____________________
Address ____________________ Apt.
City ____________ State ____________ Zip
Gift card to read "From ____________________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your new address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:
THE NEW YORKER
Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

THE PAST...
alive and well

Victorian Brass Faucets, Showers and Accessories; Lights, Vanities and More!

Shown is our #402 solid brass shower assembly designed for clawfoot tubs.

Send $2.00 for our beautiful, full color catalog.
Now available... a free brochure.
415-845-4751

SUNRISE SPECIALTY
2210 San Pablo Avenue,
Berkeley, Ca94702 Dept. NY

Superb Supper
(even on Sunday!)
- After-theatre Supper Buffet from 9:30 p.m., Mon.-Sat.
- Oak Room Supper with **Steve Ross** His Piano, His Songs from 9 p.m., Wed.-Sat.
- Sunday Supper with Steve Ross from 5:30 p.m.

HOTEL Algonquin
59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.-2 a.m.)
RESERVATIONS: Robert

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOKS-ON-FILE
Box 195-NY-81
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

Bed & Breakfast American Style 6.95
Berkshire Traveller Press
STOCKBRIDGE, MASSttts. 01262

piece is a pianist's: Sir Clifford Curzon's chatty, discursive, and charming epilogue.

CONVERSATIONS WITH KATHERINE ANNE PORTER: REFUGEE FROM INDIAN CREEK, by Enrique Hank Lopez (Little, Brown; $14.95). These oral reminiscences—some spontaneous recollections, others answers to questions—are a remarkably satisfactory substitute for an autobiography. The late short-story writer and novelist (1890-1980) was considerably older than Mr. Lopez, her astute interlocutor and friend, and she took pains to describe the past, with the result that the reader benefits, too, and feels the atmosphere of a Texas farm before the First World War, Boston just before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, Mexico in the twenties, Europe in the thirties, and American literary milieus betweentimes. Mr. Lopez ascribes Miss Porter's peripatetic penchant to bereavement—she lost her mother and grandmother early in her life—and suggests that the only settled relationship she maintained was with her writing. That, too, was difficult, with long periods of gestation, of blankness, and of doubt. (She may have destroyed more than she published.) Her candor and Mr. Lopez's art allow us to appreciate her creative methods.

•

If the person who inadvertently carried off the potato picker that the transfer station attendant needs to pull over debris would please return it, he would appreciate it.—*York County (Maine) Coast Star.*

How do you know?

•

BUT PRESIDENTIAL SPOKESMAN DAVID GERGEN ALSO SAYS THAT—IFFFFFFFFFF FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF THERE ARE OTHER FINDINGS AGAINST CASEY—THE PRESIDENT WILL HAVE TO REVIEW THE MATTER.—*A.P. wire dispatch.*

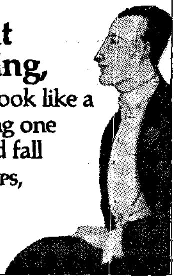
A big "if."

•

I'm a very big fan of Agnes Moorehead, who played "Endora" on "Bewitched." I heard she had died, but I hope this isn't true. If so, when did it happen? L.S.

Agnes Moorehead died on May 1, 1974 at age 67. The actress made her first professional appearance when three years old, singing on a television program sponsored by her father, a minister.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin & Advertiser.*

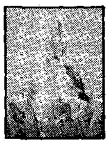
That was the Golden Age of television.



The "honeyed life" of the Irish country gentry from before the Great War through the 1920's
GOOD BEHAVIOUR
a novel by
Molly Keane
"A masterwork! A wonder!...A bright, tough, merciless comic novel."
—WALTER CLEMONS, Newsweek
"Fascinatingly authentic, brilliantly sustained...immensely alive!" —JOHN GIELGUD
"I read it in one sitting, [then] shook the book like a greedy child hoping one more goody would fall out!" —GARRETT EPPS, New Republic
$10.95 • Knopf

Residential Setting
A handsome fieldstone house on a 100-acre campus is providing a home-like setting for chronic psychiatric patients. Under the guidance of America's first private nonprofit psychiatric hospital, Greystone House offers a specialized program that promotes each resident's independence and skills. $80 per diem. Write Diane Attenborough, R.N., Greystone House, Friends Hospital, 4662 E. Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

THE ASSEMBLY
MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street. Reservations 581-3580.
Serving lunch and dinner weekdays.
Free parking for dinner and theatre.

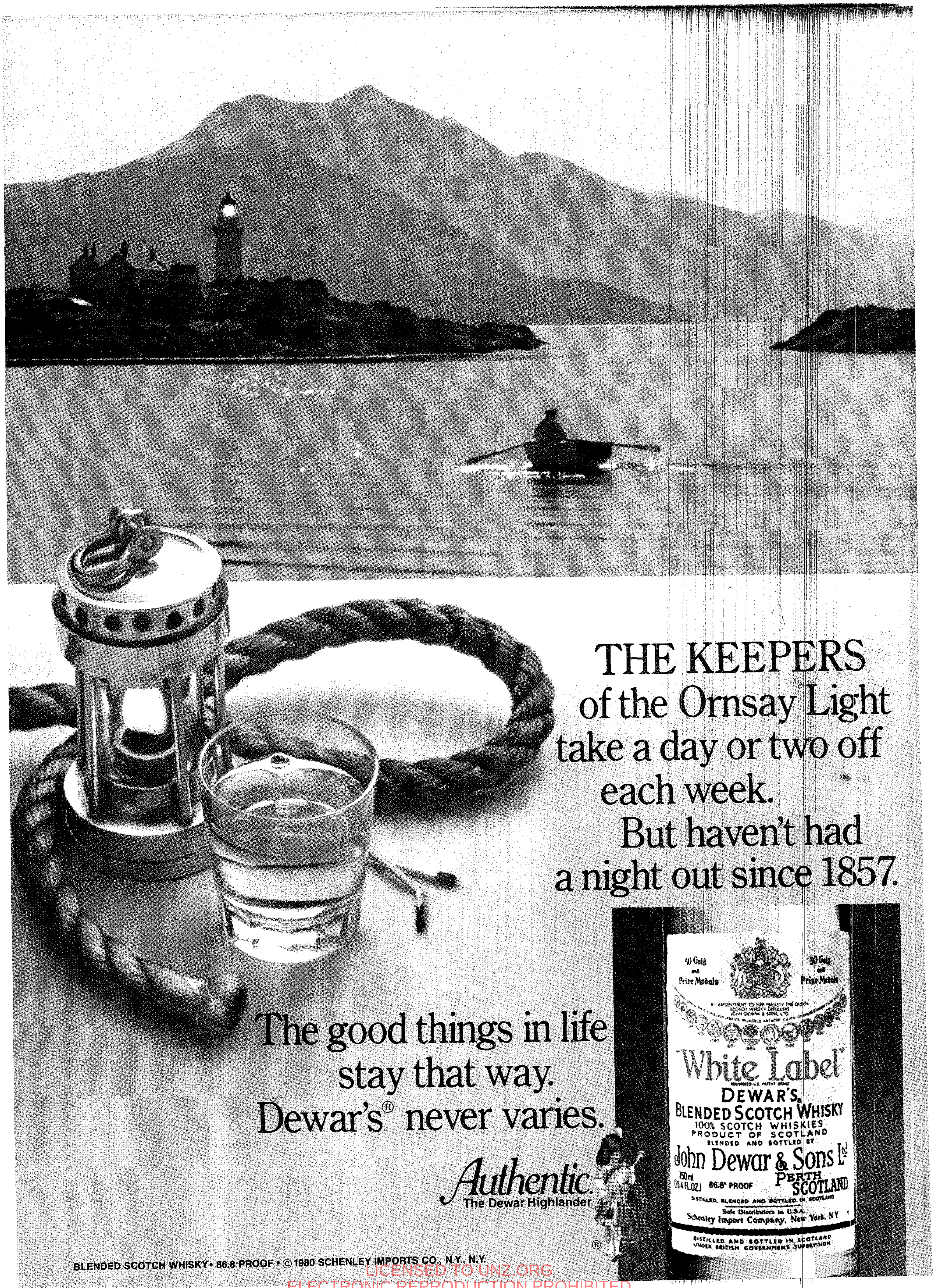


HIMALAYAS
Trek with Sherpa guides and porters in the shadows of the world's highest mountains.
Annapurna and Everest Regions including Gokyo. Oct. through Feb.
Overseas Adventure Travel • Suite 303D • 1430 Mass. Ave.
Harvard Square • Cambridge MA 02138 • (617) 876-0533

Lenox.

A world apart. Let it express your world.

Lenox China and Crystal
Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.
© Lenox '81


50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH SCOTLAND
750 ml (25.4 FL.OZ) 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, NY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

THE KEEPERS
of the Ornsay Light
take a day or two off
each week.
But haven't had
a night out since 1857.

The good things in life
stay that way.
Dewar's® never varies.

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © 1980 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.